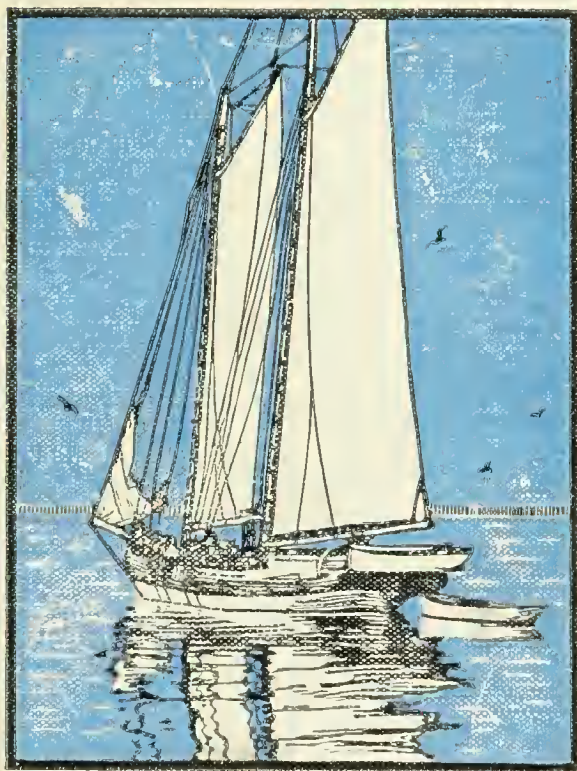


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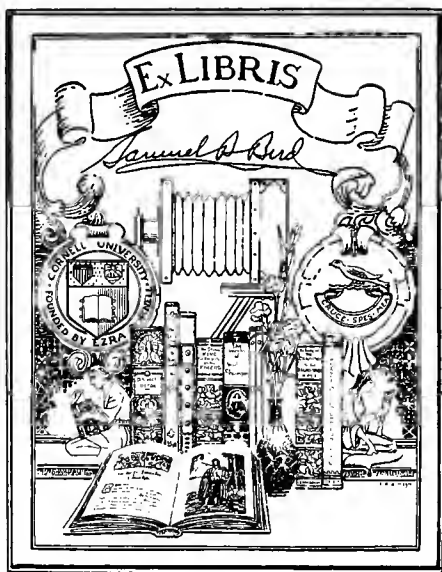
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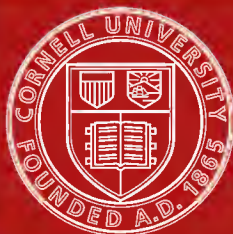


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HIGH TIDE ON THE SASAFRAS

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

SOME ASPECTS OF A PENINSULA
PLEASANT AND WELL BELOVED

BY
EDWARD NOBLE VALLANDIGHAM

AUTHOR OF "FIFTY YEARS OF DELAWARE COLLEGE"

WITH 80 ILLUSTRATIONS



PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1922

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TO MY LIFELONG FRIEND
GEORGE MORGAN, OF PHILADELPHIA

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED IN GRATEFUL
ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE FACT THAT BUT
FOR HIS AID AND ENCOURAGEMENT IT NEVER
WOULD HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED

E. N. V.

PREFACE

THIS book does not pretend to be a history of Delaware and the Eastern Shore. That history has been written in large and in little by many competent hands, to whose works the author is deeply indebted. His humbler and less laborious task was to interpret to the people themselves of this Peninsula, as also to the stranger, the land and its inhabitants, in the past and in the present, to convey the rare and somewhat elusive charm of a region without the splendor of a bold topography, yet distinguished for the variety of its mainly quiet landscapes, the rich freshness of its woodlands, and the unique beauty of its waters. The early history of the Peninsula is here summarized mainly to make clear the inter-relation of its parts, and the relation of the whole to its neighbors and to the country at large. There is also other historical matter introduced by way of illustrating phases of industrial and social development, and there are personal and local incidents and anecdotes illustrative of the character and temperament distinguishing a people

PREFACE

isolated in some measure for three centuries by the peninsular geography of their home.

The author acknowledges with warm thanks the readiness of friends, acquaintances, and mere strangers to aid him in gathering facts and illustrations. In this matter he is peculiarly indebted for the suggestion and advice of George Morgan of Philadelphia, for tireless industry in every kind of help to John S. McMaster of Jersey City, an Eastern Shoreman of surpassing love and loyalty to the Peninsula; to Chancellor Charles M. Curtis, to Judge Henry C. Conrad, to Henry B. Bradford, to William H. Walker, Jr., to Everett C. Johnson, to Wilbur W. Hubbard of Chestertown, to Thomas F. Bayard, to Dr. Joseph S. Odell, to Levin T. Cooper of Sharptown, Maryland, to W. H. Schoff of Philadelphia, Secretary and Treasurer of the Deeper Water Ways Association, to J. Barton Cheyney, to Merris Taylor; to R. H. Soulsby, General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic and Maryland, Delaware and Virginia Railroad companies for many pictures and permission to use a copyrighted map; to J. M. Davis of the same company for help in selection of pictures; to Wilbur T. Wilson of Newark, Delaware, for cartographical work and much precise informa-

PREFACE

tion; to John Janvier of Middletown, and to Edward Herbner of Washington. Finally the author is under great obligations to Griffin S. Callahan of Philadelphia and Frank R. Webb of Baltimore, both total strangers, each of whom furnished a large number of photographs from which were selected illustrations that could hardly have been obtained from other sources.

The author has used at places in his text a few excerpts from his own articles published in the *Philadelphia Record* and the *Boston Transcript*.

E. N. V.

CHESTNUT HILL, MASSACHUSETTS,
JUNE 1, 1922.

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DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

CHAPTER I

THE LAND, ITS ASPECTS AND STORY

CHARMING little lands, like charming little women, excite enthusiastic love and loyalty. A little land, indeed, may utterly lack charm for the casual stranger, yet win and keep the unswerving love and loyalty of its native sons and daughters, especially if they have struck deep in its soil their ancestral roots. Our larger patriotism, intellectual and emotional, resting upon loyalty to a whole people's traditions and ideals, is truly national, but our geographic affections, so to speak, are apt to be somewhat narrowly local. We cannot love three million square miles of territory with the instinctive affection that we feel for the native parish. A Bostonian of the elder day exclaimed with passion that he could kneel and kiss the very stones of Boston, but he would hardly have knelt to kiss the stones of Shreveport, Oshkosh, Omaha, or even Lowell or Lawrence. As to Oshkosh, the rhymed syllables of a name

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that offends the ears and stirs the laughter of Americans strange to the place, are said to hold for the natives a sweet beguiling melody. We are none the worse for our cat-like local attachments. We do not begin loving our neighbors by hating those of our own household; rather the warmth of the domestic hearth prepares us for universal benevolence.

Islanders are especially prone to love the physical aspects of their native region, to confuse in a fiery passionate devotion land and race, physics and politics. Kathleen Ni Houlihan is served and worshipped under other names in other isles than Ireland.¹ So, too, the almost islanders of that American "Golden Horn," the Peninsula of Delaware and the Eastern Shore, love their little land with like passionate devotion. They too have their unswerving national patriotism, but they love above all other hills and vales those of the gracious region immediately beneath the Northern arc of Delaware; they think no rivers so beautiful as the tidal streams that fret their way from the central watershed Eastward and Westward to the bays; they eagerly contend that the noblest oaks and beeches glorify the hardwood forests of the Pen-

¹ A native of a tiny old and moribund Swedish river port of Delaware, having traveled the world far and wide, returned declaring that he had nowhere seen aught so beautiful as the village of Christiana.

THE LAND

insula; that "the greenest of all green leaves are the high leaves of the holly" growing native in the beloved soil; that no pine groves answer more sweetly and majestically to the wayward touches of the million-fingered sea winds than those of Delaware and the Eastern Shore. They have faith, too, like all such lovers of little lands, that even mere aliens have only to know the Peninsula to understand its peculiar charm for those of native blood and ancestry. Perhaps in this thought they are too sanguine; possibly all such local patriotism is founded in unreason, or must be held in some sort a mere extension of personal egotism. Nevertheless, the author of this book, a Delawarean by birth, an Eastern Shoreman by ancestry, although much of his life an exile, gives to all such as know not this little land, the confident invitation, "Come and see!"

Snugly tucked away between the parallels of North Latitude $37^{\circ} 4'$ and $39^{\circ} 50'$,² between Delaware Bay and the Atlantic on the East, and the length of the Chesapeake on the West, lies the Peninsula of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. Its land area of about 6,150 square miles is distributed among Delaware's three

²To be precise, $39^{\circ} 50' 22.33''$ is the latitude of the Peninsula's "farthest North." That of Mason and Dixon's Line is $39^{\circ} 43' 10.91''$. The Southern boundary of Delaware measures 34 miles, 309 perches.

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counties, her only three, nine of Maryland, and two of Virginia, in the respective proportions of rather less than 2000 square miles, nearly 3400, and nearly 750. Delaware rules in addition 400 square miles of tidal water, Maryland's nine counties include about four times as much, Virginia's possibly twice as much. Thus the entire area, land and water, measures nearly 9,000 square miles. Much of the Peninsula's wealth comes out of its waters, so that the tidal area is far more important in proportion to its extent than the area of dry land. Indeed the waters of the three jurisdictions plus those of the bordering ocean and the bays, beyond mean tide, help to determine not only the industrial and economic condition of the inhabitants, but even their political attitude, vitally affect their social system, and greatly influence them both physically and temperamentally by giving to almost the whole Peninsula a highly distinctive climate. Many of the inhabitants are of amphibian habits, with a passionate love of salt water, an aptitude for handling line and net, from early childhood a nautical use and wont, making them as much at home afloat as ashore. Maryland, Virginia, and Michigan are the only states of the Union whose territory is divided into two distinct parts by considerable intervening bodies of navigable water, and the land

between the bays richly deserves the title that Michigan has taken to herself and written in Latin upon her escutcheon—"A pleasant Peninsula."

In shape the Peninsula somewhat resembles a hammer-head shark without tail-fins, for it widens at the North between the Delaware and the Susquehanna, contracts a few miles below almost to its narrowest, attains its greatest width about mid-length, and gradually narrows to the Southern extremity where the Chesapeake meets the Atlantic. From the extreme North of the Delaware arc South-westward to Cape Charles at the tip of the Peninsula is a trifle over 191 miles. At the widest the Peninsula measures about 70 miles, less than half of which is the Southern boundary of Delaware. North of the Virginia line the narrowest part of the Peninsula lies approximately along the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, a length of about 14 miles, and on this line Delaware is but nine miles wide. In length the State is less than 100 miles. The two counties of Virginia are more than seventy miles in length, and at the widest hardly more than twenty miles,³ with the land area reduced by the sinuous fretting of innumerable tidal indentations that produce on both

³ According to Jennings Cropper Wise, the average width is about eight miles.

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shores, a continuous fringe of islands and ragged little peninsulas. No spot on the whole Peninsula is ten miles from navigable tidal water, and in a large part of the region hardly a hamlet or farmstead is five miles from a steamboat wharf.

Topographically the Peninsula includes in its upper five hundred square miles, a hill country of great beauty, rising at points to a height of nearly 450 feet above sea level, watered by many swift, clear streams, and richly wooded with oak, beech, birch, chestnut, walnut, hickory, the tulip poplar, the gums, many varieties of maple and other deciduous trees. In the extreme North, immediately beneath Delaware's domed roof, so to speak, narrow valleys and steep hills produce a dramatic miniature mimicry of mountain scenery. From every height in the hill country the horizon seems forested, though in most places the woodland areas are small. This part of the region is rich in limestone and brick-clay, kaolin and feldspar, and has been mined for iron. Further South is a region of gently rolling surface, with few trees except along the water courses, and a little below are wide cultivated plains, almost denuded of timber. Much of the soil below the 39th parallel is sandy and in most of lower Delaware and



Courtesy of B. C. & A. K. & Co.

FISHING IN UNTROUBLED WATERS



SPRING ON THE EASTERN SHORE



THE INFANT CHRISTIANA NEAR NEWARK

THE LAND

the Eastern Shore the predominant native trees are pines. In all parts of the Peninsula however, grow noble oaks and other deciduous hardwood trees. Below the parallel $38^{\circ} 30'$ the fig ripens, though it is sometimes cut to the ground by the frost; holly, cypress and magnolia are abundant, the live-oak occurs, and mistletoe flourishes. The two counties of Virginia have been called "the land of the evergreen," for here the pine and its vegetable kinfolk are peculiarly rich and abundant.

Bayard Taylor sang the "soft, half-Syrian air" of the Peninsula, and the phrase is hardly extravagant, for although a severe winter perhaps twice in a decade seals up the tidal shallows almost from end to end of the Chesapeake for weeks together, a genuine spring normally comes to the region even above the 39th parallel before the end of March, to that sixty or eighty miles further South near the middle of February. The cold of winter, as the heat of summer, is tempered by the influence of the ocean and the bays, and although between mid-May and the end of September often come days of sweltering heat, sometimes many in succession, tropic nights are not frequent, especially near the water. For three-fourths of the year the skies seem low and friendly, and even in mid-winter, there come

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days to the Southern half of the Peninsula with the softness of a Mediterranean Spring, when the heavens deepen to violet and purple, cocks crow, birds sing, and the air is languorous. Indian Summer runs, a red-golden thread, through the late Autumn, reluctantly withdrawing itself toward the end of November, to gleam again with delicious soft radiance for sweetest half-days almost up to Christmas.

Historically the Peninsula was one of the earliest regions in the whole country to be settled by men of British blood, though in Delaware the Dutch and Swedes were earlier than the British. Before the Pilgrim Fathers reached Plymouth, Jamestown had sent a tiny colony across the Chesapeake to what is now Northampton county, Virginia. Delaware seems to owe her very existence as a state to an abortive Dutch settlement in 1631 at Zwaanendael, (the Valley of the Swans) near the present site of Lewes. In the same year William Claiborne set up his trading station on rich and lovely Kent Island in the Chesapeake opposite Annapolis. Seven years after the Dutch made their short-lived settlement at Zwaanendael, the Swedes and Finns came to Wilmington, to be "conquered" in 1655 by the Dutch, who still claimed the Delaware as their "South" River,

as the Hudson was their North River. Nine years later the Dutch in Delaware yielded to the English.

The conquest of the Dutch at New Amsterdam and upon the Delaware by the English was in pursuance of their claim to Virginia, New England, and all between. In due course William Penn, having received the grant of Pennsylvania, begged of James Duke of York the "three lower counties on Delaware," which form the present state of Delaware, and contested the claim of the Calverts to the Peninsula above the Virginia line as part of the Maryland Palatinate. Penn held that he inherited the Dutch claim to the Peninsula founded upon the settlement at Zwaanendael, a claim that the Dutch themselves had steadily asserted until their empire in North America was seized by the English. The Dutch had insisted that the phrase "*hactenus inculta*" in the patent of the Calverts gave them only such parts of the region as had not been "cultivated," that is occupied by civilized men, before the granting of Lord Baltimore's patent. William Penn strove with the weapons of peace rather than with those of war, but he was keen at a land bargain and he had friends at court, as also in the courts, so that in the end Chancellor Hardwicke of England

divided the Peninsula between the claimants. Penn's Delaware counties won their legislative assembly in 1703, their own elective governor, in 1776, precisely in time for the little community to become one of the original thirteen states.

The year after the Dutch settlement was made at Zwaanendael Cecilius Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, heir to an Irish peerage, inherited the Palatinate⁴ of Maryland, granted to his father in lieu of Avalon in Newfoundland, which region seemed too severe in climate to the first Lord Baltimore and his colonists. Although the father died before he could take possession of the new principality, the son in 1634, made his first settlement at St. Mary's, West of the Chesapeake. The infant capital was seated on a supremely beautiful affluent of the Potomac. Lord Baltimore claimed under the clear language of his charter the whole Peninsula above the Virginia line, and his Northern boundary was placed at the 40th parallel. He found William Claiborne, an officer of the Old Dominion, claiming and holding Kent Island as his own, with the countenance of jealous Virginia. Claiborne and the Calverts warred over

⁴ A palatinate is a region governed in effect by a viceroy, whose residence is a "palace" as becomes the residence of the sovereign's representative. The Roman Emperor Augustus had his residence on the Palatine Hill; hence the word "palace."

THE LAND

Kent Island intermittently for a quarter of a century with varying fortunes, until Cromwell reluctantly placed the latter in control of their Palatinate, from which they had been twice ousted by Claiborne, once as the accredited agent of Cromwell to suppress the Royalists in Maryland. With the restoration of the Stuarts came the end of Claiborne's influence at court, and save for a short time the Calverts exercised authority over the whole Peninsula above Virginia until forced by a legal decision of questionable justice to make a compromise with William Penn. In 1691 Lord Baltimore was deprived of his rule over Maryland, and he thus ceased to be a viceroy with the delegated powers of a king, though he did not actually lose his title to the soil. The fifth Lord Baltimore, a Protestant, recovered in 1715 his vice-regal authority. While the Calverts were contending for all that their patent seemed to grant, their Eastern Shore was gradually settled in the main by British colonists of various religious denominations, a few French Huguenots, and Dutch and Swedes, strayed in from the settlements on the Delaware. In the course of 225 years Maryland's Eastern Shore was cut up into nine counties, of which Kent, dating from 1642, was the earliest created, Wicomico the latest. All but Wicomico

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were created before the Revolutionary War.

The history of Virginia's two Eastern Shore counties is one with that of the Old Dominion West of the Chesapeake, though the region differs from the rest of Virginia, in that it had early an interesting mixture of Dutch and Puritan elements to the population, and later received immigrants almost exclusively of British, mainly, indeed, of English blood. The whole region was for a time a single county, but division was made in the Seventeenth Century. The land in both counties was from the first held in large plantations, and with the incoming of aristocratic Royalists during the rule of the "saints" in England, the tendency toward large holdings was strengthened. Slavery also took root, in the region, though later than elsewhere in the Old Dominion. Hardy fisher folk of the coastal islands set up for themselves a more democratic social system, and depended little if any upon slave labor. They drew their living out of the free natural opportunities afforded by the tidal waters, and never knew real poverty.

These two counties with their light warm soil, with a climate mainly wholesome by reason of their constant exposure to the salt-laden, antiseptic winds of ocean and bay, their natural

riches in fish, flesh and fowl, developed a somewhat distinctive character, and a social condition in which aristocracy and democracy were oddly mixed. They escaped in 1861-65, the worst devastating effects of the Civil War, because the region was early occupied by the troops of the Union, and no serious conflicts took place, though local sympathies were overwhelmingly with the Southern Confederacy and many of the inhabitants entered its armies.⁵

Abortive movements to unite the whole Peninsula into a single state have at times attracted more or less languid interest. One such movement in the seventies of the last century brought on a lively discussion. In this instance the name suggested for the peninsular commonwealth was "Delmarvia." There was some favorable sentiment in a few of the Maryland counties, and Delawareans would have been glad to see the area and population of the state more than doubled, though they had little taste for exchanging the sonorous and historically significant name "Delaware" for the hybrid "Delmarvia." Of course the Virginians were cold to the proposal, scornfully unwilling

⁵ At the opening of the Civil War a brother of the author was seized in Accomack on the very day when he intended to lead a group of young Marylanders across the Chesapeake into the Confederacy.

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

to sell their birthright for what seemed to them an unsavory mess of pottage.

With a population of well above half a million and a prospective population long before the end of the century of possibly half as much more, the Peninsula would make a state of respectable size, great potential wealth, a richly varied industrial life, with the permanent assurance of a wholesome agricultural interest, and the precious, and let us hope inalienable, public possession of inexhaustibly rich tidal waters. The Peninsula, is, indeed, a child of the tidal waters, a gift of the sea. Had the Dutch been suffered to people the region, they would have snatched many thousand acres from the bays and even the ocean, made Delaware not "three counties at low tide," but perhaps four or five.

CHAPTER II

COMMUNICATIONS

ALTHOUGH the Peninsula was a pioneer in steam railways and steam navigation, it lagged much in later improved communications. When Washington became the national capital, the route across the narrow throat of the Peninsula was a natural link in the journey from the North to the new seat of government, and such it has been ever since. Thus the route of about fifteen miles from New Castle to Frenchtown on the Elk River was traversed by most public men of New England and the Middle States, at least twice a year, and by many much oftener. The law-makers of that day had an invincible distaste for Washington, a chronic and acute nostalgia, a disease that might improve legislation to-day were it epidemic in both houses of Congress. John Adams left the raw, new capital whenever he could for the charm and comfort of his New England home, and Jefferson, although acclimated as the New Englanders were not to the region of Washington, preferred Monticello to his splendid isolation in the White House, in which attitude he was imitated by others of the "Virginia

dynasty." John Quincy Adams, even after he had "redd up" the slovenly White House grounds inherited from the easy-going Virginians, loved far better his home at Quincy. Thus then, anyone curious as to the personnel of of public men might well have haunted the wharves at New Castle, made frequent journeys to Frenchtown, and taken meat and drink at the taverns between. First a turnpike, and then the New Castle and Frenchtown railway connected the terminal points. According to a gazetteer published in 1807 New Castle then bid fair to be an important point of transfer. "A great line of packets and stages," says this authority, "passes through it [New Castle] from Philadelphia to the Western country. It is at present one of the greatest thoroughfares of travel in the United States. There are seven large and well accommodated packets which sail constantly between this port and Philadelphia, and from ten to fifteen heavy wagons for the transmission of goods and passengers across the Peninsula to Frenchtown, besides four land stages." At Frenchtown statesmen and common folk took ship for Baltimore, whence they went by stage to Washington. Mr. Clay must often have endured in the earlier years of his national service the discomforts

COMMUNICATIONS

and delays of baffling winds on the Chesapeake and the Delaware, and the jolting horror of a crowded coach on the rude turnpike, for whatever his route from Kentucky to Washington, he had calls to the region above Mason and Dixon's Line. Daniel Webster, too, must have been painfully familiar with the route from 1823 until a better was provided, and it would be hard to name a public man of Washington's first three decades as the capital, who had not tasted the tedium of that journey and the mitigating liquor of the terminal and midway taverns. President Monroe used that route in his "progress" to New England. Incidentally Delaware, with the canny instinct of the Tariffians, who are said to have furnished us with the word "tariff," sought to make public profit of the casual stranger by laying a tax upon passengers. From early Greek times, the holders of narrow peninsular trade routes, whether plain robbers or their modern legalized equivalent, customs officers, have despoiled the travelling public.

Steamboats soon replaced the sailing packets, but it was not until 1833, after years of legislation in both states, that the New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad, traces of which still show in green bits of embankment, improved

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the land route. A primitive locomotive engine, imported from England, was with difficulty tinkered into going order to draw tiny coaches on the rails of strap-iron pegged to wooden sleepers, which in turn were pegged to stones set deep in the ground. The speed of ten miles an hour was held to be perilous. Baskets hoisted on tall poles notified the line ahead that the train was coming. From time to time train hands, detecting a rail with end turned up where a spike had loosened, got down and secured the threatening "snake head." According to the original charter, the rate for passengers was three cents a mile, a tariff later raised to ten cents because the cost of building and maintaining the line had been underestimated. Each passenger could carry 100 pounds of baggage free of charge.

Before the New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad was finished Augustine Herrman's mid-Seventeenth Century dream of a Chesapeake and Delaware Canal had been realized after more than half a century of discussion and surveying. In 1829 the canal was opened for use, and almost a century later it was bought by the Federal Government as a link in that interior water way from New York to Florida, which, indeed, brings New England and the

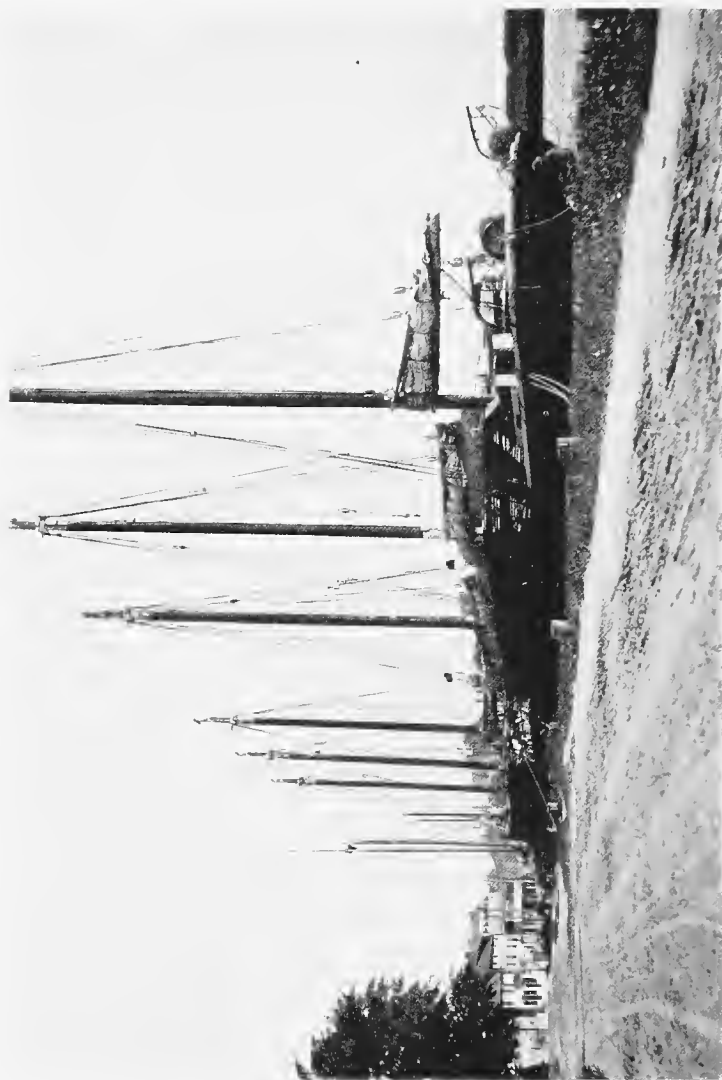
COMMUNICATIONS

Great Lakes even to far Duluth into communication with the uttermost South. The century of the canal as a private undertaking was one of alternate prosperity and poverty, but there never was a time when its locks were not a highly picturesque and instructive epitome of marine architecture as illustrated by the vessels of the coastwise trade, and of the fisheries in the two bays. Indeed every form of craft known to the inland waters, and many such familiar to the coast from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, with not a few ocean-going vessels, domestic and foreign, passed through the canal in picturesque procession. While yet the New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad was in the bloom of youth, if its grimy face may be said to have betrayed blush or bloom, it was foredoomed to ruin by the welding of an all-rail route between Philadelphia and Baltimore. For years the huge steam ferry boat Maryland carried trains across the Susquehanna where it neared its entrance to the Chesapeake. Not New Castle, but Wilmington was the mid-way city of this route. By a dramatic bit of financing with a painful surprise to some of those concerned, the Pennsylvania Railroad long after obtained control of the line, and later still, a railway president's seemingly mad ambitions

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Ferries from Baltimore and Annapolis link the two shores of the Chesapeake, and join with the Peninsula's railway system, and in turn local jitneys on the Eastern Shore and as well on the Western, connect river ports and railway stations with one another, as with intervening territory. Here as elsewhere is the problem presented by competition between privately owned motor-vehicles run over roads built and maintained at public expense, and railways operating lines built and maintained at corporate expense and subject to taxation. The quasi-monopoly of steam navigation is mitigated by the reservation of public wharves at Baltimore for the use of privately owned craft, operating in the same waters. It must be said for the steamer lines and their interrelated railways that motor vehicles afloat and ashore have made it increasingly difficult for them to maintain the service that local shippers would like to have.

Maryland was some years ahead of Delaware in building improved highways. These cement roads set the mark of civilization upon the Eastern Shore, shaming with their hard, smooth surface the squalid hamlets and crazy negro cabins of the "back country." The example of these improved roads built by a public



LUMBER BOATS ON THE CANAL



STEAMER LEAVING CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL



CYPRESS TREES WITH "KNEES," POCOMOKE RIVER

COMMUNICATIONS

commission at relatively low cost and with clean hands, has also wakened Delaware to her needs in this regard. It required, however, the initiative of a private citizen to provide the finally effective awakening. When Coleman Du Pont, of Delaware and a few other places, proposed his plan to build a cement highway from end to end of the State, with ways for vehicles fast and slow, heavy and light, shade trees, agricultural experiment stations, and other luxuries, he could not induce the Legislature to grant him a right of way extravagantly wide. Some of his fellow citizens suspected him of political designs, regarded the gift horse as an audacious form of public bribery. Others fancied him as intending to use the right of way for dark private purposes of personal profit. Still others shrewdly found an explanation in "megalo-mania," an idea expressed without the aid of a Greek derivative, by the plain Anglo-Saxon "big-head." If George Washington had the tallest monument in the land, Coleman Du Pont would have the longest, except the Lincoln Highway. Baffled for the moment, Mr. Du Pont consented to begin a cement highway at the Southern boundary of the State and build it Northward through Sussex county. This more modest undertaking had crept Northward about

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

twenty miles when it was stalled between two villages by a stubborn farmer who would not grant a right of way. John G. Townsend hastened to Wilmington with a strong delegation of Sussex county men, and in spite of their warning that he promised too much, pledged himself to remove the obstacle. Mr. Du Pont had already called off his engineers and workmen in disgust, but his answer was that they should return to the job on Monday, an answer given on Saturday. Mr. Townsend hastened home and bought the farm, wondering how he should come out whole, and the cement road began again its progress northward.

As Governor, Mr. Townsend helped to promote a scheme of highway improvement at public expense, and made Coleman Du Pont a member of the Highway Commission charged with executing the work. After correspondence by mail and telegraph that made Secretary of State Everett C. Johnson even thinner, if possible, than his native wont, Mr. Du Pont finally wrote resigning from the commission, and saying in effect, "Build the road when you will, where you will, at what width you will, and of what material you will, and when it is finished I'll pay the cost." The road from end to end of the State is now finished, and Mr. Du Pont

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has kept his word. He has also become United States Senator through a succession of kaleidoscopic changes that have subjected him and all others concerned to criticism as severe as ever was directed at a group of public men. Some years ago, when his highway was under discussion and cited as an instance of his political ambition, he owned that he would like to be United States Senator long enough to reform the Senate as a working legislative body and leave it in the hands of a salaried person competent to run it right. As was once said of the French Government, the United States Senate, "the more it changes, the more it is the same thing," and gossip reports Mr. Du Pont as disappointed in its slowness to accept reform at his hands. An old aphorism reads, "Lucky in war, unlucky in love." For some of the Du Ponts the aphorism might be varied to read "Lucky in war, unlucky in politics." Perhaps Coleman Du Pont is learning what some of his kinsmen have learned, how humiliating are the terms upon which a party "angel" accepts honors at the hands of politicians who have for the ears of the angel, but one cry, the raucous "give," "give," ascribed by Scripture to the "daughters of the horse-leech." Meanwhile Delaware with its cement highway from end to end of the State,

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

is building at public expense a system of improved subsidiary roads that will place upon the little commonwealth the stamp of advanced civilization, and in conjunction with like activities in Maryland and Virginia, make the whole Peninsula, in the matter of highways, a model for its neighbors, North and South.

CHAPTER III

CHESAPEAKE VOYAGES

MARYLAND'S little Mediterranean, the Chesapeake, to compare a small thing with a great, is a blandly beautiful inland sea, with a climate of its own, a distinctive population along its shores and inhabiting its islands, and a trade and navigation unique in the local commerce of the United States. If you would approach these waters in exactly the right fashion you should go by way of Philadelphia and the Delaware. Other modes of approach are agreeable, as that by sea from Boston on the North or Norfolk on the South, or even that by rail to Baltimore. It is the Delaware River and the century-old Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, however, that offer the most delicious foretaste of what the Chesapeake has to give.

The Delaware and Chesapeake Canal is the immediate water-gate of the bay, and this joyous entrance lies about forty-five miles below Philadelphia. On the Delaware water front of that city are the wharves of a company that has long operated a line of steamboats plying between Philadelphia and Baltimore, long narrow craft made to fit with neat precision the three locks

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

encountered on the voyage. If you have chosen your time aright you find yourself astern on the upper deck of the little steamer at half-past five of a fine spring evening, well on your way down stream, with Philadelphia fading behind you, and the gracious panorama of the Delaware defiling before your eyes, clothed in the mingled light of the westering sun and a three-quarter moon already well up the sky. The whole voyage seems like an adventure in toyland. There is just room on the upper deck astern for half a dozen passengers and the officer that paces back and forth in the narrow space, cheerfully answering questions, and convincing the company that they are the guests of the ship. You sup in a little saloon at one of half a dozen impeccably neat tables, and look out of the window beside your shoulder upon water, sky and shore, while you eat much the kind of delicate though sufficient meal that good house-wives serve at evening all over the Delaware and Maryland Peninsula. Your stateroom looks like a bit of mere stage setting, so tiny is it, so dainty in its make-believe aspect.

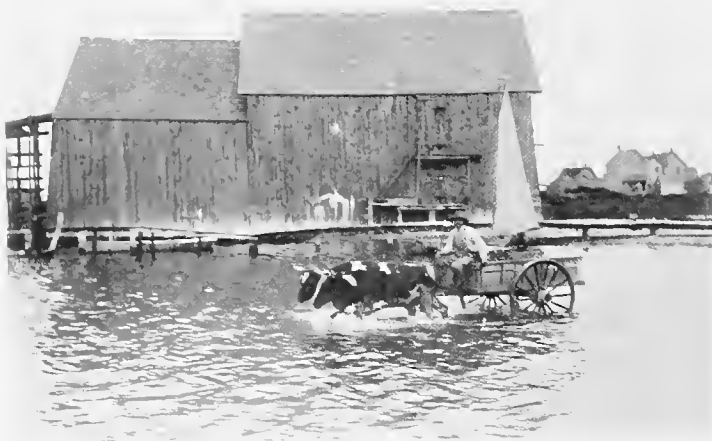
If the boat seems small you have more than ever the sense of merely making play when you reach the entrance of the canal at Delaware City. Standing on the upper deck at the prow



THE PENINSULA'S NORTH-EASTERN WATER GATE



A HARBOR OF REST



AN AMPHIBIAN OX-TEAM

CHESAPEAKE VOYAGES

you tower above the puny lighthouse with its malignant red danger speck menacing your eye. Soon after the vessel passes the locks, the canal widens into what looks like a lovely river, and its umbrageous shores beneath the moon are as romantic as those of many a natural stream. One smells the odor of magnolia blossoms, sees the dim cattle at feed upon gently sloping pastures, hears the croon of sleeping birds in the thicket, and can almost reach from the tiny cabin window and snatch bits of the foliage as the little steamer threshes slowly along its journey of fourteen miles to the final lock at Chesapeake City.

No city, save Baltimore, has at its back door so rich a market garden as the almost semi-tropical watershed of the Chesapeake affords, so swarming and vast a fishpond as that of the bay and its tidal tributaries. From earliest morning twilight till seven or eight o'clock the water-front streets of Baltimore are dense with every kind of draft vehicle, and piled high with the products of the Chesapeake country. From mid-April into June the street is odorous for blocks with the breath of fresh strawberries. A single steamer will sometimes fetch in more than 100,000 quarts.

It is the land of plenty from which all these

things come, that now invites the voyager. His voyage may be short or long, according to his objective point and the season of the year. If he would while away the eight or ten hours between his arrival and the afternoon sailings of the bay fleet, he will probably find a steamboat for Annapolis, which will land him by way of the Patapsco, the Chesapeake and the lovely Severn River, in that quaint old capital well before noon, give him some hours for its sights, and return him to Baltimore, an hour's journey by rail, by three or four o'clock. The stranger to the Chesapeake waters cannot do better than place himself trustfully in the hands of the official experts at Pier One, Pratt Street, in the very heart of Baltimore's local water-borne terminal. His advisers will unfold to him a puzzling array of routes, so timed and related and so interlocked with short rail journeys from port to port, that the traveller may sleep every night aboard ship, and waste little time ashore.

Most travellers believe they have seen the Chesapeake country after having taken the all-night voyage to Norfolk, or the York River boat to West Point, whence one reaches Richmond by rail. Either of these voyages has its charm, but neither has the characteristic intimacy of those that show one the Chesapeake's

CHESAPEAKE VOYAGES

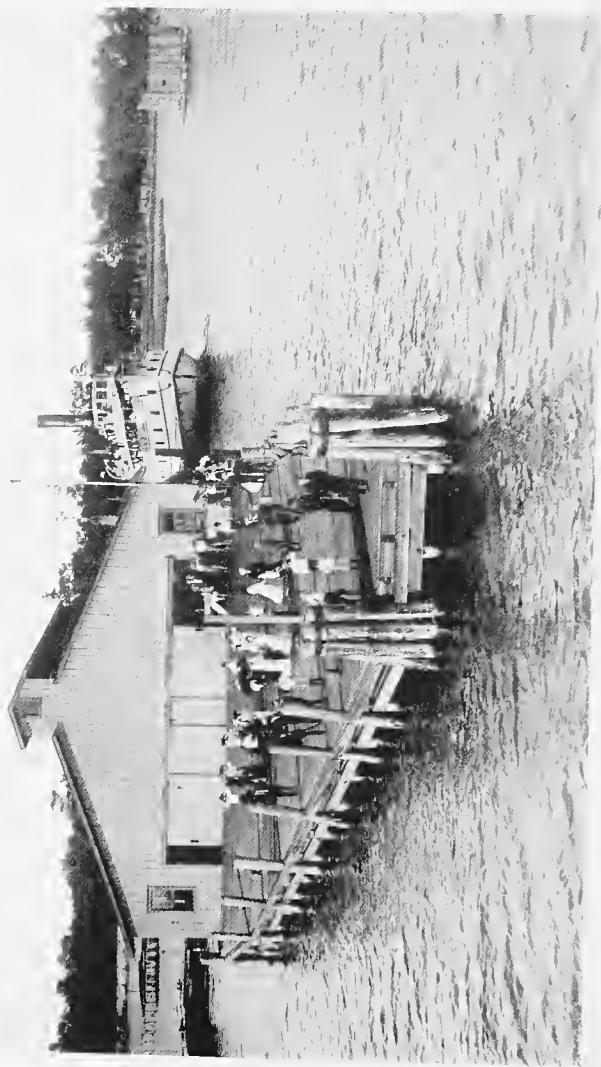
tidal tributaries by daylight. All told the voyages of the bay fleet outward and inward aggregate at least 4000 miles of navigation in the bay and its sinuous tributaries of varying length. Everybody has heard of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the James, but one must be in some sort bred to the Chesapeake to have acquaintance with those streams of the Eastern Shore—the Elk, the Sassafras, the Bohemia, the Chester, the Choptank, the Nanticoke, the Tred Avon, the Wicomico, the Manokin, the Pocomoke, the Onancock, the Nandua, and the Occohannock, most of them navigable for five or ten miles from the bay, some of them for forty or fifty miles, and each fascinating with a distinctive charm of its own.

Any man in a hurry is urged to shun these voyages as he would his dearest foe. You may take train from Baltimore, run North-eastward into the edge of Delaware, and thence down the Peninsula to Snow Hill in Worcester county, Maryland, the head of navigation on the Pocomoke River, in something like four-and-a-half hours. If you would approach the same port by water you leave Baltimore at five o'clock in the afternoon, and find yourself at the head of navigation some time between six and ten o'clock the next night. From Baltimore to Denton on

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

the Eastern Shore is perhaps fifty miles, as the crow flies, but the voyage by way of the beautiful and changeful Choptank River lasts for 18 hours or more. Seaford, Delaware, is a little over one hundred miles in a direct line from Baltimore, but the voyage down and across the bay and up the noble Nanticoke takes from sixteen to nineteen hours. Salisbury, at the head of navigation on the Wicomico River, one of three beautiful streams thus named, can be reached from Baltimore by ferry and rail in less than six hours, but the voyage by bay and river takes three times as long. Upon all such journeys the return voyage is apt to be as interesting as the outward-bound voyage, for the aspect of the country, and the activities ashore vary with the time of day.

The man who carries into his holidays the hurry of his working year, might well be fretted by the easy deliberation of a land where time was made for slaves. He, however, who would rather lose time than save it, who would flee the strenuous life, who would make the intimate acquaintance of a whole people by the simple process of sailing into their back gardens, who would feel the semi-tropical character of the lower Eastern Shore, where the fig lives unblighted through the milder winters and the



THE EVENT OF THE DAY



ON A LONELY SHORE

CHESAPEAKE VOYAGES

mocking bird sings on bright days in January, may wisely commit himself to the truly tender mercies of those who conduct these delightful voyages.

The voyager wakes at dawn or an hour later to find himself, mayhap in some deliciously sparkling, sunny little harbor, with a bit of smooth tawny sand rimming the slender sickle cape, fringed with irregular pines, that reaches out toward the shallows of the bay or river. Unfamiliar little craft lie huddled at the wharves or make sail from neighboring coves. Everything glitters and sparkles as if the very air and sunshine had bathed in those lucent, gray-green waters. Perhaps the earliest morning stop is at an island well out in the bay, with a busy little landing place, and a swarm of odd figures, black and white, waiting to welcome friends or to take the boat to the next harbor. The voyage goes on sometimes for half a day up a winding river, with a dozen landing places, now on one side, now on the other. Sometimes you have merely the bare wharf at the end of a pier running back two or three hundred yards, over shallow water or vivid marsh, to the fast land. Now and then the vessel turns a wooded bend of the stream to come upon a busy little town. At such ports the stop may be of an hour

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

or more, and the obliging captain will let the interested voyager know that there's time enough to explore the place.

Upon some of these voyages the vessel leaves the main stream and penetrates the loveliest little tributaries with land-locked harbors and bowery shores where the mocking bird pours out his soul in the most dramatic of songs. The deeply embosomed harbors open and open with their seemingly endless seas of sparkling waters, until one half believes the ship has discovered a new Northwest passage.

Much of the country is less than rich in aspect, and some of it is unmistakably poor, but the headlands in many places are dotted with dignified old-colonial houses set amid grounds that slope to the water's edge, so that the owners may catch oysters almost without leaving their own gardens. The Pocomoke voyage takes one into the brilliant waters of little Onancock Creek, where one sees the plain but hospitable seat of the Virginia Wises. An episode of the Choptank voyage is the run by moonlight up the Tred Avon or Third Haven, a stream penetrating a rich and beautiful farming country with lawns sloping to the water and densely embowered homesteads. It is worth the loss of two hours sleep to be waked on the outward bound

CHESAPEAKE VOYAGES

voyage as the vessel comes down the Tred Avon at dawn, so charming is the spectacle of that intimate, domestic navigation, which takes one almost into the barnyards ashore. Nothing can exceed the lonely charm of the Nanticoke River, which winds for miles in great curves through a region of alternate marsh and upland to fetch the voyager at high noon into a busy little Delaware town. He has voyaged clean across the Eastern Shore, and the head of navigation is only twenty-five miles from the Atlantic. The Nanticoke, the Choptank, and other rivers of the Eastern Shore, which appear as thread-like and sometimes nameless streams on ordinary maps, are really estuaries, from two to five miles broad at their mouths, and considerable waterways even up to the head of navigation. About the mouth of the Wicomico is a group of little islands, some of them with quaint harbors that one sometimes sees on the outward voyage by the light of a new risen sun, on the return, beneath the magic of a white moon and the mingled old gold and dim-rose of the after sunset hour. The air in these streams from mid-April to the end of May is deliciously fresh and mild morning and evening, and in autumn it has a soft mellowness even up to the middle of November.

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

The return voyage from Salisbury to Baltimore begins at noon, and on a day in late Spring or early Summer the run down the Wicomico is like a magnificent panorama, a glorified moving picture, in which scene after scene defiles deliberately beneath the delighted eyes of the voyager. Over head is the sapphire sky, with cloud mountains on the horizon, sun-smitten to dazzling whiteness as if snow-capped. Unbelievably green marshes, backed with richly forested fast land, stretch for miles along the vessel's course. Now a farmstead shows with its lawn falling in natural terraces to the river. Now the staunch brick gable of an Eighteenth Century church peeps out from its oak-grove. Yet again the scene changes, and, as the boat nears a little wharf ministering to the convenience of a huddled hamlet, everybody on deck sees an old lady in her kitchen gathering the last things that shall accompany her upon the adventurous voyage to a landing ten miles below. Helped by the sympathetic eyes of all beholders, she hastens to the gangplank to be gallantly led aboard in breathless flurry by the soothing purser or his youthful aide.

Tyaskin is a highly picturesque and difficult little harbor of the Nanticoke voyage, starred on the time-table with a foot-note that says,

“Tide permitting.” Luckily for the continuance of the voyage beyond Tyaskin, the captain, more than forty years a seafarer, and for a full generation familiar with the Nanticoke, knows the harbor as intimately as he knows the furnishing of his own bedroom at home. He knows that when the tide is favorable he can count on a few feet of clear water either way, bow or stern, and is assured of an inch or so between the bottom of his vessel and that of the harbor. For him, getting in or out of Tyaskin is a mere matter of backing off when the rudder stirs up too much mud, and going forward when the keel grates on the bottom. So he tinkles his signal bell every other minute, backs and fills, gains a foot now, an inch then, knowing all the while that the little crowd ashore, for whom he provides the sole amusement of the community, is watching, some half hopeful perhaps that this time he may stick till the next tide, all however, ready to applaud his triumph should he escape misfortune, and now and then someone calling encouragement, “You kin do’t, Cap’n Johnny, you kin do’t.” Captain Johnny always does it, and it is a point of professional pride with him never except in case of dire necessity to take advantage of that phrase, “Tide permitting.”

The roustabouts of the Chesapeake are a race of irresponsible workers, lodged in the forecastle, fed between decks, sleeping where and when they can, trundling the stout iron trucks with low wheels in thunderous chorus night and day. Their songs and laughter liven the ship when the peace of evening falls upon the scene in some lonely silent harbor where she lies moored for the night. With a vast deal of freight to unload at the busier harbors, the roustabouts follow fast upon one another's heels, taking great strides as they cross the deck and hasten down the gangplank, and varying the task with wild dance steps and grotesque movements of legs and body. The cleverest or luckiest at craps reach Baltimore with pockets full of their luckless fellows' pay, and quit work till urban pleasures exhaust their gains, and hunger sends them back to the hard routine of the voyage. But even among these dusky unskilled workers, there is the promise of a better day.

Whoso voyages in the Chesapeake region, if he be a stranger to the land, should prepare himself for the journey by the diligent study of a book of etiquette calculated for the latitude of Mason and Dixon's Line, or a bit further South, and should temper even such precepts



A LIGHT BREEZE ON A PLEASANT RIVER



"ABANDON SHIP" DRILL ABOARD CHESAPEAKE STEAMER

CHESAPEAKE VOYAGES

with all the geniality at his command. Unsuspicious good will between man and man is the social law of the Chesapeake. If a raw-boned "far-downer," clad in his palpably best clothes, says to you as you watch the buildings of Baltimore fade in the dusky gold of an urban sunset, "Nevah bin on this hyuh rowt befo' suh?" don't fall into the crude error of giving him a sub-Arctic stare and answering in a monosyllable; he might think you had been taken suddenly ill. He would not understand your first rebuff, and would be sorry for your breeding if he discovered that you had made the churlish mistake of supposing him anxious to force an acquaintance. Should he put his creed into words, which he will not, he would say that it was impossible for the son of a gentleman to have a social ambition. His people have been decent oystermen, or moderately prosperous farmers for two hundred and fifty years in the same or nearly the same spot, and he may bear an old English name as good as anybody's. His courtesy is universal, addressed impartially to the stranger in irreproachable outing costume and to the colored boy who waits at table, because it is part of his native self-respect. He has the same kind of personal dignity that one finds in the native Cape Codder, and in such

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Long Islanders as have not been debased by too close association with the summer colony from New York, and he tempers his manners with innate sweetness caught from the warmth of the Chesapeake suns.

As to the officers of the boat, they regard the round-trip traveller as a guest. Sometimes the Northern voyager wonders whether he shall not come back to Baltimore as the accredited owner of the vessel, her tackle and apparel, so anxious seems everyone on board to make him at home. These are busy men, with twenty wharves to make, difficulties of navigation to meet, hundreds of tons of freight to handle and record, but they are never too busy to be courteous.

And the waiters! As it is certain that no white man or woman can hope to be as truly and consciously respectable as a respectable colored man or woman, so no white person of whatever rank or breeding quite equals the insinuating courtesy of the best Negro waiters in the Chesapeake. One tips, of course, but one tips in moderation, and with the conviction that that inimitable courtesy is truly unbought. It brings one the soothing sense of having down cushions solicitously placed between one and every possible jolt or jar. But yield not too easily to the blandishments of the waiter when he softly

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whispers in your ear at breakfast. “ De’s ham, an’ lam’, an’ chick’n, an’ fried oyste’s, an’ clam fritte’s, an’ sof’ crabs; an’ Ah reck’n ye’ll have yo’ aigs sof’ bil’t, an’ surrup with yo’ griddle cakes?” Listen to the voice of that siren too often, and you return from the voyage a dyspeptic wreck.

CHAPTER IV

THE MARK OF RACE

DELAWARE has nearly half the Peninsula's 550,000 inhabitants, Wilmington half of Delaware's. The rural Peninsula is perhaps 97 per cent. native, and of the whites about 90 per cent. are mainly of British blood, many of them descended in more than one line from Seventeenth Century immigrants. Even Wilmington is less than fifteen per cent. alien. Delaware has mixed strains of early Dutch, Swedish, Finnish, British and French blood, with later and thinner additions of these and other racial strains. Much of the Eastern Shore has been lightly touched by foreign immigration since the early or middle Eighteenth Century, and in some counties the aliens hardly exceed a score. Along with the predominant British family names are those inherited from all the other early immigrant races, some of them disguised almost beyond recognition. Familiar French names in Delaware are Bayard, in early colonial days sometimes spelled after the Gallo-

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Dutch fashion, Matier, pronounced Mateer, Janvier, usually pronounced Janveer, a name brought to New Castle by a Huguenot immigrant of 1650, Garesche, Rudolph, Du Pont, the last of rather late American planting. Far down upon Maryland's Eastern Shore occur the French names Devereaux, Prideaux, now corrupted to Pridix, and borne for more than a half century probably by none but descendants of the family's slaves, Dashiel, Aydelotte, and many more.

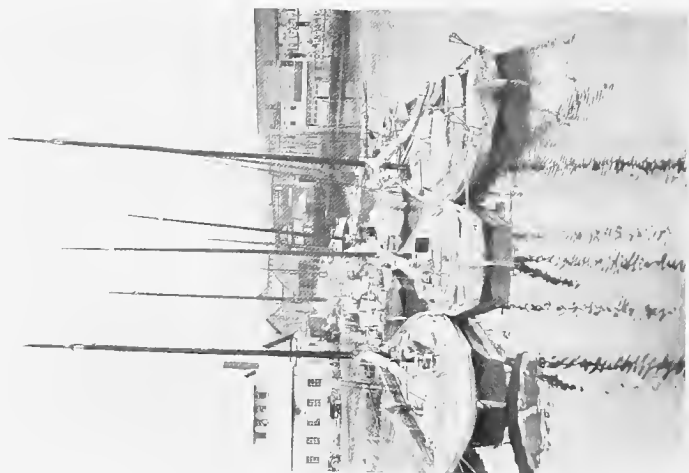
Geographical names are mainly English. Of the eleven Eastern Shore counties all but Wicomico and Accomack bear English names. A loyal Delawarean called his three sons New Castle, Kent, and Sussex Delaware Davis. Delaware's townships, called "hundred," bear English names for the most part, along with Dutch, Swedish, Irish, Indian and Welsh. The chief cities and villages have British names, with a few snatched from every corner of the globe, and the hybrids Delmar and Marydel, borne by border communities. Old inns furnish such names to villages and hamlets as Cross Keys, The Mermaid, The Bear, Rising Sun, Red Lion, Pepper Box. There are a few oddities, as Corner Ketch of grim connotation, Catswamp (originally Wildcat Swamp), Dames' Quarter,

Katy Dysart's. Many water courses, large or small, bear such Indian names as Choptank, Tuckaho, Nanticoke, Quantico, Appoquinimink, Wetipkin, Tyaskin, Anamessex, Sinepuxent, Chincoteague, Watchapreague, Pungoteague, Nassawaddox, Machipongo, Assawaman, Mattaponi, Manokin.

Conversation among "nice people" especially old ladies, is apt to take a sanguinary tone, and to bristle with genealogical detail, for even the Quakers, who know that earthly fame is dust, jealously keep family records. One sometimes sees hung upon the dining-room wall of a modest house a framed and glazed coat of arms, for thousands of families cherish belief, well or ill founded, in a gentle, noble, or even royal ancestry. On the Peninsula, as elsewhere in this amusing world, good folk treasure the name and fame of locally or nationally distinguished ancestors, possibly one, two, three in a generation or a succession of generations, and conveniently forget the obscure or worse occurring somewhere in the background, and pretty thickly, of almost any family, however exalted. Two generations ago somebody was usually malicious enough to recall that this or that rising man who had built a showy house or



CANOE WITH LATEEN SAIL



FISHING CRAFT IN HARBOR

THE MARK OF RACE

set up a coach had a "redemptioner"¹ in his line of descent, and like as not a portly citizen rolling by in his limousine with opulent rumble may even now stir a censorious on-looker to the venomous phrase, "grandson of an overseer."

As a matter of fact, although many a family, important or obscure, has a well authenticated drop of gentle or noble blood, most even of the recognized political and social leaders are sprung in the main from those who for six, eight or ten generations on this side of the Atlantic were of far more importance than their European ancestors for as many centuries before. Perhaps few colonial immigrants came solely as the persecuted for righteousness sake, though many, it is true, came seeking religious liberty. All such, whether Catholic or Protestant, plain Quaker, stout Presbyterian, loyal Anglican, were mainly of sound stock, with the personal energy implied in a willingness to forego the comforts and advantages of old civilized

¹Trimbles and others in Cecil County pride themselves as descendants of Daniel DeFoe's redemptioner niece, said to have run away to America after a quarrel with her mother. She married the son of the farmer who had "bought her time," and received from her Uncle Daniel her mother's little fortune. Part of the heritage was a chair, supposed to have been from DeFoe's study, and now treasured by the Delaware Historical Society. Dr. W. P. Trent, the American biographer of DeFoe, has been unable to verify this tradition.

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

Europe for the hardships of a raw country, peopled with savages, but with many there must have been mixed motives, the ideal wish for freedom of conscience, religious or political, and the highly practical hope of finding wealth and social consideration in a region where the fortunes of most were to make and natural opportunities rich and plentiful. We hear of tanners, carpenters, and skilled mechanics of various trades among the ancestors of families long conspicuous. Although the Calverts fetched with them the sons of some eminent Catholic families, the first colony in the Palatinate included many plain folk. It is significant that many families of the older immigration know little of their forbears in Europe, or know much only through personal investigation in Great Britain or elsewhere. Incidentally, it imperils family pride to seek in Europe verification of the treasured dim tradition as to the ancestral knight who fought at Courtrai in 1302, or of the noble who "came over with the Conqueror." As like as not one finds one's own name and blood shared by a simple carter in Wessex, or a prosperous butcher in Brussels.²

Nevertheless if, "it takes three generations to make a gentleman," it should hardly take

² Illustrations from fact.

THE MARK OF RACE

three centuries to make an aristocracy, and the American maxim, "three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves," cannot be proved true by the social history of Delaware and the Eastern Shore. Whatever drove the early immigrants to the Peninsula, they found a goodly land, made the most of their opportunities, and in many instances handed down to their descendants ideals and habits of comfort and conduct that have persisted with surprising tenacity. Free natural opportunities on the one hand, and slavery on the other helped to maintain the skilled mechanic on a plane of comfort and consideration which the Old World did not accord his trade. Many of the older blood who have a long line of colonial and national leaders behind them show unmistakably the mark of race, but also men of the Peninsula inured to manual toil, sometimes in occupations long traditional with their families, have a fine personal dignity that only the dullest stranger could fail to recognize. Slavery upon the the Peninsula, as everywhere in the South, imposed upon the owner, however rich or distinguished, the necessity of recognizing in the poorest reputable white man a fellow member of the ruling race. "Poor white trash" was a phrase not of the master, but of the slave. If

the local magnate secretly disprized his plain neighbors he had to hide his pride, whether of wealth or of birth, if he wished the good will of those about him or their votes at election. On the other hand, the plain people expected good things of young men whose ancestors had done well, and welcomed them as political and social leaders.

Thus there was, indeed, a society sure of itself, and therefore not what the "society column" calls "exclusive," so sure of itself that it did not fear the approach of its neighbors. There was also always a helping hand for the clever son of a poor man ambitious of education, and a professional career. When the late John S. Wise entertained Charles Francis Adams some years ago at Kiptopeke, a great, high-set house overlooking the Atlantic at the mouth of the Chesapeake through a grove of glorious pines far below, the host invited the whole neighborhood to honor the guest from New England. Mr. Adams hardly knew which he enjoyed most, sitting on the floor with Mr. Wise to pore over old family papers of historic interest, or mingling with the promiscuous crowd of several hundred come to share the huge open-air feast provided. He went home to Boston, and at a gathering of respectable Bostonians, advised them to acquire some of

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the democratic warmth that he had found in Northampton.

The stranger has usually found it hard to make headway in the politics of the Peninsula unless he came with the prestige of name or blood familiar and reputable, or with the introduction and permanent favor of some one locally respected. Delawareans like to know the background of their public men. Thus the Bayards of New Castle county and the Saulsbury's of Kent, the former from the beginning of the Union under the Constitution, the latter for the better part of a century, have been political leaders, and the Ridgelys of Dover have had a high place in popular regard as public men and lawyers since colonial days. The Wise family of the Eastern Shore of Virginia, the Goldsboroughs, the Lloyds, the Vickers, the Henrys, the Pearces, the Constables, the Upshurs of both Maryland and Virginia, the Handys, the closely interrelated families of Robins, Purnell, Spence, and Franklin, and many others in all parts of the Peninsula, most of them near or remote kinsmen by blood or marriage, have played their parts for generations in the political and social affairs of the region, though home-grown "new" men have constantly come forward, and it has always

behooved those of old distinction to bear themselves and wear their honors modestly.

From early colonial times the clergy stood high as leaders and advisers, spiritual and intellectual. Makemie, the Presbyterian pioneer, married the daughter of a local magnate in Accomack, and his daughter in turn married a man of importance, and was called "Madame," perhaps because of her kinship to one King, an Irish baronet, one of the few titled persons on the Eastern Shore.³ A successor of Makemie, the Rev. Samuel McMaster, who served from 1774 to 1811, as pastor of Rehoboth, Snow Hill, and Pitts Creek churches, all founded by the pioneer, is curiously referred to in some records of the Presbytery of Lewes, as "Bishop McMaster."

Such a society as grew up in the colonial Peninsula, far removed from the influence of urban centres and from the interests and intellectual activities of the great world, was necessarily provincial, as it still is, though there were always families, clerical and territorial, with something of cosmopolitan interest and attitude. Makemie left one of the largest private libraries outside of New England. In the tiny

³ A somewhat recent descendant of the Irish baronet built a new house that displeased his wife, who vowed she'd never enter it, but he bided his time and held her funeral in that very house.

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fishing village of Port Penn, at the head of Delaware Bay, seven Drs. David Stewart succeeded one another for two hundred years, most of the time occupants of the same delightful old brick house, still standing, and steady conservators of culture. In spite of such families there was, and is, much illiteracy in parts of the Peninsula, and superstitions of the Seventeenth Century, and of far earlier times, long persisted and still persist. Old English provincialisms of speech have not yet left the lips of some rural Delawareans, and are heard among the "far-downers" of the Eastern Shore, in "the back country" almost anywhere, and on the islands of Chesapeake. In Western Sussex, a mill founded by a local corporation was popularly known as "'Mung-'em's-Mill," because it was owned "among them," and the term was still in use hardly more than half a century ago. For some country folk in Southern Delaware c-a-n-t spells "kaint," and "housen" is probably still the plural of house in the same region. Many a man half a lifetime exiled from Sussex pronounces "corn" as if it were spelled k-a-r-n.

Sussex, indeed, is almost a small province to itself, an *imperium in imperio*, with its own inherited ideals and point of view. With nearly half the land area of Delaware and more than half the water area, it has hardly one-fifth the

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population, or less than fifty to the square mile. It is nearly as large as Rhode Island, with something like a tenth of Rhode Island's population. Here linger old English customs, as for example the celebration of Twelfth Night. "Moving day," until recently all over Delaware the 25th of March, the first day of the Dionysian year, still prevails as such in Sussex. That Bishop of Delaware who somewhat recently gave up his see to enter what he had been bred to call the "Roman Church," discovered the enduring social charm of Sussex, to which some Delawareans are persistently blind, just as others are blind to the quiet beauty of its far horizons, its tidal rivers, its sandy plains edged with the blue of pine forests, its peaceful ponds lit with the fondly lingering after-sunset glow.⁴

⁴George Morgan of Philadelphia, most of his life exiled from Delaware and author of half a dozen books, still retains his native Sussex flavor and loyalty, as does his cousin, Dr. Morgan, President of Dickinson College, and has the gift of detecting the like in others. Catching a word from the conductor of an electric car in Philadelphia, he said: "You're a Delawarean?" "Yes." "Sussex County?" "Yes." "North--West Fork Hundred?" "Yes!"

The author had a like dialogue with a parlor car porter on the station platform at New Haven, Conn., running about thus: "You're from Maryland?" "Yes, Sah." "Eastern Shore?" "Yes, Sah." "Worcester County?" "Yes, Sah." "Snow Hill?" "Yes, Sah!" "I thought so when I saw 'Purnell' on the end of your suitcase."

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Family tradition and history, especially on the Eastern Shore, are quaint, picturesque, and significant, all of which qualities appear in the tradition of the Dennis family of Beverly, which mansion stands upon a tract of land descended in the family since 1669. In the graveyard at Beverly lie many generations of Dennises. One patriarch sleeps beside his four wives. Perhaps it was he, who, finding his son unwilling to wed a rich ward, took the heiress himself, and kept the fortune in the family. Another known as the "Marrying Dennis," being told in old age by a granddaughter that there were rumors of his significant attentions to a lady, answered: "My dear, I reckon I'll be a marrying man as long as I can chew clabber." For generations the Dennises have given congressmen, senators, and judges to Maryland. Alfred P. Dennis, after a scholarly career as professor of history, followed by years of outdoor life in search of health, went abroad for war work, and was so useful that Mr. Hoover last fall asked him to undertake the serious task for the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Service, of learning what is Europe's consumptive capacity for American foodstuffs.

Although the Worcester county families of

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Robins, Spence, and Purnell have intermarried for generations, they have had their amusing cousinly spats. It is family gossip that one of the wilder Spences, who had found Princeton and Yale equally uncongenial, meeting his cousin Judge Robins on a lonely highway, humorously "borrowed" twenty dollars of him at the point of the pistol. As the borrower was known to have checked an annoying cock in mid-crow by a well aimed shot, the Judge naturally affected to enjoy the pleasantry. The Purnells, whose name has always been accented on the first syllable at home in Worcester county, but shifts the accent to the second when their heads appear above Mason and Dixon's Line, have a tradition that seven brothers of the family reached the Eastern Shore about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, a tale easily believed, for they are scattered over the whole Peninsula and have penetrated to many distant parts of the Union. Dr. William Henry Purnell, of the "Queponca Purnells," first President of Delaware College after the resuscitation in 1870, practised law in Baltimore, recruited and commanded the Purnell Legion in the Civil War, was Comptroller of Maryland and Postmaster of Baltimore. His daughter is Dr. Caroline Purnell of Phila-



By Courtesy of B. C. & A. F. K. Co.

A "FAR-DOWNER"



By Courtesy of B. C. & A. R. R. Co.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE



"IN THE BEACHED MARGENT OF THE SEA"



By Courtesy of B. C. & A. R. R. Co.

SURF BATHING, REHOBOTH, DELAWARE

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delphia, who distinguished herself as a war worker in France.

The Spences believe that their ancestor signed the "Solemn League and Covenant" in 1643. "Adam the first" reached the Eastern Shore in time to help found Snow Hill, in 1684, though the name Spence occurs earlier in records of the region. The family has no evidence of relationship to the Spence ancestors of President Monroe. Ara Spence and his nephew Thomas Ara Spence were judges in Maryland, and the latter went to Congress. The elder Judge's brother, Dr. John Spence, was United States Senator, and another brother, Irving Spence, lawyer, legislator and Presbyterian elder, wrote the history of early Presbyterianism on the Eastern Shore. Still another brother, Lemuel Purnell Spence, continued the line of elders hardly broken in a century-and-a-half. Irving Spence's grandson is Thomas H. Spence, professor of Modern Languages, and Vice-President of the Maryland Agricultural College. As to the Robinses, descended from the distinguished and useful Col. Obedience Robins of Accomack, they were in colonial days Episcopalians and Royalists. Judge Robins, he of the lending adventure, had

the ambition to set up his family as territorial magnates by entailing his landed estate of many thousand acres upon his heirs male in primogeniture. The first heir was The Rev. John Purnell Robins of the Episcopal church, who married Elder Lemuel Purnell Spence's daughter, and was early left by her death a widower with one son, second heir to the entailed estate. The father turned Presbyterian, took as second wife a daughter of the Rev. Robert M. Laird, also a Presbyterian, and persuaded the son, James Bowdoin Robins, to join with him in cutting the entail so as to furnish a portion to a second family of children. The third heir to the entailed estate, Dr. William Littleton Robins, is a reputable physician of Washington, but not a territorial magnate of the Eastern Shore. Perhaps he is not materially worse off than the dream of Judge Robins was shattered, for his remote cousin, elegant Captain John Selby Purnell of charming old Berley Cottage at Berlin, gave away a farm of nearly 3000 acres because his tenants could not make it pay taxes.

When the Presbyterian Spences and their Episcopal cousins the Robinses found themselves together, and with leisure, an ample possession of both, they were apt to have a

rather sharp exchange of pleasantries. Upon one such occasion the Robins cousin recalled or invented a tale that the Spences in lowland Scotland had been horse thieves, and the Purnells were all descended from one Poor Nell, a servant brought over by Col. Obedience Robins. To this boast, the Spence cousin, nose in air, responded, "If that's true, Cousin Billy, I'm proud to say that now the tables are turned."

Judge Robin's brother-in-law, Judge Ara Spence, never had a judgment reversed during his thirty years on the bench. He lived in a pleasing but simple and far from large country house facing Sinepuxent Bay below Snow Hill, where he entertained a few dependent cousins, and kept a corps of household slaves and at least thirty cats. His body servant, an impish boy named Maj, so vexed the judge one morning that he seized the lad by the scruff of the neck, dragged him down to the bay shore and announced that he was to be drowned as worthless. Taking the threat seriously, Maj turned up the whites of his eyes, and utterly disarmed offended justice with the plea: "Fo' Gawd, Mass Ara, Ah hain't had ma breakfast yit."

The abolition of slavery brought to the Eastern Shore social and industrial revolution,

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from which parts of the region were almost half a century in recovering.⁵ As was to be expected, the shock of sudden change dazed for a time both black and white, but within the past generation improved agricultural methods, the subdivision of the land, co-operative buying and selling, and the gradual emergence of the colored people from the penumbra of slavery, have wrought great changes, and made much of the region a garden spot. Both races have shared in the new prosperity, and some of the colored people farm their own land.

⁵ Many old plantation homes in Accomack and Northampton have never fully recovered from the industrial and social revolution of the period following the Civil War, though those counties are agriculturally the richest of the Union in proportion to the land under cultivation. Some of the larger houses have fallen into decay, and others of more resistant material are gaunt and shabby, with neglected grounds and bare interiors still dignified by reason of spacious rooms, beautiful stairways, and tasteful mantels. Said the lady, when her neighbor, hurrying past her on the day of the Charleston earthquake, clad mostly in a top hat mechanically snatched from the rack as he fled streetward, lifted the hat with a suave bow, "Why, my dear friend, you've forgotten everything but your manners." Those luckless ones of the Eastern Shore who have not known how to fit themselves to changed conditions, still captivate amid the wreck of a civilization, with the gentlest manners known to man.

CHAPTER V

HUNTING, FISHING, YACHTING

GUNNING'' has been a passion with the people of the Peninsula since white men first set foot upon the land. Fishing also has been a favorite sport, perhaps with an even larger part of the population. As to the inhabitants of the coast—its inlets, rivers, creeks—oar and sail have always been with them of familiar use from childhood. To those coast-dwellers, in a land where tidal water is within easy reach of almost everybody, a boat seems the normal vehicle for business or pleasure, salt water the normal highway for all occasions. From the Susquehanna's mouth to Cape Charles, the whole length of the Chesapeake, for miles upon miles of tributaries small and great, and Northward along the Atlantic coast, with its intricate fringe of islands, and its many miles of natural interior water ways, to Delaware Bay and on upward to the Christiania, a boat with most families is quite as much a matter of course as a wheelbarrow or any other familiar and necessary vehicle or utensil

of domestic life. The love of whatever has to do with tidal water has been bred in the blood and bone of these folk for nearly three centuries. An Eastern Shoreman justified to a sceptic his love for the land of his birth and ancestry, by saying: "Why not, when you've only to fall overboard to get your dinner?" The men of the Peninsula were taught from early boyhood to shoot straight and to ride fearlessly, as also to handle rod and line, net and "dipsy." An Eastern Shore youth at College returned to his professor of English an essay on the Fox by John Burroughs, assigned for reading, with the dry comment that he thought he knew more than the author about foxes. His was probably no vain boast, for like many another such youth it had been his wont to mount his horse at early morning, whistle his hounds, ride alone to the nearest woodland, start a fox, and follow him, if need be, for a dozen or fifteen miles. When the midday hour came he was sure of hospitable entertainment at a neighbor's house, and he cared not how late his return ride fetched him home. The outdoor life, afloat or ashore, with boat and rod, or with gun in the wholesome and sympathetic comradeship of horse and dog, has been a tradition of many generations. Those pale folk who hold "that hunters been



REGATTA OF FISHING BOATS



THE YACHT "ROXANA" ENTERING CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL

nat holy men'' forget the softening and sweetening influence of close communion with nature at all hours of the day and in all her moods and aspects. Boys often took horse and dog and gun to boarding school, thus mitigating the pains of education. He is a dull man who does not feel himself in good company with a well-bred dog or a well-bred horse. No doubt the sports that now occupy our youth were too much neglected by those lovers of the care-free life in the open, so long as game was afoot near home almost the year round, and no jealous "closed season" restricted the normal activities of vigorous, country-bred folk. But the sports of those days escaped the sordid commercialism that soils those of to-day, and is any form of athletic exercise quite so wholesome as that practised by nearly ten generations of Peninsular folk?¹

¹ Fox hunting was a favorite sport from colonial days up to comparatively recent times. Some of the farms on Bohemia Manor were held upon leases one provision of which was that the farmer should keep two hunting hounds such as should be part of "the cry of hounds" kept by the lord of the manor, a clearly feudal privilege of the latter. Fifty years ago old fox hounds lounged about many a village street, to be used for "fox drives." The Cooch family and their neighbors in Pencader Hundred, Delaware, rode to hounds for generations, even up to the Civil War period, and later. Packs of hounds are still kept up in parts of lower Delaware.

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Aquatic fowl swarmed in all the waters of the Peninsula up to the middle of the last century, and still use in great numbers the waters of lower Delaware and the Eastern Shore. Many colonial witnesses testify to the amazing numbers of ducks, geese, swan, shore-birds of various kinds, with quail, snipe, and four-footed game wherever woodland or thicket afforded cover. Voyagers on the Eastern Shore rivers late in the Seventeenth Century rowed or sailed their boats amid thousands of wild fowl sitting upon the water, and saw them rise in clouds that fairly darkened the sun. The complaint of Augustine Herrman's Labadist visitors of 1679 that they could not sleep at the manor house because of the noise made by geese and ducks indicated an experience that many an unaccustomed European must have had in that new land. The Labadist missionaries professed to be shocked at the hard work imposed upon slaves and redemptioners by Herrman and his neighbors, but John Alsop, himself a redemptioner, though also a university student, gives a very different account of conditions in the mid-sixties of the same century as he saw them on the Western Shore. "In winter time, which lasts but three months," he writes, "they do little or no work or improvement, save cutting

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wood to make good fires to sit by, unless their ingenuity will prompt them to hunt deer or bear, or recreate themselves in fowling to slaughter swans, geese, and turkeys, which the country affords in most plentiful manner. For every servant has a gun, powder, and shot allowed him, to sport him withal on all holidays and leisure time if he be capable of using it or be willing to learn."

So abundant was game of all kinds that colonial folk and their descendants for at least three generations were recklessly wasteful of such natural wild riches. In early days, every coast dweller could shoot aquatic fowl from his own grounds. As the birds became wary of the shore, heavily loaded swivel-guns were mounted on canoes, and scores of fowl were killed at a single shot. As the birds grew more and more timid, and found refuge far from shore, ingenious methods of approach were invented. The swivel-gun was at length outlawed, though used unlawfully by pot-hunters until comparatively recent years. A craft called the "coffin boat," with a swivel-gun mounted in the bow was used at night in the upper Chesapeake to kill the sleeping fowl, especially the canvasback, which had come to be a favorite in city markets. Holes were cut

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in the ice at the accustomed feeding places of the birds, so that a considerable surface of water was bared, and to these places the wild fowl were attracted by decoys, to be shot from blinds at short range. Dogs were trained to frisk on the shore above and below the blinds so as to excite the curiosity of the birds and toll them within gunshot. Such dogs could be managed by signals from the blind. Sometimes red flannel or a gay handkerchief was wound round the dog to make him more seductive. A ramrod with a red rag atop often supplied the place of the capering dog. The sinkboat, floating almost at the surface of the water, is still tolerated in Maryland with restrictions, though prohibited by Virginia.

Two generations ago the eggs of fowl nesting upon the Eastern Shore marshes were sometimes recklessly destroyed by irresponsible boys. The late James B. Dilworth, a business man of New York, but a Delawarean by birth, who never through a life-long exile lost his native flavor of the Peninsula, believed that the relative scarcity of migratory fowl in waters where they once swarmed was due less to reckless slaughter than to the robbing of their nests in the far North by men who shipped the eggs South for use by confectioners.

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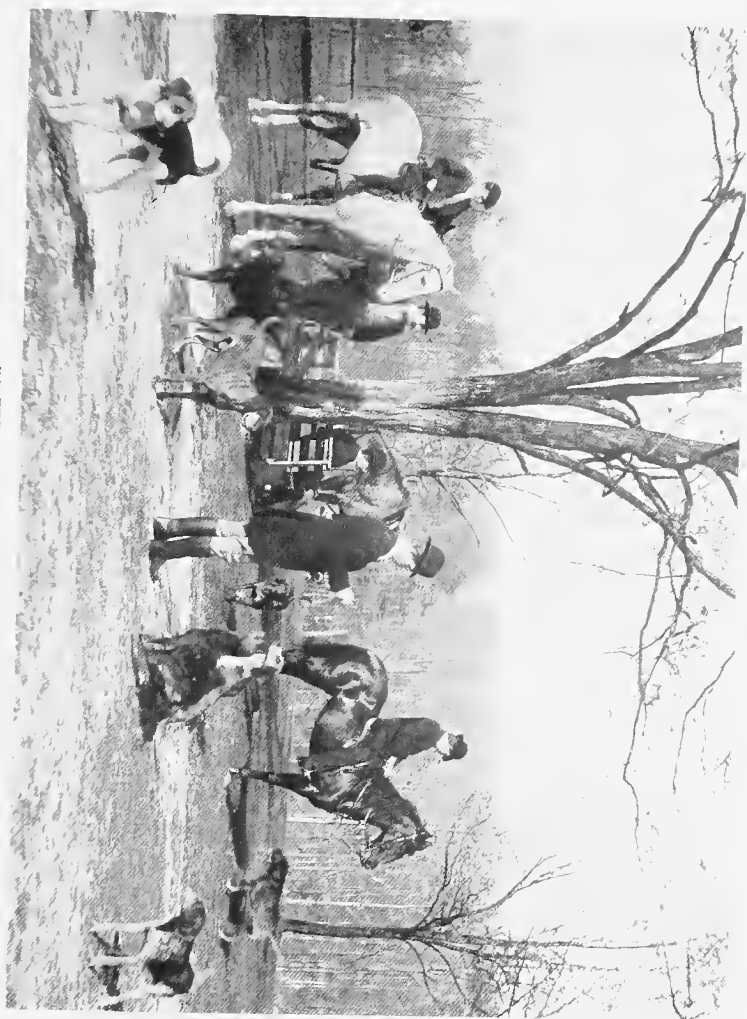
Whatever the causes that within the memory of living men, have reduced the number of wild fowl in the waters of the Peninsula, the situation has been met by an ever increasing strictness of regulative statutes as to seasons and methods of hunting. Maryland has a license fee for gunners from other states, and prohibits the shipping of wild fowl out of the state by pot-hunters. All over the Peninsula the shooting season has been shortened, and farmers commonly "post" their lands to prevent trespass "with gun and dog." By the time the statutes regulating the slaughter of wild fowl had been enacted geese had become scarce in many parts of the Peninsula, and swans were somewhat rare in most local waters. Nevertheless, the lower Chesapeake and its tributaries, the Atlantic coast of Accomack and Northampton, and parts of Southern Delaware are still among the best ducking "grounds" in the country. A few miles below Ocean City on the Atlantic coast of Maryland and on down the coast of Accomack and Northampton are found plenty of black ducks and mallards, with fewer sprig-tails, redheads and canvasbacks. President Cleveland and other occupants of the White House have delighted in this region. Here, too, there is good Autumn

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shooting for yellow-legs, and black-breasted plover, but regulative laws change from year to year, and strangers do well to be sure as to these limitations. An acquaintance with local persons who can direct the visitor to suitable places is a necessity to success in hunting wild fowl on the Peninsula, and it must be remembered that local justices weep not when fining alien delinquents for violation of the game laws.²

Chincoteague Island is a good starting point for the gunner in the Atlantic waters of Accomack. So too is Watchapreague for the Atlantic coast of either Accomack or Northampton. Onancock gives access to the Chesapeake side of Accomack and Northampton. Deal's Island in Tangier Sound, between the mouths of the Wicomico and Manokin rivers, lies within easy reach of marshy islands frequented by great numbers of ducks. There is still good ducking at Kent Island, so famous for its wild fowl in the Eighteenth Century and earlier. Elkton, Cecil County, lies near marshes where the railbird and other small fowl are still plentiful. Lewes, Delaware, is near good

² Non-residents pay a license fee of \$10.50 for the privilege of shooting in Maryland. A note of inquiry to the B.C. and A. RR. Co., Pier one, Pratt Street, Baltimore, is likely to bring valuable information to the untaught stranger who would shoot in the Chesapeake waters.



EASTERN SHORE FOR HUNTERS



TRAINING A BIRD DOG



THREE GUNNERS AND A FEW DUCKS

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ducking ground in Rehoboth Bay and Indian River Bay. Many ducks and some geese use the waters of Delaware Bay, its inlets and creeks, but this region is within easy approach from Philadelphia and Wilmington, so that the number of gunners is large. Quail are plentiful in lower Delaware and in most of the Eastern Shore counties, especially those of the far Southern part of the Peninsula, where much of the land is wooded.

Drum fish, sea trout, croakers, sea bass, blue fish and king fish are caught at Ocean City. Sinepuxent Bay, the name given to a somewhat indefinite length of the shallows behind the long Peninsula of Assateague skirting the Atlantic coast from the South-eastern corner of Delaware to the Virginia line, has white perch, small black bass, and a variety of other fish. Tilghman's Island and Deal's Island of the Chesapeake are famous for trout, spot, taylors. Bellevue on the Tred Avon River and such neighboring places as Oxford and Royal Oak are starting points for fishermen. White perch, croakers, rock, and blue fish frequent these waters. The Pocomoke and Occohannock rivers have excellent fish of many varieties. Crisfield is another gateway for fishermen. Havre de Grace in the upper Chesapeake, once the most

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famous region for canvasback ducks, is a Western Shore port whence fishermen may approach excellent fishing, though here competition is hot because the region has been long famous, and Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia are within easy reach by express train. Betterton, on the lovely Sassafra River of the Eastern Shore is a port easily reached by steamboat from Philadelphia, and here is excellent fishing in the Chesapeake. Grove Point, a cape immediately North of the Sassafra, used to be a favorite camping ground for fishermen. To wake at dawn upon that spot, see one's little boat a-rock on the misty-gray waves of the bay, and watch the new-risen sun burn Betterton and its river to a passion of splendor is alone worth the trouble of the undertaking. Eastern Shoremen care little for fresh-water fishing, but there are mill-ponds in rural Delaware, some of them in effect beautiful lakes of considerable size, that have been stocked with bass and pike, and are much used by local fishermen.

From April to June, and for many weeks in mid-Autumn the Chesapeake is a yachtman's paradise. Natives, indeed, find even the mid-Summer Chesapeake delightful. Then it is that local fishermen hold their regattas, and the yachtsman who attends may see instructive ex-

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hibitions of nautical skill. St. Clement's Bay, one of the most beautiful inlets of the lower Potomac, is the scene on Sundays and holidays of vastly interesting impromptu regattas in which sometimes a score of fishing boats participate. The best approach from the North to the Chesapeake cruising grounds is by way of the inside passage and the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which last water-way the United States Government is improving, so that it will admirably serve the turn of yachtsmen as of commercial craft. Charts of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, which show soundings, light-houses, and all necessary nautical indications, may be had for a trifle upon application to the Coast and Geodetic Survey Office at Washington. Between the Bay itself and the rivers of the two shores there is pleasant cruising for weeks together.

Few of the Eastern Shore rivers are navigable for above 25 miles, and the charts bespeak the difficulties of navigation in the upper reaches of these streams. As to the Western Shore rivers, the largest afford weeks of mild adventure, with many small ports and a perpetually changing panorama of sea and shore. The Potomac, the Rappahannock, the James, and the Patuxent may occupy a yachtsman for weeks in

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a region of exhaustless historic interest. Some of the best places for supplies are on the Eastern Shore. Crisfield has a difficult harbor, well buoyed, and the town is an outfitting place for thousands of fishing vessels. Cambridge has a safe and approachable harbor with abundant food supplies. Baltimore is the best port of supply for the upper Chesapeake, Norfolk for the lower. A local pilot is almost a necessity for yachtsmen who would explore the fascinating small streams.

CHAPTER VI

HOUSES AND HOMES

DOMESTIC architecture on the Peninsula has gone through almost three centuries of changing needs and tastes as influenced by changing conditions. Early settlers, short of tools and of skilled labor, naturally built their first shelters of the materials at hand easiest shaped to their needs. Even leaders and rulers at first were little better housed than others. Log houses must have served most purposes in the first decade of a settlement, must have been common in the first quarter-century. Not a few of the early houses were incorporated in the improved dwellings of the prosperous. Living men not very old recall log houses surviving in town and country less than fifty years ago, come down from colonial days, and many such still stand. The pleasant old Russell house at New-ark, where Parson Arthur Kirkwood Russell lived for the first half of the last century, and where his son-in-law, The Rev. Dr. Hugh Hamill read Greek with his feet on the fender or beneath the trees of the front garden, when

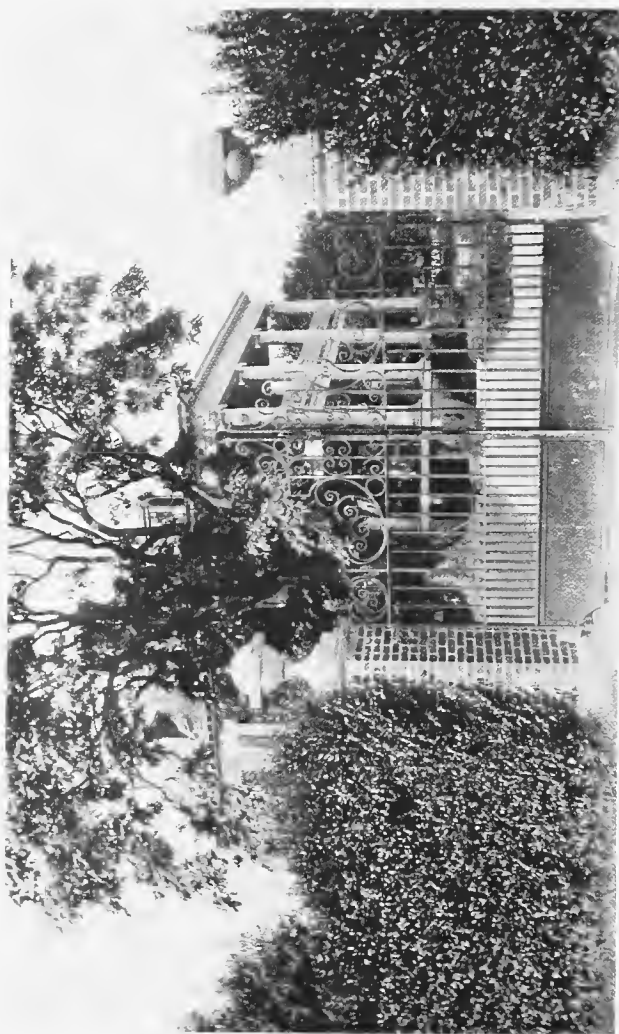
torn down two or three years ago proved to be made partly of logs. Many old houses are of the English thatched cottage type, though shingles supply the place of thatch. The latter survives in the cow-sheds, which are crudely roofed with cornstalks instead of straw. Some houses on Kent Island are of the English Seventeenth Century farmhouse type, with dormer windows, but without thatch. Cheap wood determined the use of shingles.¹

Few great houses, indeed few considerable houses, were built in Delaware, not very many on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where social life and ideals were influenced by the feudal character of the proprietor's relation to the Palatinate, until the second quarter of the Eighteenth Century. The like is true of the Virginia counties, where even local magnates lived in little wooden houses. It must be remembered that George Washington was born in a simple farmhouse, bred until the age of ten in another; that an early house of the Lees is a brick building of moderate size and plain exterior. The oldest houses at the upper end

¹ The noble Italian relative of Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Paradise, said, as he looked round upon the beauties at a ball in Williamsburg, Va., "How can such angels live in such hovels?" To the eye of one accustomed to Italian palaces, the big wooden house of the old Dominion capital must have looked crude.



HOUSE OF W. W. HUBBARD, ESQ., CHESTERTOWN, ERECTED 1732



GARDEN GATE, HUBBARD HOUSE

of the Peninsula, as at the lower, prove the simplicity of Seventeenth Century domestic standards. Naaman's-on-Delaware, perhaps the oldest house in the state, is partly a defensive block-house dating from 1654, partly a dwelling of simple but pleasing type built in 1720. According to the records of the present occupants, who maintain at Naaman's a popular house of entertainment, Stuyvesant's ships shelled the block-house in 1655, when the Dutch "conquered" New Sweden. The place was taken by the Indians in 1671, and by the British in 1776. The Robinson family, American patriots of the Revolution, occupied the house from 1738 until after the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Light Horse Harry Lee captured here the officers of a British squadron. Washington, LaFayette, Mad Anthony Wayne, and others of the Patriot army frequented Naaman's. The place had a later sinister reputation as a duelling ground. It is now a scene of peace and charm, with a riverward outlook, a pleasant garden, and a quantity of antique furnishings. Naaman's could be matched for simplicity by many old houses in Accomack and Northampton. Cross Manor on the Western Shore, now the home of the Grasens, said to be the oldest house in Maryland, a charmingly unpreten-

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tious thing of weathered brick facing St. Inigo's Creek where it enters the St. Mary's, somewhat suggests the general aspect of Sulgrave Manor, the simple English homestead of the Washingtons.

Georgian houses of the Eastern Shore built from about the middle of the Eighteenth Century onward, often of brick, sometimes of wood, are large, dignified, and apt to be well proportioned, unless they have been accretions from an earlier time. Those of the latter type sometimes include the incongruous union of true Georgian additions with survivals of the Seventeenth Century large farm house or small manor house. Some of the strictly Georgian type, built of brick and sturdily erect in spite of "eating time," are apt to be a trifle gaunt. The Georgian type was reproduced all over the Peninsula up to the middle of the last century, often on a small scale, and sometimes without regard to proper proportions.

At Chestertown one of many delightful survivals is the house of Wilbur W. Hubbard, dating from 1732, of historic interest, and a beautiful instance of Georgian domestic architecture at its best, both as to outward form and restrained interior decoration and furnishing. The house has been preserved and restored

with jealous care, so that it looks to-day much as it must have looked when occupied by a local great man of nearly two centuries ago.

Some great country houses in Maryland and Virginia have been described and illustrated in volumes prepared by antiquarians or architects,² so that this book does not attempt a full treatment of the subject, but merely exemplifies a few types, as Beverly in Worcester county, begun in 1774 by Littleton Dennis, furnished by his widow during the Revolutionary War, and since occupied by the Dennis family.

This house illustrates the simpler Georgian style, without applied ornament. On one side it faces the Pocomoke River across a gently sloping lawn. On the landward side is the public approach to a dignified front through an avenue shaded by great trees. The brickwork of the house is substantial, the doorway to the lawn is ornamented with an elaborate wrought-iron structure from which once hung a lantern that served as beacon to some miles of the river, and the interior is apportioned in dignified rooms, many of them wainscoted, and all furnished with heirlooms of handsome fashion.

²Historic Virginia Homes and Churches. Robert A. Lancaster, Jr., Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Colonial Mansions of Maryland and Delaware, John Martin Hammond, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

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John Dennis; the immigrant ancestor of him that built Beverly, came to Accomack in 1635. Beverly stands on a tract patented in 1669 under the name of "Thrum-Capped." Now "thrum" means literally the end of a weaver's thread, but its figurative meaning, used in the name of the tract, may perhaps be guessed from a line of John Sylvester, the old English poet, "Thrumm'd halfe with ivie, halfe with crisped moss."³ Two other Beverlys were built, one in Accomack county, one in Somerset, by relatives of the Dennis family.

Another Eighteenth Century house, that of Daniel W. Corbit at Odessa, Delaware, built about the same time as Beverly, and ever since owned and occupied by the Corbits, has an admirable street door, and most agreeable rooms, decorated with handsomely carved woodwork. It is a matter of industrial interest that Mr. Corbit has the original building-specifications of the house, with the cost of materials and workmanship in minute detail. The house was built shortly after the building of Drawyer's Presbyterian Church, another example of what skilled mechanics of that day could do with brick and wood.

* An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English, by Ernest Weekley.

BEVERLY, OF THE DENNIS FAMILY





STAIRWAY AT BEVERLY

HOUSES AND HOMES

Northern Delaware and the hill country of Cecil county Maryland, as of South Eastern Pennsylvania, have many old stone houses, the best of them showing the artistic skill with which early masons, as even later, could lay a wall of field stone or quarried stone not formalized by cutting, so as to assure a continuous surface pleasing in effect, but cleverly varied to avoid the betrayal of any artificially designed pattern. Isaac R. Pennypacker of Philadelphia holds that stone was used as building-material in Northern Delaware and Southern Pennsylvania not only because suitable building stone was plentiful, but because also there was limestone to furnish cheap mortar. Thus, he says was bred a race of skilled masons loving their trade as allied to the fine arts. Masons from the region are still called to build walls in other parts of the country. Perhaps Welsh and Scotch immigrants to Delaware and Southern Pennsylvania fetched with them the tradition of skilled mason work. Many Scotch masons used to come and go between Scotland and New York, working on this side in open weather, wintering in Scotland.

Slavery helped to determine the form of many dwellings on the Peninsula. The New Englanders, whose teeth have sympathetically

chattered for three hundred years in memory of that freezing, praying, dying first winter at Plymouth, early tended to bring dwelling and outhouses under one roof, so that the good man could go comfortably in slippers from his living-room fireside to woodshed and stable. He did not literally sleep with the pigs, but he slept under the same far-stretching roof with horse and cow, though many partitions separated the human sleeper and his sleeping beasts. Now the Eastern Shoreman and the Delawarean were not afraid of their own climate, so that they saw no reason for roofing themselves in with the beasts of the field. Even the kitchen was often built as "quarters" a few yards apart from the dwelling, spoken of by the slaves as "the house." That meats should not cool between the fire and the master's table, house and kitchen were connected by a low enclosed passage called the "corridor," which in time was often capped by a second story, so that house, corridor and kitchen suggested three houses of varying height joined as one structure. As climatic conditions did not demand that the whole domestic establishment be brought under one roof, the dwelling was flanked by a group of outhouses—smoke-house, ice-house, granary, wood-house—so that the whole, with

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its array of gables and pent-roofs set at odd angles, presented somewhat the aspect of a small village, and needed only a palisade encircling all to repeat the ancestral Saxon "tun," forerunner of the "town." In county towns the local lawyer's office was often a small house within the domestic enclosure. Here, amid congenial tobacco smoke, and dust that no housewife or maid dared disturb, the man of law received his clients and studied their cases. No doubt his deeper meditations were at times pleasantly interrupted by unprofessional callers, and somewhere behind Blackstone or Kent lurked a bottle of cheering contents to be shared with friends before the glowing hearth. Perhaps the "office" also had its uses as a peaceful refuge in stormy domestic weather.

In many Delaware and Eastern Shore houses, heat was conserved in Winter and mitigated in Summer by the close shingling of the outer walls from groundsills to eaves. Many of these old shingled houses are weathered to a delicious soft gray, nature's slow but inexpensive method of decoration. "The Judges" at Georgetown, for about a century usually occupied by the resident judge, is a shingled Georgian house of moderate size and pleasing simple decoration. Judge Henry C. Conrad, as its occupant for a

dozen years past, enriched its interior with a large collection of old furniture, pottery, prints and other pictures, most of them picked up in Delaware, and illustrative of social and personal history, a museum of great local interest.

The Blandy house at Newark, now owned and occupied by Eben Frazer, President of the Town Council, though not of colonial date, is a modified Georgian brick structure with a recent afterthought of ample porches such as are often seen on the Eastern Shore, intended to secure at all hours of the Summer day a well shaded outdoor retreat. The Blandys, English three generations ago, were kinsmen of the Blandy family, wine-growers of Madeira, with which branch it is traditional to present each son of the house at marriage with a pipe of the matured island wine. Almost the last bottle of one such pipe was drunk (*pace* Mr. Volstead!) a few years ago at the house of Alexander F. Williamson in Philadelphia.

During the long and vicious "American architectural reign of terror" too many builders on the Peninsula scorned the sound old tradition before their eyes. Then it was that the jigsaw wrought its fretful trail over ten thousand house fronts. Eastlake porches glared with gaunt elbows at like neighbors across

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the way. Graceful old Georgian dwellings or newer Italian villas were capped with coldly slated incongruous mansards. Bay windows suddenly bulged where before a flat wall had given serenity to a house front. Foolish conical towers and minarets made otherwise plain dwellings ridiculous, and the insect-leg type of shingled porch pillar was popular. Pressed brick gave to many a house the final touch of forbidding primness and prophesied an interior smug with ingrain carpets, littered with lambrequins, and hideous with the tasteless miscellany of the "what-not."

Sanity and taste reasserted themselves, at first feebly, between the Centennial Exposition of 1876 and the last decade of the Nineteenth Century. The good folk at length began to wonder why they had sold their heirlooms or sent them limping to the garret that their places might be supplied by stuffed plush and fumed oak. Many new houses of sound architecture were built, and some old ones were intelligently restored, though only a conflagration could have brought most villages back to modest simplicity. With the World War and the chill of succeeding hard times old houses fell into further decay and painting was neglected, until an inexpressible shabbiness fell like a drab mantle over whole

communities. Already the bungalow had begun its ravages, and now in some communities little else was built. Such one-story Oriental cottages seemed to spring up in the night, often wrought of incongruous materials, sometimes giving what were intended for homes the casual air of a week-end picnic hovel, at others staring stolidly with heavy stone foundations and walls, above which appeared the triviality of embroidered shingles.

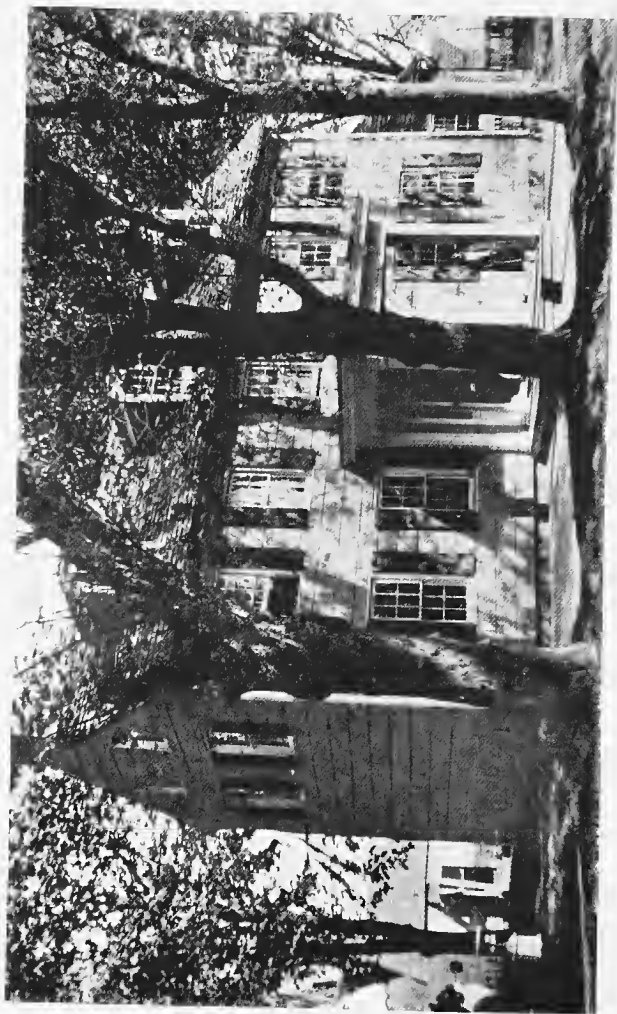
Whatever the character of the house, rude abundance characterized the early colonial table, with game as an essential part of the menu. Perhaps the redemptioners really did rebel at terrapin more than thrice a week. Fish, fresh for most of the year, but smoked, pickled, or otherwise preserved for winter use, were furnished to all, the smoked, pickled and otherwise preserved especially for the slaves. As game became less plentiful pork and fish supplied its place at the "quarters," for mast-fed hogs roamed the woodlands, yielding deliciously sweet hams and shoulders, spare ribs, sausage, scrapple. Hospitality was a matter of course, but dwellers near ferries and other places frequented by travellers were fain to obtain privileges as "licensed victuallers," because so many claimed asylum.

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With growing wealth and leisure came increased fastidiousness of palate, but the tradition of an abundant table persisted, as it still persists, if somewhat chastened by the bitter lessons of the World War. Characteristic dishes of the Peninsula became famous long ago even beyond the Chesapeake country and above Mason and Dixon's Line. The official cook-book of Delaware was issued, and far too long delayed, about a quarter of a century ago. As for the private and unprinted recipes of housewives the Peninsula over, these would make a priceless gourmet's library. Maryland fried chicken is known all over the continent, famed even in Europe, though rarely found in pristine perfection except in the "land o'cakes" between the bays, or where some sad exile from the region painfully breathes alien air and jealously maintains his native culinary traditions. As to hot cakes, they flourish mightily from end to end of the Peninsula. You may have glorified buckwheat cakes, fragrant from a greaseless griddle, foam-light, not crudely freckled and disfigured with inky blotches, but delicately golden-bronze or blonde, and warranted to cure dyspepsia, chronic or acute. Better still are corncakes, like the coiffure of Horace's Roman beauty, simple with neatness.

They come sizzling from the oven, but with no slightest taint of acrid grease, never above three inches in diameter, preferably less, light, almost wafer-thin, in complexion from warm brown to delicate amber, and edged with a deliciously crisp lace-work, itself a triumph of the decorative art. You eat the first two dozen or so with fresh butter, perhaps as many more with spoonfuls from the rich brown sea of gravy surrounding those perfect sausages, and finally a moderate stack from the last runnings of the batter, with honey, or with syrup from the native sorghum, or from the half-alien maple.

Cornpone, undefiled by any sweetening, undulterated with wheat flour, a mere soft, but thoroughly cooked remnant of dough, slightly moist, between stout upper and nether coatings of the same material crisped to light brown for crunching, is "a thing to thank God on." As to spoon-bread, it should banish from the breakfast table all alluringly named and advertised cereals that tickle the palate, but leave body unnourished, soul unsatisfied. The Maryland biscuit, which looks like a doorknob and tastes like the ambrosia of the gods, should be eaten hot, and opened delicately with a fork, not rudely with a knife. Dr. John J. Black of New Castle completely vindicated hot bread



"THE JUDGES, GEORGETOWN, DELAWARE



NAAMAN'S ON DELAWARE

from the charge of unwholesomeness by pointing out the immediately self-evident fact that such, properly cooked and promptly served, is the wholesomest of all breads, as having been freed by heat of dangerous germs which have had no chance to return and work their evil will before the product is eaten.

A mere catalogue of culinary delicacies native to the Peninsula would make a long chapter, but it must suffice to mention here a few such as candied sweet potatoes, ring muffins, frozen peaches, to hint the two-score styles of cooking oysters, the innumerable ways of preparing crabs, terrapin, clams, the richness and delicacy of melons, berries, and native wild fruits. Finally, there is (or was, alas and alas!) the national drink of Delaware, "peach-an'-honey." In spite of constitutional amendments bees are still free to roam in pursuit of innocent plunder, and flowers yet bloom early and late upon this favored Peninsula. Furthermore, it is discreetly whispered that here and there in deepest Sussex, and possibly elsewhere, safe from prying eyes and sniffing noses, still lurk stores of precious liquor long ago distilled from native fruit, and forever fragrant with the tantalizing aroma of sun-bathed autumnal orchards. Experts declare that

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taken "neat" this rarest of Delaware's products warms the inner man but burns not, that mixed judiciously with the smooth ambrosial honey of the hive, it rivals the richest distillations of ancient monkish alembics, is as harmless as mother's milk.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY CHURCHES AND RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS

A SUCCESSION of what may be called happy accidents made most of the Peninsula in its early colonial history the peculiar home of religious liberty. This condition existed, be it remembered to the eternal credit of those in power, during most of the period when Europe was devastated by the politico-religious Thirty Years War. The Catholic Calverts, as proprietors of Maryland, were nobly tolerant of all sects, denying to Protestants neither freedom of worship nor full participation in civil government, a liberality later ill requited. William Penn, although he found himself in litigation with his Catholic neighbors over territory and jurisdiction, did not discriminate against their religion, and was tolerant of all Protestant sects. While yet the Quakers were under ban in England, Old and New, a quarter of a century before Penn founded Philadelphia, they were freely preaching unmolested in Delaware and on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The civil powers in Mary-

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land during the ascendancy of the Anglican establishment sought, indeed to discourage dissent, and discriminated against the Catholics, but Makemie, who had founded his early Presbyterian congregations on the Eastern Shore before the Anglican church was established in Maryland, continued his ministrations after that event, and after Lord Cornbury at New York had unjustly imprisoned him, and even more unjustly fined him for preaching within his lordship's jurisdiction.¹

A liberal Anglican rector at Dover entertained Asbury, showing him the warmest Christian fellowship. Even the Labadist mystics seem to have found as long a peaceful possession on Bohemia Manor as their Euro-

¹ With the incoming of William and Mary as British sovereigns the Church of England was established in the Palatinate, and supported by taxes levied on all. The Presbyterians and other dissenting sects bitterly resented the requirement that they leave their church doors unlocked, and the tax of 40 pounds of tobacco annually to support churches they did not attend. These laws continued in force until the Revolutionary War, though they were in some details modified. Blasphemy and denial of the Holy Trinity were punishable at the third offense by death "without benefit of clergy," a law in effect until 1820, though no Jew or Unitarian suffered the extreme penalty. Hardly yet have the Presbyterians ceased to feel aggrieved at the Anglican establishment, and not many years ago, they rarely entered Episcopal churches in the lower Eastern Shore except for the weddings and funerals of friends.

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pean brethren found when most happily placed. Zealous the Jesuits were in Maryland, and their records tell with pious elation of the "father" who crept to the bedside of a dying man when his Protestant watchers were off guard, received him into Mother Church, and administered to him extreme unction. Lord Baltimore, indeed, was finally forced to curb the zeal of his Jesuit fellow Catholics. The peace that followed the Thirty Years War left a bitterness shared even by the new settlements in the wilderness of the Peninsula, though there were no martyrs to the cause of religious liberty. The Calverts, painfully lessoned in persecution, and needing colonists to make their dominion profitable, welcomed Protestants and Catholics alike. Augustine Herrman's will, written about 1682, had a contingent provision for the founding of a Protestant school on Bohemia Manor beneath the very nose of his Catholic suzerain.

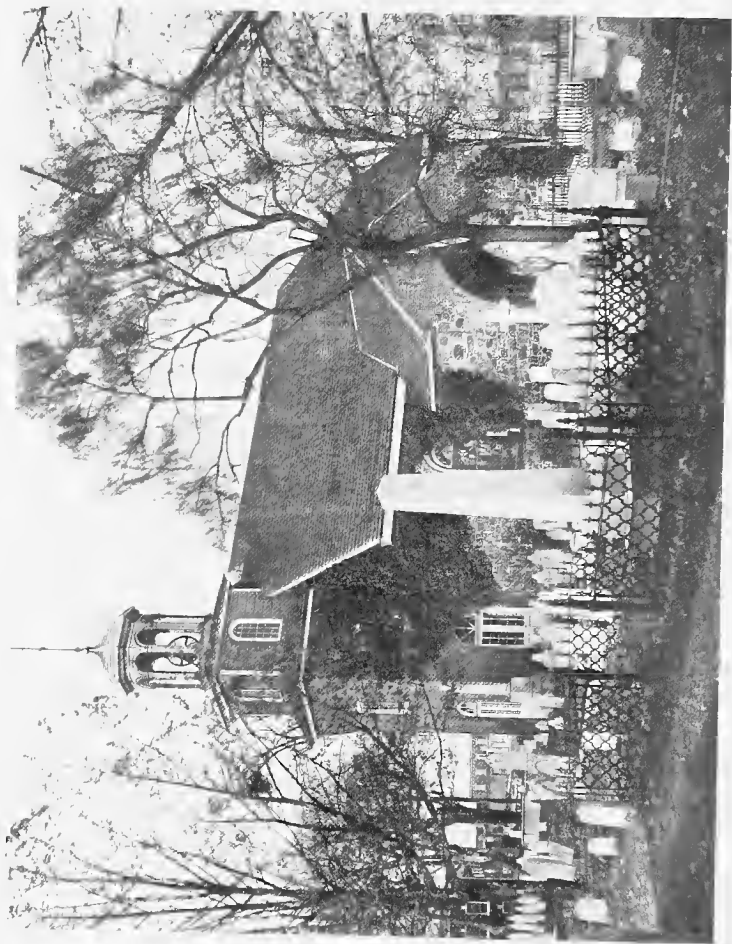
As a matter of fact, in spite of toleration, Protestantism made no great growth upon the Peninsula above the Virginia line much before the opening of the Eighteenth Century. Even the establishment of the Anglican church after the English revolution of 1688 did not greatly strengthen Episcopacy on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and did greatly intensify the zeal

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of dissenters. While yet Catholicism was oppressed with discriminatory laws in the British Isles, Bohemia Manor had its Jesuit Mission Church and monastery a few miles West of the Delaware line. St. Xavier's, as the church was called, still stands, and although the Jesuits have abandoned the station, the congregation of whites and blacks is still served. In the charming old graveyard of this churchly spot lie side by side in the final equality of death white masters and black slaves. The Jesuits themselves held slaves, as their records show, for "one of ours" is named as married from time to time, to a slave of some parishioner. Far and wide stretch the glebe farms still owned by St. Xavier's, and in June the wheat ripples golden all about the church upon many a slightly rolling acre of the manor.

According to the Rev. Thomas Yeo, Anglican, there were in Maryland only four Protestant ministers in 1676, doubtless all Anglicans.² He described the people, in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as irreligious and deeply sunk in vice. The last Dutch minister left New Castle in 1689, twenty-two years after the establishment of the Dutch church in that town, and twelve years after the first recorded

² Some authorities make him say only three.



VENERATED OLD SWEDES



BARRATT'S CHAPEL, THE CRADLE OF METHODISM

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Anglican service there. Immanuel Episcopal Church of New Castle was founded in 1689. As the Lutheran church was Episcopal in government, the Anglican church naturally inherited some Lutheran parishes and buildings after the Swedish influence had perished. Old Swedes at Wilmington, dating from 1698, and the oldest Episcopal church building of Delaware in continuous use for religious services, has been in the hands of the Episcopal body since 1790. It is the one of the most interesting of the older American church buildings, though in its original form it was quite as bare within and severely simple without as the old brick churches of Accomack and Northampton dating back to early Anglican days on the Peninsula. It is interesting that between 1680 and 1710, the gospel was preached on the Peninsula in English, Dutch, Swedish, Welsh, and perhaps now and then in French and German.

Hard were the lives of most Christian ministers in the colonial Peninsula. The Rev. John Talbot, an Anglican, writes in September, 1709: "Poor Brother Jenkins at Appoquimink was baited to death by mosquitoes and blood-thirsty gal-nippers, which would not let him rest day or night till he got a fever and died of a calenture. Nobody that is not born there

can abide there till he is mosquito-proof." Across the Delaware on the New Jersey shore, not many miles from the scene of Brother Jenkin's labors and sorrows, the Swedes about half a century earlier had deserted a fort, less from fear of the Dutch, it is said, than from a pest of mosquitoes. It was contemptuously called Myggenborg, which may be roughly translated "Mosquito Fort." At Stanton, at Dover, and at Lewes³ are old Episcopal churches. St. Anne's near Middletown, one of the oldest church buildings in Delaware, is distinguished for a beautiful fanlight window, an altar-cloth said to have been worked by the plump and pious hands of Queen Anne herself, a grove of noble oaks, and a site of rare charm at the edge of a wooded gorge sloping to a stream and thicket where the mocking bird tirelessly pours forth his dramatic lyrics.

Episcopacy won its firm foothold on the Eastern Shore of Maryland somewhat earlier than in Delaware. St. Andrew's at Princess Anne dates from 1692, and Old Trinity in Dorchester from 1680. At Snow Hill, a citadel of early Presbyterianism, is a singularly charming old brick Episcopal church, simple in outward line,

³ Rector Turner at Lewes has tirelessly studied local history, and contributed richly to our knowledge of early Sussex, ecclesiastical and civil.

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rudely buttressed against threatened ruin, almost bare of interior ornament, but richly decorated with a dense garment of English ivy, and high set above the street amid beautiful old trees. Here again Queen Anne was patroness, her gift a huge Bible. St. Paul's, a few miles from Chestertown, built in 1713, stands amid a grove of gigantic oaks, among the largest in Maryland. Church and grove owe their preservation to an ingenious scheme of endowment contrived and carried out by Wilbur W. Hubbard.

One catches a glimpse of curious custom and conditions in the official records, about the middle of the Eighteenth Century, touching vacancies in two livings of Worcester County, each worth 30,000 pounds of tobacco annually. To one the Proprietor wished the Governor to appoint a Parson Harris, but the Governor declined to make the appointment upon the ground that the Parson had been accused of forgery in London. Some clerical wolves in sheep's clothing came to the colonies through the errors of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, but the early records of Plymouth show that even that strictly guarded flock did not escape the wolf's "privy paw." Adventurers, clerical and other,

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found a sea voyage beneficial to a damaged reputation, as to unripe wine.

Early Presbyterianism on the Peninsula was largely an importation from Ireland and Scotland. Francis Makemie, born at Donegal of Scotch-Irish parents about 1658, educated at the University of Glasgow, and licensed to preach in 1681, was ordained the next year that he might bear Presbyterianism to America. There is a controversy as to whether or not a Presbyterian Church on Long Island antedates the earliest founded by Makemie on the Peninsula, but the claim of this region to be the cradle of Presbyterianism is stoutly maintained by some careful church historians. At all events, Makemie, young, but seemingly mature of mind, and certainly of much more than common force, founded Rehoboth Church in Worcester County in 1683. The Makemie Memorial Church at Snow Hill, where he also founded a congregation in the same year with that of Rehoboth, is still one of the strongest Presbyterian bodies on the Peninsula. Rehoboth Church of today, on the right bank of the Pocomoke River, dating from 1706, is possibly the oldest Presbyterian church building in the United States. Makemie founded Manokin Church at Princess Anne in 1683, the churches

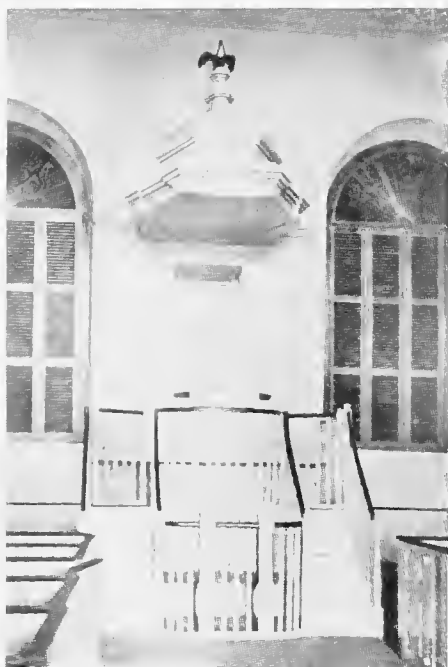
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of Pitt's Creek, and Salisbury. The present Manokin Church, an Eighteenth Century structure with some modern improvements, is one of the most pleasing on the Eastern Shore. Makemie's tomb is in Accomack, his memory in the hearts of all Presbyterians.

Presbyterianism has been strongest in the far South of Maryland, where the impulse of Makemie's propaganda was most marked, and the upper part of Delaware, where a considerable body of Scotch and Scotch-Irish immigrants furnished the beginnings of many churches. Some of these congregations are older than the villages of the region, so that their churches were originally built in the country. Most of these Northern Delaware congregations date from the first decade of the Eighteenth Century or the last of the Seventeenth. Drawyers congregation now regularly worships at Odessa, but "The Friends of Old Drawyers," which corporation includes members of other denominations, has restored and preserved the interesting old building of 1773, with its simple brick exterior, its beautiful interior woodwork, and its impressive site on a bluff overlooking Drawyers Creek. Here on the first Sunday in June, hundreds gather to attend the annual commemorative service, and renew acquaint-



DRAWYERS CHURCH, ERECTED 1773



PULPIT OF DRAWYERS CHURCH

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bridge with uncomfortable qualms. Let not the disciples of Mr. Volstead lay it up against early Presbyterians of the Peninsula that some of the laymen sold strong drink, and even some of the clergy disdained not the cup that both cheers and inebriates. One clerical brother of the Eighteenth Century was tried for tarrying too long at taverns on his way to Presbytery.

The Peninsula is sometimes called the cradle of Methodism in the United States, though there were earlier Methodist churches elsewhere. That church was singularly fortunate in its founders, and also in that most of the pioneers came late enough to inherit the religious liberty established by the colonies in throwing off the British yoke. There stands in perfect preservation, near the State highway in Murderkill Hundred, Kent County, Delaware, Barratt's Chapel, a dignified brick building of rather large size, set amid delightful surroundings, one of the oldest Methodist places of worship in the United States, and one of rarely significant history. Philip Barratt deeded the land for the building, August 7, 1780, stipulating that from the pulpit of the church to be erected there should be preached "no other doctrine than that contained in the Rev. John Wesley's Notes on the New Testament, and four volumes

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of sermons," a stipulation that seems to attribute a sort of infallibility to the great founder of Methodism. Judge Henry C. Conrad, recently retired from the judiciary of Delaware after highly creditable service, retold about two years ago the history of Methodism in Kent County at a meeting held in Thomas Chapel, six miles West of Dover, built in 1779. Brown's Chapel, now Bethel, eight miles West of Seaford, dates from 1781.

When the Rev. Francis Asbury came to America to preach Methodism there were already ten Methodist missionaries in the field. The earliest native Methodist preacher was Richard Owen of Maryland. According to a widely accepted belief, the meeting of Asbury and Bishop Thomas Coke at Barratt's Chapel, in November, 1784, was the occasion when the two concerted the plan for the systematic propagation of Methodism throughout the United States. Hence the claim of Barratt's Chapel to be the cradle of American Methodism. In that year Asbury was made Superintendent of America, being ordained by Coke. The latter was for a time his superior in the superintendency, but Asbury was the first person ordained to the episcopal office in the United States. He had reached America thirteen years before his

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meeting with Coke at Barratt's Chapel, and only three years after the first Methodist Church had been built here, when the whole Methodist body numbered only 316 persons. As to Coke, being unsympathetic with the separation of the colonies from the mother country, he returned to England. Asbury, sympathetic with the revolution, remained in the United States, and thus helped to make Methodism a child of democracy.

The sect spread rapidly throughout nearly the whole Peninsula, for Asbury proved an able organizer and propagandist. He not merely planned the building of churches, but he also divided the whole republic into districts, in each of which should be a classical academy. In 1785, he founded the first Methodist college. He travelled during his ministry 270,000 miles, preached 16,000 sermons, and ordained 4000 ministers to carry the propaganda to the remotest corners of what must have seemed to him a vast empire. In few parts of that vast empire did Methodism grow faster than upon the Peninsula, and especially in Delaware. According to statistics published in 1807, all Delaware had but twenty-four Presbyterian churches, fourteen Episcopal, and seven Baptist, but half the inhabitants of Kent County were Methodists,

though there may have been guess-work in this estimate. In Kent, Asbury and his aides attracted to the church, some of the most conspicuous citizens. Camp meetings early became a means of spreading the new sect, and "Father" Joshua Thomas, called the "Parson of the Islands," and the "Apostle of the Chesapeake," went up and down the bay through the first half of the Nineteenth Century, in his great bug-eye, preaching Methodism to the islanders in the open air. He preached at Tangier Island to the British on their way to attack Baltimore, warning them that they would fail, and preached to them again upon their return, after having failed and lost General Ross. To this day the islands of the Chesapeake are strongly Methodist, and the church has been for the hardy islanders a powerful civilizing and moralizing influence.

John Wesley protested against the use of the title Bishop, by Asbury, but that good man was no arrogant pastor of his great flock. If nothing else, his sense of humor, shown in a quaint apology for his celibacy, would have saved him from arrogance in the pastoral office. Perhaps, remembering Wesley's protest against the title Bishop, Asbury dimly foresaw the schism that came in the Nineteenth Century to Methodism, as to Presbyterianism. The Methodist Protestant Church was organized by those who felt

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that the bishops exercised too much authority. A bishopless organization, it clung to the Methodist creed, but set up a more democratic government than that of the parent body. The new sect, which attracted some highly intellectual and spiritual men to its ministry, never won great strength on the Peninsula. It has lived to see a softening of the episcopal authority that its founders deplored and feared.

The Friends in proportion to their number have exercised a singularly powerful influence on the Peninsula, and they have made the contemptuous term "Quaker" a title of honor. Their greatest strength was almost from the first in and about Wilmington, in which city each branch of the society has a large, plain, but seemly meeting-house. Elsewhere in Delaware the sect is weak, but there are little groups of Quakers from end to end of the Peninsula. Perhaps the smallest house of worship in America is the Quaker meeting-house of brick, built at Odessa in 1685, and said to have been a station on the "underground railroad," which carried escaped slaves to safety in Canada. There is another old Quaker meeting-house in Talbot, not far from Easton. Wherever the sect is found its folk stand for what is best in life, private or public. The Quakers of the Peninsula have kept the peace through six wars, and

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have tended the sick and wounded in all those conflicts. They have also been a silent example of civil and domestic peace, of thrift, order, cleanliness, to their neighbors, of whatever creed or politics, and their philosophy of life, to which a war-weary world now seeks to give a grudging and qualified assent, shines with quiet light upon the placid face of many a man and woman speaking no longer the "plain language," wearing no longer the badge of drab raiment.

Innumerable small sects have found a foothold on the Peninsula, where the Catholic Calverts' early example of toleration has borne fruit for nearly three centuries. Catholic Maryland, by the way, set the example of evangelizing the slaves, and there are still colored men and women who go to confessional and keep the fast days and feast days of the elder Christian body. Methodism, with its strong human appeal, reached thousands of the colored people, and perhaps something spectacular in physical immersion has made many of them Baptists. In nothing has the progress of the colored people throughout the Peninsula appeared more impressively than in the improved education and character of their ministers, and the more seemly forms and conduct of their service.

CHAPTER VIII

BOHEMIA MANOR

DELAWARE will celebrate in the Spring of 1931, the opening of her fourth century as a land of civilization, the three-hundredth anniversary of the luckless Dutch settlement at Zwaanendael. It is highly probable, as Bancroft says in words quoted on a monument set up by Delaware at Lewes upon the site of Zwaanendael, that the State owes her political existence to this settlement. Linked with the long contentious history leading up to Delaware's emergence as a self-governing entity was that vigorous and interesting person, Augustine Herrman, first Lord of Bohemia Manor. He was the son of Ephraim Herrman, town councilman of Prague, and born, it is believed, in 1608. After service in war under the mighty Wallenstein, he became agent of a Dutch commercial house, and as such was present aboard the ship *Maecht Van Enkhuysen* in 1633, when the Dutch arms were placed in token of ownership upon what is now the site of Philadelphia. Had the map that Herrman

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made, a generation later, for Lord Baltimore been accepted in full by the English Lord Chancellor, not only is it probable that there would never have been a State of Delaware, but the very site of Philadelphia would have fallen within the limits of Maryland, and all justly upon what many believe a fair reading of Lord Baltimore's charter. Herrman, shortly before making his map, urged the Dutch interpretation of the charter, but soon took the view of that instrument best suited to his personal interests. He may have acted with clear conscience, and it must be remembered in judging him, that then the political fate of the region involved hung upon the uncertainties of Dutch and English rivalry. If Herrman deemed himself an unprejudiced neutral, he could easily have believed one interpretation of a royal patent as good as another, for kings then undertook to give away empires in America with no clearer right than that based on the luck of adventurous seamen, often hired aliens, in catching the earliest glimpse of an uncharted shore, or taking the first peep into the turns of an unexplored estuary.

England contested the Dutch claim to the North River, and also to the South, as the Dutch called the Delaware, but the power at Manhat-

tan, having fixed itself in seeming security upon the former stream, warned all comers off the latter. A disappointed Dutch officer, sometime Governor of Manhattan, Peter Minuit, led a Swedish colony to the forbidden South River in 1638, and founded what is now Wilmington, with the knowledge of all concerned that the Dutch would hold the undertaking trespass. Peter was born at Wesel on the Rhine, a German Protestant of French blood, who saw no reason why after losing his governorship under the Dutch, he, who had bought for them the island of Manhattan for \$24, should not test their claim to the Delaware by taking service under a rival colonizing power, a hint that may have helped Herrman to a somewhat similar act.

Herrman, indeed, like Minuit, was no Dutchman, but singularly proud of being a Bohemian. His name indicates that he sprang from those German residents of Bohemia whose descendants even now are a problem to the new Czechoslovakia. He had a fair education, as was to be expected of a well placed youth in a highly civilized land, a keen mind and energetic will, a spirit sturdy and adventurous. "Adventurer" he was in the not unfavorable sense of the word then accepted, and like other such adventurers of early American exploration, Magellan, as

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well as Minuit, he lightly exchanged employment, and even allegiance, if, indeed, he ever really owed allegiance to the Dutch state at home or at Manhattan. He came to his early maturity when nations and individuals were keenly alive to the opportunities of the New World, and not nice as to the means of seizing such opportunities for themselves. Taking and keeping went by the old rhymed rule. Already he was at home upon the sea, even though his native Bohemia has no sea coast outside Shakespeare's geography. As a resident of Manhattan, he rose to be a member of the council called "The Nine Men." By this time also, he had a fair house and a pear orchard in Pearl Street, where now there are neither orchards nor yet fair houses. Stuyvesant put him in jail for a trivial act of insubordination, but needing a capable ambassador to Maryland, sent him thither. He knew his man, for Herrman had gone on a like errand to those troublesome good folk at Boston, whose fervor of spirit in the service of the Lord did not lessen a diligence in business somewhat disconcerting to their Dutch rivals in trade.

Herrman was sent to Maryland, where he troubled the sleep of the Calverts by raising the once laid ghosts of the massacred colony at



HERRMAN AND HIS HORSE



SHADED HIGHWAY NEAR BOHEMIA MANOR



FARM YARD WITH THATCHED COW-SHED ON HERRMAN'S AUGUSTINE MANOR

Zwaanendael, because Colonel Nathaniel Utie, from the Chesapeake Island base still named in honor of him, had ordered the Dutch out of the region below the Fortieth Parallel, had gone as far East, indeed, as New Amstel, soon to be rebaptized New Castle, with swaggering threats. The Marylanders and the Dutch had met in skirmishes, but the little war had caused probably less bloodshed than inkshed, certainly less rattle of artillery than of tongues. Herrman reached Maryland by way of New Amstel and the narrow throat of the Peninsula, in the Fall of 1659, come to protest and negotiate. With him came, some say as interpreter, Resolved Waldron, whose Christian name may really have been one since famed in Manhattan and elsewhere, to wit, Roosevelt. At Patuxent, Herrman saw, apparently for the first time, the Latin form of Lord Baltimore's charter, a copy of which was submitted to the ambassadors by Governor Fendall. Herrman had enough Latin, and intelligence to scent a flaw in the phrase "*hactenus inculta*," as meaning "hitherto unoccupied by civilized men," an interpretation seemingly justified by the context, which referred to the Indian inhabitants of the land as barbarous. The Marylanders still contend, and some lawyers and historians agree with them, that this

phrase was merely descriptive, not restrictive.

Herrman and Waldron dined with Philip Calvert, brother of Lord Baltimore, and Secretary of the Palatinate, before holding official conference with Governor Fendall, and immediately before meeting Calvert, Herrman had visited Kent Island, where he had a perhaps illuminating talk with Magistrate Wicks, a man bearing a name still honorably known on the Eastern Shore. He was too late to meet a man of somewhat his own type, William Claiborne, first settler of the island. On October 16, the Dutch ambassadors, after a late dinner, held high and hot debate with Fendall, Calvert, the warlike Utie, and others. The Marylanders went back to Raleigh and his colony in North Carolina to support their claim, and Herrman went further back to the Spaniards, adding much beside, and citing the phrase "*hactenus inculta*" in relation to Zwaanendael. The conference broke up with threats on both sides, and Utie, who had commanded as many as fifty men, fuming at the ambassadors. Waldron went home bearing messages to Stuyvesant from the Marylanders, and Herrman went to Accomack, after having sent to Stuyvesant, doubtless by Waldron, a letter recommending that a map be made in support of the Dutch claim to the Pen-

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insula lest "Balthamoor" appeal to the British Parliament. What Stuyvesant answered to the offer to make a map expressing cartographically the Dutch interpretation of the contested Latin phrase does not appear; but after Herrman returned to Maryland from Accomack, whither he had gone to persuade the Virginians that the Dutch had not incited the Indians to war, he seems to have decided that his personal interests were one with those of "Balthamoor," for on January 14, 1660, Maryland issued a decree of "denization" to Herrman and his family. This decree did not grant naturalization, but conferred many privileges of citizenship, which, it declared, were by way of return for the making of a map by Herrman. Shortly afterward Herrman obtained a grant of Bohemia Manor in Cecil County of the Eastern Shore, and thus became a vassal of Lord Baltimore, a grant, as Herrman's will declares, the reward for his feat of map making. On the surface what appears is this: Lord Baltimore needed a map, and Herrman seemed the man divinely appointed to serve his need; Herrman longed to be a territorial magnate, and the bargain was struck. Herrman now agreed to make a map expressing cartographically not the Dutch, but Calvert's interpretation of the phrase

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"*hactenus inculta*," as descriptive, not restrictive. Calvert gave something like 20,000 acres to Herrman, with the hope that the map might help the Palatinate to retain some thousands of square miles.¹

October on the Eastern Shore is apt to be a month lovely, mild, mellow, and it was in October, 1659, that Herrman saw the region, possibly for the first time. Whoever knows Bohemia Manor, its broad lands, entrancing waters and rich forests, can understand how Herrman may have hankered after what lay beneath his eyes. The land was then in large part densely forested with mingled hardwood and pine—oak, beech, chestnut, hickory, walnut,

¹ Herrman's original grant, plus Middle Neck, of the same date, contained about 20,000 acres, bounded on the North by Back Creek, on the West by the Elk and Bohemia rivers, on the South by the Bohemia River and Great Bohemia Creek. The Eastern boundary was not clearly defined, but Herrman, wishing to own from bay to bay, obtained of the Calverts a grant of Augustine Manor, extending to the shore of Delaware Bay, though to this region he did not make good his claim. The Eastern boundary of Bohemia Manor may then be regarded as coinciding with the Western line of Delaware. The Middle Neck grant, indicated as having 1000 acres "more or less," proved to have over 3000. It lies between Great Bohemia and Little Bohemia creeks. Joshua George bought Middle Neck from the third Lord of Bohemia Manor in 1726, and 1800 acres of the tract are still held by his descendants, heirs of Judge E. G. Bradford, the elder. Henry B. Bradford of Edge Moor is now building a dwelling on his part of the land, at a point commanding the streams.

the several gums, and many flowering shrubs and trees, as the swamp magnolia, the shadblow, the Judas tree, in May and June rich with pinkish-purple blossoms; and the gadding wild vine trailed over many a thicket in semi-tropic luxuriance. Rich, too, the region was in bird and beast, game great and small, in fish and oysters, crabs, clams and terrapin,—all the delicacies of the Chesapeake basin.

The Bohemia River spreads to-day in serene beauty beneath the eyes of beholders upon the spot where Herrman built his manor house. The region is greatly beloved by those privileged to make it their home.² Wild geese, ducks, and swan so swarmed in those waters two-hundred-and-fifty years ago that their cries kept strange visitors awake at night, and their rising clouds darkened the sun. This land, so rich in many things that Herrman must have loved, looked fair and restful to his keenly appraising eyes. He was now in middle life, and he must have suspected that New Amsterdam had little more to offer to such as he, that the Dutch would find it hard to enforce their claim against Lord Baltimore's charter, no

²H. Rodney Sharp of Wilmington has an ample playground and a rough cabin on the Bohemia, and Stanley J. Fazer of Newark has a well appointed farm some miles below.

matter how impressive the map that he should make to bolster up such claim. After all, he was Bohemian, not Dutch, perhaps like Minuit, merely an able alien employed by the Dutch in their great colonial undertaking. He may have persuaded himself that his duty to Stuyvesant, and his ambassadorship ended with the end of his errand to Accomack. This born inlander had been buffeted upon many seas, had known imprisonment, passed through bankruptcy, been a fugitive and subsequently forgiven debtor. He had a wife and five children to provide for, and he knew by bitter experience that Stuyvesant could play the tyrant. No wonder that the new land, with its riches of sea and shore, its available trade routes, inland, domestic, foreign, charmed the adventurer seeking peace. The Chesapeake was ample Mediterranean for this later and lesser Ulysses of the New World, and the thought of a new personal dignity as a great feudal proprietor must have allured him after long service to others. Thereafter the Capes should be his Pillars of Hercules, which he might pass in safety should the old lust of adventure reawaken.

It were better for Herrman's reputation had he been unmistakably off with the old love before he was on with the new, had he stood by his

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Dutch employers. Nevertheless we lack the full story of his relations to the Dutch, and if the property in Manhattan which he mentioned long after in his will, really escaped sequestration at the hands of Stuyvesant, the latter may not have taken a severe view of Herrman's conduct. At worst Herrman was a strong man under strong temptation. If he was to change masters, now was the time for the change. He had a sort of hold upon the Calverts in those words "*hactenus inculta*," two of the costliest words ever written into a royal charter, each worth to William Penn, 1000 square miles, if we count only what he gained by the partition of the Peninsula, a partition that Herrman himself had suggested to Calvert and Fendall, as a way out of the quarrel with the Dutch.

Lord Baltimore was slow to confer full citizenship upon his new vassal, demanding cautiously that Herrman "do him right" in the matter of the map. It must have been roughly drawn almost immediately after Herrman's vain conference with Fendall, Calvert, and Utie, but it was not submitted in full form until Herrman had expended much time, labor and money in surveys and journeys. Finished "in manuscript," it was sent to Lord Baltimore at London, in 1670, and pronounced by him the

best map ever made of any land. A more distinguished person, and better judge of cartography, George Washington, long after pronounced it admirable, and it was slavishly copied by map makers up to the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The map was copyrighted to Herrman for fourteen years, and published in 1674, having been beautifully engraved upon copper by the highly skilled painter, engraver, and miniaturist, William Faithorne of London, though with some errors, of which Herrman complained. The engraver adorned the map with an escutcheon and other designs, most important of all a carefully executed miniature of Herrman, showing a fine cranium, a mass of dark hair falling in curls to the shoulders, probably the wig of the period, often worn by men with naturally well thatched heads, an energetic, directive nose, a full and rather pleasure-loving chin, and a pair of imperious, wide-set dark eyes—indeed, a powerful and distinguished countenance.

Lord Baltimore gave orders that when the local authorities of the Palatinate were satisfied that Herrman had done him right in the matter of the map, they should issue the decree of naturalization for which he had frequently prayed. They must have found a relatively early

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form of the map satisfactory, for this decree was issued in 1666. John Fiske, the historian, himself a native of the Peninsula and much interested in Herrman's character and career, conjectures that this was the first instance of naturalization within the limits of the United States. Maryland's decree naturalizing Herrman and his large family may have hastened the Virginia statute of 1668, permitting the naturalization of aliens five years resident in the Old Dominion.

During the fourteen years between the "denization" of Herrman, and the publication of his map, he must have been busy shaping his great estate of thirty-one-and-a-half square miles into the crude semblance of a European nobleman's feudal domain. He sent annually to Lord Baltimore at London, three Indian arrowheads in token of fealty, and he exacted some feudal dues and perhaps tokens from his tenants.³ Whether the Lord of Bohemia Manor held courts-baron or his steward held courts-leet does not appear by the record, but some tenants

³ Feudality dies hard. The author about thirty years ago, crossing a field toward a new house that he was to occupy, found his hand suddenly seized and kissed by a kneeling Italian in search of work, who thus went through a form of feudal "homage."

of Lord Baltimore did exercise such judicial powers, called by a famous writer on tenures the very heart of feudality. Certainly Herrman maintained in that wild country, where he was the greatest local landlord, somewhat the port and pretensions of a feudal grandee, a nobleman of the Palatinate, though Lord Baltimore granted him no patent of nobility. Herrman was busy also in trade. Ships he had that came up the shallows of the Bohemia to his wharves, doubtless for tobacco, the staple of the time, though Herrman, with commendable foresight, experimented with other crops, among them indigo. He anticipated in his dreams the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, but unable to put through so great a work, he connected the head of navigation on the Appoquinimink, a tributary of Delaware Bay, with the head of navigation on a branch of the Bohemia, by a cart road through the woods, usually spoken of as a rough highway, though he had what the Labadist missionaries called a broad cart road of twenty-two miles to Augustine Manor, and New Castle gave him aid in building the trans-Peninsula connection. The highway of Herrman's trade route between the bays is remembered probably by some very old persons

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still living, as "The Old Man's Path." In truth, Herrman was the grand old man of those parts, a local power, a citizen of the great world with vision, energy, and seemingly more than mere glimmerings of social responsibility. He had, it is true, the poor vanity of founding a feudal line, but that was ambition natural enough for a Central European born in the very edge of the Seventeenth Century, when as yet much of Europe was within the penumbra of dying feudalism. The passion for land-holding has never died out on the Eastern Shore, and it still lives in that fine agricultural country of Delaware edging Bohemia Manor. There are Delawareans whose holdings extend from New Castle county into the lands of the manor itself.

There are picturesque traditions of Herrman's character and conduct. One represents that he incautiously put himself into the power of the Dutch at Manhattan after becoming a vassal of Lord Baltimore, and was imprisoned. Affecting madness, he induced his jailors to imprison with him, his favorite horse. In the middle of the night he spurred the animal at a door fifteen feet above ground, alighted in safety, swam the horse across the North River, rode him for days until they reached the Dela-

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ware, swam him across that river, and eventually reached the manor house on the back of the much enduring beast, though some say the horse died after swimming the Delaware. Another and more probable version of the incident tells that Herrman, imprisoned in a fort, and displaying his horsemanship to his captors, rode out by way of an embrasure, from which the cannon had been removed, and reached neutral territory before the Dutch pursuers could overtake him in his flight. A picture in oils, which Herrman caused to be made of himself and his horse, is said to commemorate this escape.

Herrman built a manor house, and hard by impaled a deer park. The ruinous foundations of the latter are still shown. Here Herrman kept open house, after the fashion of planters as 'described in that pamphlet of disillusionment, "The Sot Weed Factor."' In that ample manor house, "it snowed of meat and drink." There was rich if perhaps rude abundance of good things from land and water, and the liquors that livened the feast were of the best, domestic and foreign. Hearth fires blazed and roared, fed by the hardwood forests of the manor, and tended by negro slaves. Herrman

probably drew a considerable income from the tolls of his trade route across the Peninsula, perhaps excited the jealousy of New Castle in its character as a port of transfer, which it had acquired many years before the coming of this energetic feudal lord, as it was to have again long after his trade route had fallen into decay.

Late in life Herrman abdicated in favor of his son, Ephraim George. The terms of abdication hint eloquently of the life led by the first Lord of Bohemia Manor. The new lord was to pay the old yearly five-thousand pounds of merchantable tobacco with casks, six barrels of "good beer and strong beer," an anker of rum, two ankers, or twenty gallons of "good wine" (surely a moderate allowance), one hogshead of the best cider out of the orchard, and one hundred weight of Muscovado sugar, "for my private spending." Perhaps the sugar was to mix with the rum, mitigated with water, or to go with the cider into bottles, plus a *quantum suf.* of raisins, but observe that this conjecture is a mere *obiter dictum*, not to be accepted as a recipe within the meaning of the Volstead Act, or any amendment thereunto. Furthermore, should the retiring lord of the manor remove from the home, the son was to pay annually an

additional two-thousand pounds of tobacco "toward my board." And finally, "should I happen to go to New York," there was to be furnished by the son twenty-five pounds in money, equivalent to-day to something like \$1,000. Thus early did decent country folk find New York a costly pleasure place.

Herrman's old age (he died in 1686) was troubled, according to the Labadist missionaries, by a shrewish wife, a person not mentioned by other chroniclers, who drove his children from home, but Labadist testimony is to be taken with caution, and the absence of the children can be conjecturally explained upon other grounds. Besides, the lady of the manor, whoever she may have been, probably scented danger in the coming of the missionaries, and treated them coldly. As like as not the domestic arrangements at Bohemia Manor furnished problems such as Herrman himself failed to realize, preoccupied as he was with his large doings and his larger imaginings. Managing that great household was probably no task to sweeten a woman's temper.

There were six successors to Herrman in the lordship of Bohemia Manor, though the property dwindled in the course of generations,

and "lords"⁴ the later heirs could hardly be called. At the death of the fifth lord, the title and estate passed to the female line. The sixth lord, named Ensor, and acknowledged in childhood as heir to title and estate, took in accordance with Herrman's testamentary requirement the prenomen, "Augustine Herrman," but died by a fall from his horse in 1782, when celebrating with other youths his coming of age. The seventh and last owner of Bohemia manor was a feeble-minded creature, who used to draw a circle about himself as he stood upon his own land, and defy all comers. His death early in the last century ended in childish pride and weakness, a feudal line that began in the manly pride and strength of "Augustine Herrman, Bohemian," except William Claiborne of Kent Island, the most notable colonial magnate of Maryland's Eastern Shore.

⁴Although the charter of the Calverts empowered them to set up a titled aristocracy they did not create what may be strictly called an order of nobility. Wisdom, if not personal conviction, led them to give their Palatinate a somewhat democratic character. That extraordinary woman, Margaret Brent, who as attorney for the Calverts claimed the right to sit in the Assembly, held courts baron at her Manor of St. Gabriels. In the Assembly skilled mechanics sat side by side with the land-owning gentry. Indeed skilled mechanics were so prized in early Maryland that a blacksmith convicted of murder was spared the death penalty, and merely condemned to be public hangman, as if it was hoped that he might thus lawfully sate his thirst for homicide. Unfortunately he was found later doing a little murder on his own personal account and sent to the gallows.

CHAPTER IX

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

ACCIDENT, climate, industrial development, the Quaker conscience, made Mason and Dixon's Line, originally agreed upon as defining the mutual limits of the colonial empires ruled by the Penns and the Calverts, the most significant boundary in the interior geography of the United States. Nevertheless, should some such querist as Mr. Edison suddenly ask, "Where and what is Mason and Dixon's Line?", nine intelligent persons out of ten would be puzzled to answer in detail, and the tenth would probably have but a vague notion of the curious history relating to this much debated boundary. The "initial monument" of Mason and Dixon's Line, as officially located and set, almost thirty years ago, oddly enough stands at the intersection of "Mason and Dixon's Line extended" with the Northern arc of Delaware. As thus officially determined, Mason and Dixon's Line is the boundary between Pennsylvania on the North and Maryland, together with half a mile of Delaware, on the South. In spite of this

SCENE NEAR DELAWARE'S NORTHERN ARC





DELAWARE'S BIRTH STONE

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

“monument,” however, residents on either side of the boundary between Maryland and Delaware commonly speak of it as part of Mason and Dixon’s Line.

In the days when English kings gave away with careless royal magnificence American empires far larger than the British Isles, the head of the Calvert family, a Yorkshireman of Flemish origin, became proprietor, or “proprietary,” as the technical term was, of the region called Maryland, in honor of the English Queen. When William Penn, half a century later, won his noble domain of Pennsylvania, to which was added what we now call Delaware, he of all men, inherited the ancient quarrel of the Calverts and the Dutch over the ownership of the Peninsula above the Virginia line. Penn fought, not with pike and gun, but with subtler weapons, though Catholic Marylanders and stern Cromwellians warred within his territory with the rival cries, “Hey, for St. Mary’s,” and “In the name of God, fall on!” Quaker William, although Protestant and Commoner, nevertheless had more influence at court through his Catholic royal friend James Duke of York, than the noble and Catholic Calverts, and the revolution that placed the Protestant William

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and Mary on the throne made the plight of the Calverts still worse.

When the narrow coastal strip now called Delaware was marked off from Pennsylvania by the arc familiar to all who know the map of the United States, nobody knew precisely how much territory was included in the region below this circular boundary, and it was even uncertain as to where lay the Fortieth Parallel, designated as the line between the Penns and the Calverts. Penn seems to have believed that he had placed his capital above that line, though all men now know better—that he placed Philadelphia in Maryland. The Northern arc of Delaware was ascertained by drawing a circle of twelve miles radius from the Court House at New Castle as a centre, though as a matter of fact the surveyors of 1701 took a radius slightly longer than twelve miles.¹ Although Penn claimed the whole Peninsula above the Virginia line, he coveted chiefly a coastal strip Southward to the ocean, and wished, of course, to secure permanently the site of his capital. He was far less concerned for the hinterland Westward from Delaware River and Bay. Nevertheless, he enforced his general claim by quoting against the Calverts the words from their own

¹ The radius was 108 feet too long.

patent, "*hactenus inculta*," unpleasantly familiar to the Proprietor of Maryland, from the days of William Claiborne, and again, from the time when Augustine Herrman was spokesman for the Dutch of Manhattan. By the time bland William spoke, "*hactenus inculta*" must have been as hateful to the Calverts as "security" in the ears of Falstaff.

After litigation covering nearly three-quarters of a century, the British Lord Chancellor rendered a Solomon's judgment dividing the child in dispute. In other words, he granted the Penns their outlet to the Atlantic, together with a handsome slice of the hinterland, and the Calverts lost not only nearly half the Peninsula, but a long strip on the North, so that Penn's capital should be undisturbed.

The terms of the Lord Chancellor's decision were oddly complex. Simply stated, they required that a line from the Atlantic well below the mouth of Delaware Bay, Westward to the Chesapeake, should be bisected, and that from the point of bisection a line should be so erected as to form a tangent to the twelve mile circle centred at New Castle. The tangent is not a true North line. It was further provided that from the tangential point a true North line should be drawn to a point fifteen miles South

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of the most Southerly part of Philadelphia, so that Penn's capital should be well within his own territory. Furthermore, from the upper end of the true North line there should be drawn due Westward a line to extend as far as the possessions of the two proprietors were conterminous. It was minutely stipulated that should the true North line prove a secant to the circle, the part thus cut off should belong to New Castle county, with the result that to-day that county has a wart of territory taken out of what would naturally belong to Cecil county, Maryland, so tiny a scrap, indeed, that it could not be indicated save upon a map of huge size. Over this decision, rendered in 1750, the Penns and the Calverts higgled like retailer and customer for ten years, each eager to get the better of the other by any shameful trick of interpretation. In the end the Calverts gave up their extreme demand, and the land-hungry proprietors reached an agreement for the survey of the boundaries.

Local surveyors began the work in 1760, and by 1763 had fixed the Southern line and determined the tangential point. Then Lord Baltimore, impatient at the slowness of the American surveyors, proposed that Londoners be sent over to finish the task, and by agreement

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between the two parties in interest Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, well reputed surveyors of London, one of them a skilled astronomer, were employed. They brought the best instruments of the time, built in Philadelphia what is thought to have been the first American astronomical observatory, verified the Southern and Western boundary of Delaware, and declared the tangential point so closely ascertained that they could not shift it an inch from the site fixed by their predecessors. The latter had used the simple instruments then commonly used by American surveyors. It must be remembered that the youthful George Washington had begun his career as surveyor only fifteen years before this time, and that American surveyors were then much in demand, well paid, and highly considered. Indeed, they gave the profession a dignity that it has never lost.²

It took the English surveyors until 1767 to advance their work through the wilderness and across the mountains to a point 244 miles Westward from the Northeast corner of Maryland, when their strong Indian escort said in plain words that the survey must stop. There Mason and Dixon and their large corps

² An ancestor of the Pennsylvania Pennypackers was a surveyor for the Penns.

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of assistants placed a cairn, and long afterward the survey was finished by other hands. According to the legend at Newark, Delaware, Mason and Dixon were stationed for some weeks at St. Patrick's Tavern, on the present site of the Deer Park Hotel in that town, and gossips of the day reported that the corps consumed prodigious quantities of good liquor; but that tale may well have been mere scandal spread by the envious of unslaked thirst. Stones of hardest oolite, imported from England, and every fifth stone marked with the arms of the Penns and the Calverts on opposite sides, were set along the line. One of the arms-bearing stones was found some years ago under a porch pillar of a colonial house at Newark. Could the liquor of St. Patrick's Tavern have betrayed some stone-setter into this error?

All concerned in the surveys, whether native or imported, drunk or sober, made mistakes, some of them due to defective instruments, some to erroneous geographical and astronomical notions shared by the scientific world of that time. The arc between Pennsylvania and Delaware, which it is pretty certain that Mason and Dixon did not survey, except in so far as to ascertain the tiny wart cut off by the secant North line, was wrongly drawn, and not prop-

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erly marked until nearly a century later. Mason and Dixon's Line was placed about 404 feet too far South, so that Maryland lost nearly 10,000 acres to Pennsylvania, and a wedge-shaped bit 100 feet wide at the North, and eighty miles long was wrongly surveyed from Maryland into Delaware.

Finally, for nearly two hundred years a tiny triangle called "The Flat Iron" was shown on all maps, as it is still on many, as part of Pennsylvania, although Delaware exercised jurisdiction over it after a lax fashion. Mason and Dixon's survey assigned this triangle to Pennsylvania as a sharp little tongue thrust between the arc on the East and Maryland on the West. Nevertheless, William Smith, resident in the triangle, sat in the Delaware Legislature, where he was addressed as "the gentleman from Pennsylvania." Duels and prize-fights took place in the debatable land, and Pennsylvania vainly tried to assert jurisdiction over its inhabitants, but they kept on voting and paying taxes in Delaware, and were seemingly of all Delawareans the most uncompromising. In 1849, United States engineers surveyed part of the arc and reset some missing stones, in doing which they again assigned the triangle to Pennsylvania, though with no effect

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except to make the residents more than ever Delawarean in allegiance. A quarter of a century ago Pennsylvania, wearied of petty strife, formally ceded the triangle to Delaware, but Delaware took no official notice of the cession, except to say metaphorically, with thumb at nose and four fingers in rapid fanning motion: "You be blowed. It was always ours!"³

Not yet ended was the little war started nearly three hundred years ago by the phrase "*hactenus inculta*," for a new commission, appointed by the Federal Government, undertook to establish, about thirty years ago, the initial stone of Mason and Dixon's Line, and the Northern arc of Delaware. A corps of United States engineers under Captain W. C. Hodgkins of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, gave many months of minutely careful work to the undertaking, with the commission as authority. The engineers found so many errors in the arc that they determined, in order to disturb civil relations as little as possible, to make the

³ When, as noted in the text, Mason and Dixon's Line was prolonged in 1893 about half a mile Eastward to the Delaware arc and the initial monument of the line was placed at the point of intersection, the disputed triangle was thus assigned to Delaware, and it has not since been debatable territory. For minutely accurate details in this chapter the author is indebted to his life-long friend, Wilbur T. Wilson of Newark.

boundary from the arcs of two circles, but the effect of their well meant caution was to outrage residents on one side and the other, men whose ancestors for generations had been Delawareans or Pennsylvanians, and who now found themselves surveyed out of the ancestral jurisdiction. John Johnston, of peaceable Quaker stock, was surveyed into Pennsylvania, but he rode to the polls in Delaware swathed in the Stars-and-Stripes, demanding to vote, and he steadily declined to pay taxes to Pennsylvania, so that his stock was seized for his delinquency, though the courts of that state, to which he appealed, found cause to decide in his favor. Meanwhile, William Smith, son of "the gentleman from Pennsylvania," having long continued his father's fight for the priceless privilege of being a Delawarean, alarmed perhaps for his civil status, removed to Newark, well within the beloved state, but with human inconsistency, removed once more, this time to Philadelphia, where he died a citizen of the jurisdiction he had spent a lifetime in rejecting and contemning. The comedy of Mason and Dixon's Line, and the disputed circular boundary seemingly ended about two years ago, when it was determined that the last survey was of none effect, because one member of the commission was constitu-

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tionally incapable of holding the office; but the findings of the United States Engineers were at last accepted by both legislatures in 1921, so that the work of the unconstitutionally constituted commission became effective. The cost of commissions and surveys would have bought the whole triangle several times over.

CHAPTER X

AN OLD MARYLAND PLANTATION

IN strong contrast with the feudal display of Bohemia Manor in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, and such homesteads as Beverly and its neighbors beyond the Virginia line in Accomack, was the far smaller plantation of Major Joshua Prideaux, in Worcester county. A portrait of the Major in oils, done no doubt, by a travelling artist, now occupies, perhaps without strictly adorning, the chimney breast of his great-grandson's study. The painter pictured him as a ruddy gentleman of possibly three score, in blue, brass-buttoned coat, with high-rolled collar. His white waistcoat is cut low, and the shirt bosom hidden by a flowing tie. Born in 1767, he must have been at his death, a trifle over three-score and ten years later, a curious blend of the two centuries that had shared his life. According to tradition, his immigrant Huguenot ancestor came ashore from a wrecked ship on a hencoop, fetching with him, it may be guessed, little of this world's goods. This nautical adventure happened

probably three generations before the Major's birth. Whether or not a wife shared the immigrant's frail raft is not known, but his descendants lost no time in mingling their French blood with that of neighbors sprung from British stock—Atkinsons, Ratcliffes, Purnells, Spences, Arbuckles. Not yet, however, have the Gallic traits altogether vanished from the Major's descendants. Major Prideaux's title may have been won in the war of 1812, but it was more probably an honor that went with his membership in the Governor's Council. His maiden daughter Sarah, born in 1797, to the day of her death, almost seventy years later, was accustomed to shake her head significantly as she murmured, "Great Britain would like to have us again." She was a mine of memories, and from her prattle of vanished days can be constructed a fairly faithful picture of plantation life in Worcester, during the first four decades of the Nineteenth Century.

Sarah Prideaux and her sister Euphemia, wove silken bolting cloths for the Major's grist mill, cut and made the clothing of his slaves, and looked to the thousand and one details of an essentially self-sustaining plantation. As for the Major, the "home place" was only one of his many preoccupations. He not only grew

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crops, and managed the mill, but kept or at least owned a country store, where he sold whiskey by the gallon. He also hauled seine at night by the smoky glare of fat pine torches, and to the wailful music of the slaves, knee-deep in the salt shallows, built ships, and sailed them as far as New York, bred Muscovy ducks and fancy cattle, and had his share in the local administration of church and state.

Although the immediate family was not large, the plantation house must often have been crowded, in spite of an ample kitchen some yards away, connected with the diningroom by the "corridor," for there were many casual guests, some of them self-invited, along with permanent dependents and other persons. The abundance of the Major's table was a matter of public knowledge, and "Let's go to Major Prideaux's" was a suggestion frequent toward the noon hour, with young men driving far from home. A shoemaker came annually and made or mended the shoes of free and slave. Doubtless the leather was tanned from the skins of the Major's calves, and water-tight boots were wrought from the skins of porpoises caught in the nets. A weatherwise cousin, famed for telling the time by a glance at the starry heavens, always had her shoes made a year before she

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expected to use them, having no fancy for walking while her shoes were green. Sarah Prideaux always complained half humorously that she and Euphemia had to sit in the cold of winter days and nights, while the Major and his cronies roared over old stories in front of the roaring hearth. Walter Scott so charmed the Major that he named some of his slaves for Scott's fictional characters: he had a Gurth, a Wamba, a Rebecca, and even a dusky Rowena. Perhaps some of these names are still worn by the descendants of the original wearers.

Major Prideaux was not a hard taskmaster, though like other slaveholders, he sometimes hired out his human chattels, and took coin for their sweat. The slave household gathered nightly in the livingroom at family prayers, occasions that must have brought an odd touch of Christian fellowship between master and slave, for Sarah Prideaux recalled the comment of one black listener to the Scriptures, who exclaimed with unction, "Moses, pea's like he was de Lo'd's right-han'man!" When Major Prideaux returned of winter dusk with his slave oarsmen across the six or seven miles of Sinepuxent Bay, after boiling salt on the sandy peninsula of Assateague with the roar of the Atlantic in his ears, he had to stride up

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and down the boat, whip in hand, to wake any oarsman who seemed likely to freeze in his sleep. The salt thus made went to cure the Major's ham and bacon, his thousands of herring and other fish barreled for winter use, his dried and smoked beef, and whatever else was stored for the feeding of house and "quarters." Doubtless some of the salted products, as some of the salt itself, he sold at the store.

Life at the plantation, was perhaps, not intellectually stimulating. There was the drive to church, and no doubt now and then a ministerial guest, almost certainly "Bishop" McMaster from Rehoboth, a scholarly man. A neighbor and kinsman was Judge Robins. Sarah Prideaux recalled the large nursery for the first heir to the Judge's entailed estate, with the little house within it, where presided a portentous black "mammy." There was a stir of excitement indoors whenever a "haloo" came at night from across the creek. A slave oarsman put out in answer to the call, and the friend or neighbor, or mere stranger was hospitably entertained, and sent on his way next morning. Chance visitors dropped in for the midday dinner or the ample evening supper with its waffles, or corncakes, muffins or sally lunn, its fried oysters fresh from the neighboring bay,

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its sliced cured tongue, and its varied sweets. There must have been books, of course, else there could have been no black Gurth or Wamba, and besides, there survives "Sally Prideaux's Book of Poetry," with copies of verses in a neat, stiff girlish hand.

There was genuine excitement when the Major returned in his own ship from New York, fetching no doubt exotic finery for the daughters, and on one occasion the oft-told tale of the lady whom the Major saw carelessly trailing her trained skirt down the outside stairway, probably somewhere in the region of the Battery. The tale must have called from the Major's cronies in front of the winter hearth cynic comment upon the follies of fashion. One of Sarah Prideaux's delightful memories concerned her drive of nearly 200 miles in the Major's gig from Worcester county to Philadelphia. The journey was agreeably broken by stops at the homes of hospitable friends, once at the home of the Whiteleys near Newark, doubtless the fine old house of stone and brick near the later and more magnificent mansion now the Home of the Red Men. That infant red Philadelphia of Sarah Prideaux's visit, well over a century ago, when as yet all vehicles were horse-drawn, must have had barely 50,000 inhabitants, but

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it was the largest city she had ever seen, and her young black eyes took permanent note of much that they saw, her keen girlish ears retained for the rest of life the cry of the negro street vendors, "Pepper pot, piping hot, got chicken in it, too." That characteristic thick soup of more than a century ago is still made with high art in Philadelphia.

Although Major Prideaux was said to have married two fortunes, and seems to have busied himself in many occupations, he did not die rich. His open hospitality, and his habit of exchanging well-bred stock for his neighbors' beasts of poorer quality helped to eat up his gains. The face in the surviving portrait is not that of a money-maker keen at a bargain and avid in saving. It was recalled that he found amusement on what proved his deathbed by the gambols of kittens romping over the counterpane.

When the end came for the Major in 1839, the keen Euphemia soon took her share of the slaves and went off to far Missouri, then less than ten years a state of the Union. She took also the Prideaux silver ladle, long mourned by Sarah as a lost heirloom. It could hardly have come ashore with the half-drowned immigrant on his hencoop, and must have been acquired by purchase, or perhaps by inheritance from one

of the luckier families into which the Prideaux married. Euphemia married, was divorced and died a very old woman in Missouri, leaving all her worldly goods, and perhaps the silver ladle, to those who had been her slaves, an act of tardy and inadequate justice which her natural heirs in Delaware and Maryland were fain to acknowledge as such.

Sarah had died ten or a dozen years before Euphemia. Age and frail health staid not her bright knitting needles, jealously stored in their bamboo case. As she knitted, her tongue ran on ceaselessly with tale and tradition of the Eastern Shore. Her voice sank to a whisper as she told of the Tories and their "Black Camp," a reminiscence of Revolutionary days given her by the Major. Lower still was the mysterious voice in which she told of the ghost that appeared to announce the coming of death in the family of her Spence kinsmen. "It appeared for your great-grandfather," she would say to the listening lad. "As your grandfather walked home through the woods one evening in winter, he saw a woman in white coming toward him, but when he had made a turn in the road, where she had crossed it, she was gone. And didn't Cousin Mary Fountain

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see her, only last year, a woman with a white handkerchief wimpled about her head, just before your uncle Ara died down on Sinepuxent Bay!" No wonder the little boy, sleeping in a trundle bed at the foot of his mother's, woke her with a cry in the night as he saw a tall woman in white gown turning as in sorrow from the child where he lay.

That slender, erect figure of Sarah Prideaux, with the wrinkled ivory old French face, framed in white frilled cap, and accentuated by the still undimmed black eyes, moved about the house like a ghostly presence from an earlier century. It seemed that her slight strength might wear even until the Twentieth Century itself dawned; but there came a night when her hickory "bed-fellow," heated in the kitchen oven, failed to warm the weary limbs, and there came a morning when she woke not in her shuttered room. For three days the house was darkened, and the faithful listener to her prattle found himself smitten sore of conscience that he whiled away that terrible period by reading, yea and enjoying, the "St. Elmo" of Miss Evans, half forgetful of the still and waxen face in the silent darkened chamber overhead. Sarah Prideaux was laid not in the hospitable sand of her

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beloved Eastern Shore beside the ancestors whose graves on the homeplantation had passed to alien owners, but in the cold clay of Northern Delaware. Her last will and testament contained this provision in favor of him who had sought forgetfulness in the gorgeous romance of Miss Evans: "To my beloved nephew,———\$100, as a mark of affection."

CHAPTER XI

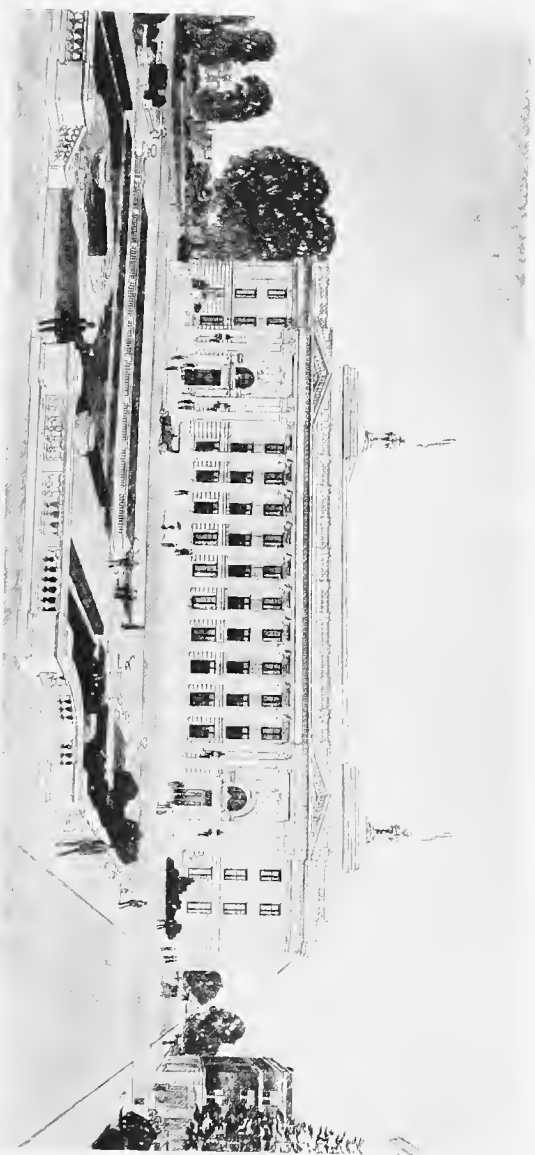
WILMINGTON

WILMINGTON, is the one considerable city of the Peninsula, and of the larger Atlantic coast cities, only New York and Boston are older. It is nearly a half-century older than Philadelphia, nearly a century older than Baltimore. At Wilmington have ruled in succession Swedes, Dutch, English, and at length Americans freed of the mother country's hold. The Swedes of 1638, acting apparently upon the principle of "safety first," sailed their little ships, the Griffin and the Key of Kalmar, up the crooked, shoal-beset Christiana to a rocky shore edging deep water, "The Rocks."¹ When the Swedish village on the Christiana was little more than a fort and a handful of tiny houses, the Dutch enforced in almost bloodless battle their claim to the region. Swedish power in the New World thus perished when it was less than a score of years in possession. Dutch power perished in less than half a score, when it gave way to the English in 1664, after the act of something like treachery that made them

lords of Manhattan. Swedish Wilmington never bore its present name, and, indeed, the village first called Willingstown in honor of its founder, and later Wilmington for the English earl of that title, was laid out on the Christiana, half a mile from "The Rocks"¹ and nearly a century after the coming of the Swedes. Swedish speech and custom long outlived both "conquests."

Wilmington was still a mere hamlet when in 1735 William Shipley, an educated and wealthy Quaker of Philadelphia, settled in the place, led thither, it is said, by his vision-seeing wife, the Quakeress preacher, Elizabeth Lewis. William Shipley's house, a hip-roofed, four-story brick structure with corniced gable, still stood at the South-west corner of Shipley and Fourth Streets within the memory of many living men. His presence was so stimulating that the hamlet grew in four years into a village of 600 inhabitants. Next year it was chartered by the Penns under its present name. A block East of the Shipley dwelling William built at the corner of Market and Fourth Streets a new market house, rival to the older one two blocks below. The burgesses met for years at taverns, where

¹ Patriotic women have marked the spot with an engraved stone made from part of the actual rock upon which the Swedes landed.



STATE, CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING AS SEEN ACROSS RODNEY SQUARE

Photograph by Koyal Studio

no doubt their dry deliberations were suitably moistened, but later a Town Hall was built on arches over one end of the Second Street market house. Wilmington outgrew that Town Hall and its successor, which still stands with a sort of gaunt distinction, and the city fathers now share a beautiful new marble palace with the courts and the county authorities.

Eighteenth Century Wilmington had its fairs, to which town folk and country folk came in their best to dance to the music of the fiddle, flute, bagpipe and trombone. Under Quaker influence Wilmington was growing into a sort of tiny red-brick Philadelphia, with neat little, houses, scrupulously swept door-steps, shaded streets, and green rear gardens. Quaker influence, or some other of like austerity, brought about abolition of the fairs by act of Legislature in 1785 as nurseries of vice and a scandal to virtue. Such fairs were common in the larger villages all over the Peninsula. Along with the Quaker severity and seemly order there went a touch of old fashioned British belligerence, for bullies fought bare to the waist in the market place, and hired ruffians hacked down the posts of William Shipley's market house. Farmers were soon driving many miles over vile roads to sell their produce

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in the King Street open-air market, and the town authorities had to pass a severe law against folk who profiteered by the obvious means of buying up the day's load of many farmers' wagons and advancing prices. The open-air market survives, and townsfolk now complain that farmers have learned a trick worth two of that.

Washington visited Wilmington on the eve of misfortune at the Battle of the Brandywine, and later when no ill luck threatened. During his "progress" as President in 1791, he left his chariot of state in little stone-built Brandywine Village, since absorbed by Wilmington, and strode through the cobbled main street to Joseph Tatnall's mill, that he might thank the patriot Quaker for his services in grinding grist for the army. Almost a century later there died at Wilmington an inconspicuous old lady of the Washington blood, whose likeness to the great man was noted by all who saw her face in its cold repose.

The little red town that came through the Revolutionary War had, mingled with the sober drab of its predominant Quaker society, the gaiety of a French element, some part of it left over, perhaps, from LaFayette's companions in arms, who remained in the land they had

helped to free. There came also French refugees from the black-and-red terror of revolutionized Haiti, and there were also a few descendants of French Huguenot refugees, some generations Americanized, but showing still the Gallic vivacity and taste, the facial marks, especially about the eyes, so persistent in that great racial strain. The most conspicuous Delaware family of French name in these days, the Du Ponts, found permanent home at Wilmington in the very edge of the Nineteenth Century, but they have amazingly multiplied in numbers and in wealth, and their best known, but not normally most important product, has become so world-famous, that timid strangers, it may be guessed, tread softly in the streets of Wilmington, lest unawares they set off some deadly petard.

Pierre Samuel Du Pont de Nemours, as member of the French States General of 1789, took the addition to his name, not because he was of a territorial noble family, but because he was sent from Nemours, and wished to distinguish himself from many other Du Ponts in that body. Possibly, as an emancipated liberal, he took the addition with intent to mark his contempt for aristocratic pretence. He was a man of the robe, not of the sword, nobly distin-

guished as savant, author, statesman, philanthropist. He came to the United States in 1799, but returned to France, where he helped to arrange the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, and at Napoleon's wish drew up a plan of public education, the basis of the French system as it is to-day. This plan was a modification of a like comprehensive scheme drawn up by Du Pont for the United States at the request of Thomas Jefferson, though never put into effect. The whole thing may be found in a rare French book preserved in the Wilmington Public Library. Pierre Samuel Du Pont of to-day comes honestly by his interest in public education.

Wilmington of the late Eighteenth and the early Nineteenth Century had its families of moderate wealth, and its own touch of provincial culture and fashion, the beginning of its definite leadership in such matters. Robert Montgomery made the tour of Europe, like any English young gentleman, and during four months of the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia entertained Governor McKean of Pennsylvania. Another wealthy Wilmingtonian is said to have entertained for a time one hundred refugees from the plague-stricken greater neighbor. Gunning Bedford, first Federal Dis-

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trict Judge in these parts, aide-de-camp and friend of Washington, to whom the *Pater Patriae* let a crimson Masonic sash, entertained distinguished strangers and his fellow townsmen at his large house in Market Street, once the headquarters of Washington's French officers. Local leadership at Wilmington has often expressed itself not merely in hospitality such as that of yellow fever days, and in social display of luxury, but in a fine public spirit such as was shown by Joseph Bancroft, to whom the city owes its rarely beautiful, unspoiled natural wooded park.

Ten years hence Wilmington will celebrate the completion of her first century as a chartered city. The City Council elected Richard H. Bayard as the first Mayor. Before this time the Quaker conscience was leavening the place with ideals that took the form of political liberalism, even radicalism. In 1820, when Jefferson seemed to hear a prophetic fire-bell in the night, because of the bitterness over the slavery question aroused by the application of Maine and Missouri for admission to the Union, a great meeting at the Town Hall declared against the further extension of slavery. Public sentiment as a whole at Wilmington was conservative as to slavery and as to many another

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matter, but the still small voice of the Quaker conscience persisted; Quaker patience was not exhausted by opposition or delay; Quaker courage was undaunted by threats, unprovoked to retaliation by curses. Rural Delaware, even more conservative, was by this time rather cold toward Wilmington. Then came the Civil War to widen the breach between city and country, especially between the strong Union majority of Wilmington, and a considerable minority in Southern Delaware more or less sympathetic with the Confederacy. Other causes, chiefly economic and political, widened the breach still further, through the remainder of the Nineteenth Century and through part of what has passed of the Twentieth, though influences tending toward unity have been especially active for at least a decade. The Civil War found and left Wilmington a small city of rough cobbled streets and some thousands of little red houses, with a few of greater size, very few of greater grace, no public building of real beauty, no passably good hotel. This was the local metropolis of a rather small surrounding territory, visited by shopping country-folk, who drove twelve or fifteen miles "to town," as the phrase went. Many did much of their shopping in "the City," the term for Philadelphia.

Wilmington lost much to Philadelphia, something to Baltimore, but local manufactures were growing in importance. Country-folk, fearing highwaymen, still whipped hard in passing "Folly Woods", on the edge of the city, a place of ill omen since the days of the famous "Sandy Flash."

The city grew slowly in population, but gradually extended its boundaries to the Delaware, and pathetically wished in vain for "a road to the river." Wilmington gained at New Castle's expense, when the larger city took the courts, and left its smaller neighbor only the prison, the whipping post and the pillory—as it were a local Botany Bay. A commonplace new Court House was built at Wilmington of green stone, "an appropriate color," said George Gray, who loved his home town of New Castle, and disapproved the change.²

It was in this time of Wilmington's doldrums that William Thomas Croasdale, a sort of human volcanic eruption of humor and passion, as if two centuries of Quaker suppression had burst bounds in him, established *Every Evening*,

² Both the City Council and the Board of Education in these days had their absurdities. A member of the latter body indignantly denounced a fellow member of the opposite party as "a damned cohort." He had heard the political phrase "cohorts of the opposition."

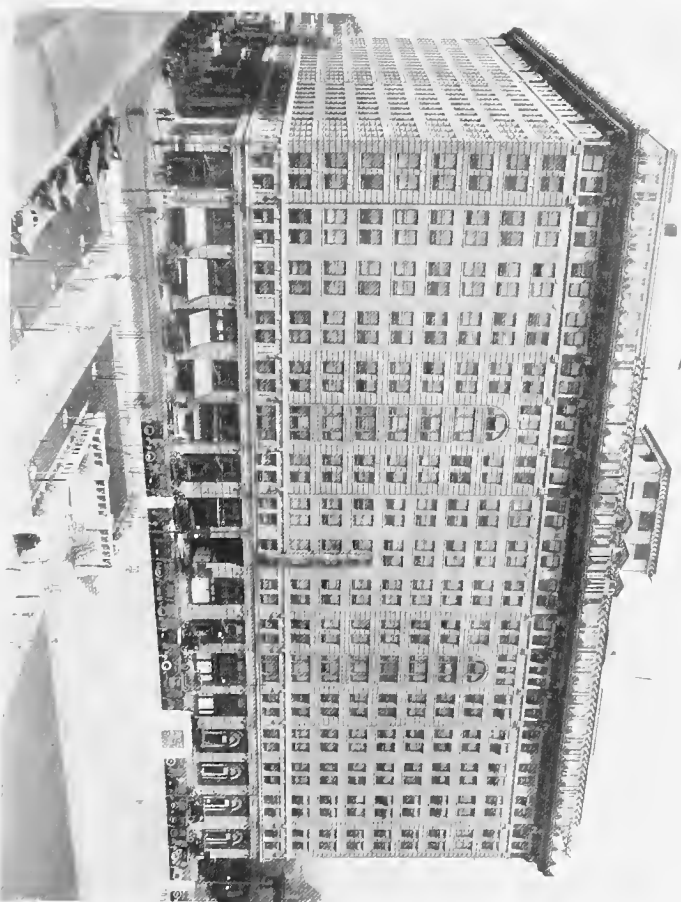
Wilmington's first enterprising daily newspaper. Croasdale's uncompromising temper, Quaker conscience, unconquerable idealism, and incurably sanguine courage in the presence of difficulties, financial and other, joined to a Puckish instinct for epigrammatic wit that stung, and Benvenuto Cellini's habit of hitting harder than he quite realized, made him all his life the self-sacrificing hero of lost causes, the leader of failing enterprises. He lived to find his true element in New York, where he joined the propaganda of Henry George, and charmed night after night at the Reform Club groups of men who came into the café to hear his brilliant talk. No more generous wit than Croasdale ever lived, for he welcomed with wide-mouthed laughter and applause the wit of others, even when it was at his expense.

Few chiefs ever had more loyal subordinates than Croasdale's, for he recognized with prompt praise all good work, and mourned that he could not reward it with better pay. He grinned with appreciation when a subaltern of *Every Evening's* staff, in that newspaper's time of struggle, said that no possible increase of salary could make amends for the increased difficulty of getting the week's pay from the badgered cashier. Two of his highly competent aides, both

now gone to that beyond where earthly cares irk not, were George W. Humphrey, and Jerome Bonaparte Bell. Humphrey, the most amiable of giants, with unequaled working powers, a distinguished gift of simple English style, a capacious memory, and an accurate knowledge of several languages, had a child's unsuspecting attitude toward the world at large. He returned to the office one day after an interview with a minor city officer, who had used an insulting phrase. Humphrey, slow to wrath, suddenly realized its import and, seating himself for an instant, wrote a few lines on a scrap of paper, and disappeared. He returned a few minutes later, bearing from the offender an abject apology with his name, a signature that Humphrey had extorted by looming over the victim, and saying firmly, "Sign here." Bell, who left *Every Evening* to found the *Sunday Star*, now the *Delmarvia Star*, and to become eventually one of Wilmington's Park Commissioners, was a North Carolinian who never lost his Tar Heel flavor. He had in youth a rather raw rebellion against conventional religion, which attitude was softened in time into that religion of humanity, which he expressed in two or three volumes of verse. Modern journalism at Wilmington had its origin in *Every Evening's*

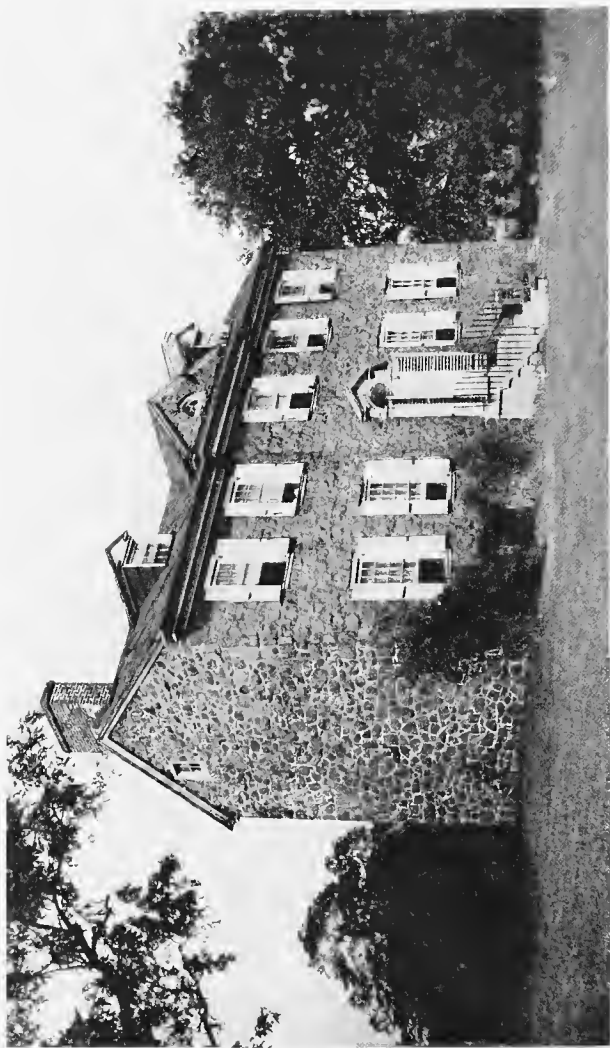
early hardships under Croasdale, and his ill paid but enthusiastically loyal staff. The influence of the newspaper for good, under the spur of Croasdale's vigorous and honest editorial page, cannot well be rated too high.

To the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century and the first decade of the Twentieth belongs the busy career of Howard Pyle, the only Delawarean to win wide public recognition at home and abroad as both illustrator and writer. In the former art he ranks with the scant half dozen masters, and very high at that, whom America has produced. Death came to him far too early, when he was still growing, with the promise of greater work in both arts than his best accomplished. Pyle was an odd blend of Quaker mysticism, practical business instinct as applied to his dealings with publishers, and a taste for comfort and even luxury of living, without cheap display. He was a tireless worker, and he inexorably demanded tireless work of the pupils at the school of art and illustrative design that he founded at Wilmington, a school out of which has grown the city's notable group of illustrators and painters. His sensitive face, ripened with years into an expression of illumined benevolence, his amply tall, broad and well made figure,



THE DU PONT BUILDING

Photograph by Royal Studio



CESAR RODNEY HOUSE, WILMINGTON
An Example of Fine Masonry

his quickly sympathetic smile and laugh, are recalled by hundreds. Pyle's eager enthusiasm for causes, for persons, and for a busy man's relaxing avocations, was the wonder of his acquaintances, and his gentle and affectionate helpfulness is a precious memory to those who called him friend.

Lewis Cass Vandegrift, of earliest Dutch stock, was much associated with Howard Pyle, though in tastes and temperament the two were wide apart. As said in his quaint, but truly sympathetic way, Isaac Pennypacker, for a time of Wilmington, but originally a Pennsylvanian, and for many years of Philadelphia, "Vandegrift got through soon." This was Pennypacker's way of connoting the far too early death of one who had steadily ripened and enriched his mind and spirit, and who still promised much when death came. After graduation at Delaware College and the Harvard Law School, he entered the law office of George Gray as a student, and later became partner of Edward G. Bradford. When Mr. Bradford ascended the Federal bench left vacant by his father's death, Vandegrift formed a partnership of his own to which came Chancellor Charles M. Curtis. As United States District Attorney Vandegrift found himself pit-

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ted in an important case against his old preceptor, and the jury disagreed. Vandegrift, who had genial humorous perceptions, liked to tell of an incident connected with the case. After the failure of the jury to agree, he went tired out to his office in the Federal Building, and leaned his head on the desk for a reviving nap. A court officer who found him thus, laid a hand on his shoulder, and said consolingly, "Mr. Vandegrift, if I'm ever accused of a crime I hope you'll be the prosecutor."

With the World War came the new Wilmington, the greater city of the Twentieth Century's second—and now third—decade. Between 1910 and 1920 Wilmington absorbed the whole growth of the state in population, and reached 110,000, a gain of more than twenty-five per cent. Wilmington's shipbuilding industries, as many others, had been artificially stimulated for more than half the decade. Above all other industries, that of the Du Ponts expanded to fabulous size, in answer to a limitless demand for munitions by the nations at death-grips with the Central empires. The employes of the concern increased by many thousands, its profits by hundreds of millions. What had been a large family undertaking, so to speak, had developed almost overnight into one of the world's most gigantic

industries, now given in large measure to destructive production. Men, women and children, persons from all sorts of occupations, and persons of none, were automatically drawn to the company by the high wages offered. Wilmington entered upon a prosperity largely fictitious, because so many thousands were highly paid for helping on with the necessary work of producing things to be blown into smoke, or to minister otherwise to a world engaged in wholesale slaughter. There was a short but wild period of speculation in Du Pont stocks, and the lucky, some of whom had recently lived upon modest salaries, were soon building showy new houses, and rolling about in costly motor cars. The approach of changed conditions and a few painful scandals helped to halt speculation, and with the demobilization of the armies after the war came the demobilization of the Du Pont munitions factories. Anticipating what the thoughtless had not anticipated, the inevitable chill that now came upon industry, the house of Du Pont de Nemours had expanded with the hope and expectation of turning much of the vast munitions plant to the uses of peace, but in spite of all that foresight and care could do in this and other manufactures, the inevitable process of contrac-

tion brought to Wilmington unemployment and hard times. The city learned by the bitter way of experience that only the few can be enriched by destructive production, that one-half of the world can never hope to escape entirely what brings ruin and despair to the other half. Even much of the amazing constructive work that the Du Ponts had executed in furtherance of their expanded business was in some measure lost.

The new Wilmington of the new century's newest decade has its business centre at the Du Pont Building, where is the first modern business office structure, hotel and theatre in one that the city has known, such a structure as would grace the greatest urban community. Within a stone's throw is the other most striking monument of the new Wilmington, the State, County, and Municipal Building, as seen from Market Street across the handsome Rodney Square, a thing of rare beauty. The domestic and social side of the new city is expressed in suburban and semi-suburban homes, some modest enough, others semi-palatial. Everett Johnson of Newark, as Secretary of State epigrammatist in ordinary to the Governor, once said to Coleman Du Pont that Delaware had two capitols, one on Dover Green, the other the Du Pont Building,

and perhaps at the moment there was more truth in this than in most epigrams, as there was in Johnson's postscript, to the effect that he could not always tell in which capitol resided the government of the State.

As a matter of fact, active men from all over Delaware meet at the Du Pont Building, though the canny "down-stater" is apt to lodge and feed at some simpler place. Some critics think the architect of an admirable and admirably administered business building and hotel missed the precious opportunity to connote in its style the twisted threads of Delaware's past—Swedish, Dutch, English. Instead he has given the interior of the structure an essentially French tone, as if in consonance with its name. When the wondering girl from rural Delaware, for girls in those parts still wonder, after dancing in a travesty of the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, turns for rest to the Du Barry room, she perhaps says, to her partner from the University at Newark, "Who was Du Barry, a relative of the Du Ponts?" to which the pinking youth stammers, "Madame Du Barry, ah, ah, she was the—the—friend of a King of France, Louis, Louis,—I forget his number; but there goes the music for our next dance."

Beneath the tinsel and the mock cosmo-

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politanism of the new Wilmington, with its thin veneer of sculptured marble, lives the little red Wilmington of fifty years ago. After the ague of fever and chill, the disease that comes with war, the sound, sober idealism of the Quaker spirit, come down from the Wilmington of William Shipley, lives on. Step aside two or three blocks, and you find the little red houses in rows along shaded and not too well paved streets, the little red houses with gardens and grapevines hidden in mid-block, homes of the working thousands who are to help with muscle and brain to build the chastened city of the near future, to father the children who shall build the greater—and, let us hope—better city of the next half-century.

CHAPTER XII.

COUNTY TOWNS AND OTHERS

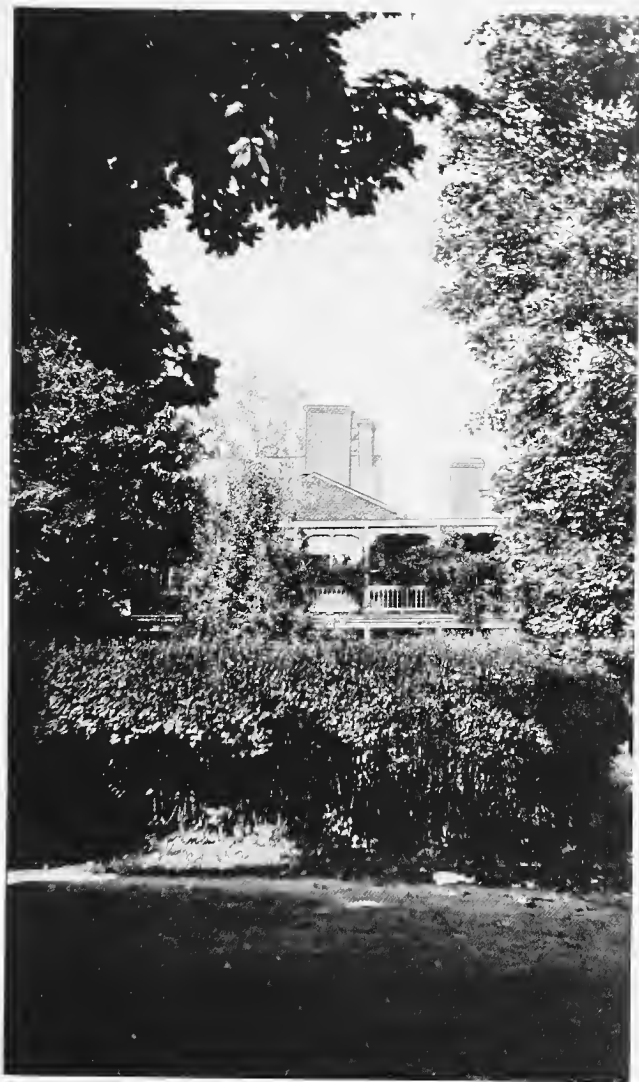
MORE than a dozen county seats, at least twenty other cities and villages of various sizes, and scores of cross-roads hamlets, and tiny settlements clustered about tidal "landings," house what may by a stretching of language be called the urban population of the Peninsula, as distinguished from that large part of the inhabitants living directly upon the soil and cultivating it for profit, or drawing their livelihood from the waters. Many dwellers in small communities are farmers or farm laborers, and in the cities and villages of the coast and the tidal streams live fishermen, as such essentially rural in their outlook as in their occupations. Thus, much more than half the inhabitants outside Wilmington live upon the soil and from it, or upon and from the bordering waters. No incorporated community except Wilmington has more than 10,000 inhabitants. Most county seats have less than 5000, some less than 3000, a few less than 2000. Georgetown, county seat of Sussex, and Elkton of Cecil, Chestertown

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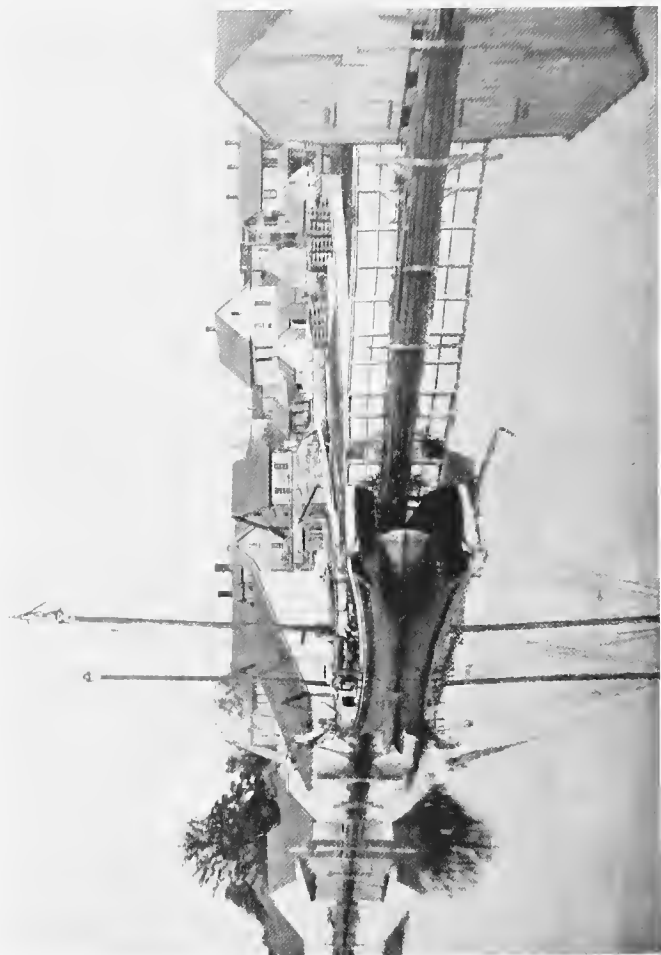
of Maryland's Kent, Easton of Talbot, Denton of Caroline, Centerville of Queen Anne's, Snow Hill of Worcester, and Princess Anne of Somerset are the smaller county seats.

Elkton, a late Seventeenth Century settlement, incorporated more than 125 years ago, has had steamboat communication with Baltimore intermittently for the better part of a century. It is on the Pennsylvania's line between Philadelphia and Washington, and on the Lincoln Highway. The town has some old manufacturing establishments, has long had a bar of more than common repute, and an agreeable social life. Of late years Elkton has been conspicuous upon the matrimonial map of the world as a convenient Gretna Green, a repute ill-fitting with its dignified past.

Chestertown has more interesting old homesteads than any other town of its size on the Peninsula, and is further distinguished as the seat of Washington College, founded late in the Eighteenth Century. Some parts of the Peninsula have greater rivers to bear their local commerce, yet none has a lovelier peaceful waterfront than that of Chestertown upon Chester River, a more charming daylight voyage to Baltimore. Centerville and Denton are isolated by reason of slow and tortuous communications



AN EMBOWERED HOMESTEAD AT EASTON



POCOMOKE CITY

COUNTY TOWNS AND OTHERS

with the outside world, the former by rail, the latter by rail and river. An amusing miscalculation as to the relative "beam" of two handsome new steamers, and the "draw" of Dover Bridge condemns Denton to one boat a week in ordinary seasons, and deprives many travellers of that singularly charming and restful voyage to the headwaters of the Chop-tank. Each town ministers to a rich agricultural region.

Easton, like ancient Rome and Tangier Island, has its harbor well outside its own limits. Nevertheless, the nightly sound of the steamboat whistle at Easton Point on the lovely Tred Avon, reminds Eastonians that a night's comfortable sleep, rocked by the waves of the Chesapeake, will bring all who wish at early morning to Baltimore, and a long business day, to be followed by an equally comfortable homeward voyage. One realizes the prosperity of Easton's surrounding country at sight of the many scores of automobiles parked about the Public Square on Saturday night. The town has a few of the loveliest old embowered homesteads of the Eastern Shore, and scattered through the country round about, on the Tred Avon and the Miles River, are noble "water situations," some of them, such as the Lloyd place, occupied by

the family for eight generations, famous in local annals for open-handed hospitality through two-and-a-half centuries. Easton is a town of interesting traditions connected with the Revolutionary War. Upon a plantation hard by was born Frederick Douglass, the slave who rose to fame as the most distinguished man of his race in America. His memories of Talbot county were mingled of bitter and sweet, but he never forgot the kind mistress who taught him to read, and thus gave him the key that unlocked the shackles of slavery.

Among the county-seats of the Peninsula, Princess Anne and Snow Hill are peculiarly famed for social charm dating back into the early national and colonial periods. Some of the great plantations of the lower Eastern Shore lie about Princess Anne, and not a few of them have preserved in perfection their hospitable old mansions, though Princess Anne itself is largely a town of wooden dwellings, unpretentious outwardly, but often agreeable within by reason of dignified rooms, rich antiques, and portraits by such painters as the Peales, such miniaturists as St. Memin. The huge Teagle house, dating from the early years of the last century, testifies to the persistence of the taste for building on a large scale, and the

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box garden of the Gale homestead, planted more than three-quarters of a century ago by General Handy, is one of Princess Anne's show places. George W. Maslin of Princess Anne treasures probably the most interesting collection of Victoriana in America, the gift of a remote relative attached first to the household of the Duke of Kent and then to that of Victoria. Among these curios is the misfit "garter" made for Albert Edward when he became a knight of the historic order.

Snow Hill, dating from 1684 and named probably for a district of London, has, like Princess Anne, two old churches, Episcopal and Presbyterian, the latter founded by Makemie.¹ The difficulties of navigation in the upper reaches of the Pocomoke have stimulated the growth of the active rival town, Pocomoke City, sixteen miles farther down the river than Snow Hill, a community recently much gratified by the opening of a handsome bridge across its stream. Snow Hill grows slowly, but its slow growth has not prevented its marked improvement in the last twenty years, for it has admirably paved and well-kept streets, richly shaded by huge trees, electric lights, a good water supply, and a spirit

¹ The Presbyterian church building, erected as a memorial to the founder, is of comparatively recent date.

among its inhabitants that avails to make it one of the neatest towns on the Peninsula.

As to Georgetown, it was arbitrarily made the capital of Sussex county because of its central position, and regardless of the question of communications. The town is without a river, and it stands on a branch railway. It has remarkable quiet charm by reason of its many seasoned old shingled dwellings, sweet with the Quakerish gray of weathered cedar, most famous among them "The Judges." An admirable Court House in a densely shaded public square gives Georgetown official distinction.

For many years past some villages of the Peninsula have shown an arrested development. A few places such as Fredericktown in Cecil county, named for the son of George II, who dying young ("Fritz is dode, deal the carts!") left his stupid brother George, to become king, ambitiously planned in colonial days, may be said to have "died abornin'." Georgetown in Kent, on the opposite side of the Sassafras River, named for the prince who became king, has had like fate. Both towns have solid and well proportioned surviving Georgian dwellings. Delaware City, founded on hopes raised by the digging of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, and laid out upon a considerable scale, has had,



CHESTERTOWN'S LOVELY WATERFRONT



BETTERTON ON THE SASSAFRAS RIVER



IN HARBOR AT SNOW HILL

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like its neighbor, Chesapeake City at the other end of the canal, near a century of slow growth and languishing disappointments, though both now live as those not without further hope, in the improvement of their water way. Odessa, which dropped its historic name Cantwell's Bridge to take on that of the Black Sea grain port, found that Appoquinimink Creek could not compete with the Delaware Railroad as a grain carrier for the broad and rich wheat lands of the superb country round about, and saw Middletown, three miles away, grow into a considerable place, as a railway town in the midst of as fine a farming district as any American country side has to show. Middletown has four times the population and more than four times the activity of Odessa, though it lacks some elements of Odessa's picturesque interest. Smyrna, in nothing Oriental to justify its name, made its great refusal when the Delaware Railroad was built, and has since seen the little station of Clayton hard by grow up into a considerable and active village. But Smyrna remains a place of distinctive character in the midst of a rich agricultural community, with pleasing suburban homesteads hard by, best known among them Belmont Hall of the Speakman family, locally famed since colonial

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days for its delightful garden and for its hospitality, a tradition that was more than a tradition, until the charming old house was burned to the ground in the Winter of 1921.

Newark, a few miles South-east of Delaware's Northern arc, chartered by George II, for more than 150 years the seat of Newark Academy, for nearly a century the seat of Delaware College, now the University of Delaware, stretched its slow length for nearly a mile along the highway between Philadelphia and Baltimore, before it thought of spreading into other streets. A century-and-a-half after incorporation the town had not much passed 1000 in population, but the Curtis paper mills, the vulcanized fibre industry, the recent rapid expansion of the University of Delaware, the founding of the affiliated Women's College, which instantly demonstrated its essential value to the State at large, the awakening of the local community to public needs, and the multiplied activities of the Agricultural Experiment Station and the Agricultural Department, of which it was the early nucleus, have now set Newark among the larger and more important towns of the Peninsula, with a seemingly assured growth in population, and more especially notable as a centre of the State's higher inter-

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ests. Newark has few survivals of its earlier self, and little distinction in domestic architecture, but the Watson Evans house, now Purnell Hall, a fine example of the smaller Georgian dwellings, set the key with its chimneyed and semi-luned gable for the domestic buildings of the University.

Seaford, the leading town of Western Sussex, at the head of steamboat navigation on the noble Nanticoke, has its tradition of ship-building and of local ship owners and sea captains trading along the Atlantic Coast, to the West Indies, and even to Europe, though its nautical history it shares with the older hamlet of Concord, three miles distant. Up nearly to Concord came, through most of the Eighteenth and a large part of the Nineteenth Century, British vessels to load with kiln-dried corn meal, ground at mills established by men to whom Lord Baltimore, then exercising jurisdiction over most of the Peninsula, had patented 5000 acres of land. Seaford, high set upon a bluff, looks best from the river, and the latter takes on above the town a bold and romantic character totally unlike its peaceful self in its dignified progress to the Chesapeake through thirty-five miles of alluvial plain. Little Sharptown, a few miles below Seaford, product of an old ship-

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building and a newer basket-making industry, has a steady prosperity that has made almost all families home-owners with a bank account. Between Seaford and Sharptown, Laurel Creek enters the Nanticoke, and the town of Laurel, ambitious of being a seaport, has its wharves used by small crafts of burden, and its light-draft power boats taking passengers to the steamboat wharf at Sharptown.

Newest of all large and active communities on the Peninsula is Crisfield, founded two generations ago by John W. Crisfield, a widely known lawyer of Princess Anne, who believed that a port with safe harbor on the edge of Tangier Sound's rich waters, and nearly 100 miles farther seaward than Baltimore, might quickly develop a large commerce and important manufactures. Mr. Crisfield did not live to see his dream realized, nor indeed has it yet been realized, but Crisfield has grown into an active little city, chartered as such a dozen years ago, with a busy main street that looks like that of a raw Western mining village, but a residence district of very different character. One forgets on the sea front, with its inextinguishable charm of salt water and varied shipping, the squalid shabbiness of the main street, traversed by a steam railway track, and double-lined with



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CUSTOM HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN



Photo by Louis Kaufmann and Sons, Baltimore

SAND DUNES AND LIGHT HOUSE, CAPE HENLOPEN



TURN-BASIN AT SALISBURY

business buildings, many of them mere make-shifts, though most of them busy day and night. In the presence of the harbor, one almost forgets even the odor of mountainous oyster-shell heaps, over which plane flocks of buzzards, forever disappointed at the Barmecide feast, stubbornly hopeful that behind the strong appeal to a single sense there must be something really substantial. Crisfield builds much of its business area by dumping into the shallows oyster-shells from which has been extracted the meat, to be canned for the consumption of inlanders less fastidious than Eastern Shore folk as to the age of the oyster they eat. As to the business district, where among other curious things one finds a "terrapin farm" peopled by diamond-backs that come to dinner at the tinkling of bells, it is a sort of tiny vulgar Venice, not without a picturesqueness of its own, due to the grouping of crude structures along the water front, the canals and their bridges, the unexpected narrow and crooked ways, almost every one with its inspiring glimpse of the sea horizon, the troubled waters beneath the freshening breeze, serried spars and cordage. If the huddle of busy packeries looks too squalid on close view, there is perpetually the redeeming spectacle of that windy harbor, at dawn, live with hundreds of

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fishing craft under sail for the oystering or crabbing grounds of the Sound, while yet the breakfast smoke rises from the cook's galley; at evening, sweet with the sunset afterglow, and rich with sea-purples, through which slowly float in the returning fisher craft, with masts and sails silhouetted against the dusking glories of the far horizon. If the riches of the Chesapeake can be conserved, Crisfield may more than realize its founder's dream, and transform even its main street into a highway worthy of an active and thriving community.

Lewes, which likes to boast itself the cradle of the State and the oldest scene of civilization in Delaware, is known to the maps of all the world as a port of call and report for the war-ships and the commerce of all nations, for the Delaware Breakwater here affords a safe and ample harbor for vessels bound to the Atlantic ports above Baltimore. Hard by is Rehoboth, for more than half a century the best known watering place in Delaware, founded originally by the Methodists as the site for Summer camp-meetings, but long frequented by the worldly, and a favorite resort, in seasons neither gay nor oppressively pious, for gunners and fishermen. The sand dunes of the coast hereabouts are inter-

esting, and the mirage reflecting the church spire of Lewes seems at times to have the authenticity of a convincing ocular fact.

Cambridge, the county-seat of Dorchester, often called Dorset, long ago outstripped its neighbor of equally academic name, Oxford, a village fitly seated on the rarely beautiful Tred Avon, or Third Haven, as it is called by those who prefer plain prose. Sanguine Cantabrigians, indeed, prophesied 10,000 inhabitants for the city in 1920, but without anticipating the chill that the world's real war and mock peace brought to Cambridge, as to many another community. The city has a busy and beautiful harbor on the Choptank River, less than ten miles above the bay, where the stream is at least two-and-a-half miles wide. Craft of many sorts and sizes move about the harbor, and the fine old pillared mansion on the admirably paved and deeply shaded main street, the home of the local yacht club, looking out over the water across a rear garden shaded by a century old grapevine, seems to prove that nautical Cambridge is not solely utilitarian. In fact, the casual stranger often sees, with a pleasant shock, from the deck of the Baltimore-bound steamer on Summer afternoons, blissful visions of the native sea-nymphs, afloat in swift little motor

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boats, and clad in bathing costumes that emphasize with their gay colors the charms that they do not entirely conceal, perhaps are not intended to conceal. Incidentally Summer begins early and quits late in these genial waters, for here the sub-tropical quality of the mid-Chesapeake climate is a palpable fact. Nevertheless Winter sometimes shows its Arctic face for weeks together, and one shivers sympathetically on Easter Sunday, to see a colored parson and a neophyte wade fully clothed into the river until the water is more than waist-high, and starts with astonishment when the parson, after due and deliberate reading of ritual to the music of many hundred voices ashore, suddenly shoves the candidate for baptism downward with merciless muscular arm, until he entirely disappears beneath the chilly surface. Such sights are to be seen from the boulevard, that Cambridge has built along the water front, commanding miles of the Choptank until it is lost in the distance of its far misty marriage with the Chesapeake. No other city of the Peninsula has so fine a highway edging its harbor.

Milford, Delaware, bestrides Mispillion Creek with a foot in each county, Kent and Sussex, a settlement nearly 250 years old, an

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incorporated village for more than half the period since. Near the end of the Eighteenth Century, Milford had only 100 houses, probably less than 700 inhabitants. The place counted itself happy to be seated upon a broad tidal affluent of Delaware Bay, and able to acquire importance in shipbuilding. Ambitious newer villages, such as Milton and Lincoln, have doubtless slowed Milford's growth, but the place continues to be one of the larger and more important communities of the Peninsula, with a sound local sentiment, and like most of the older towns, it has agreeable survivals of its earlier domestic architecture. A notable undertaking is the Marshall Hospital, founded by Drs. William and Samuel Marshall, whose father and grandfather were local physicians.

Salisbury, the county seat of Wicomico, latest created of Eastern Shore counties, and like its elder sister, Worcester, a child of Somerset, stands at the head of navigation on the Wicomico, the largest of three Chesapeake tributaries bearing that name. For the last quarter-century Salisbury has grown faster than any other city of the Peninsula. In the decade 1900-10 its population grew by more than fifty-five per cent, and the census of 1920 gives it nearly 10,000 inhabitants. In aspect

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and spirit Salisbury is thoroughly modern, a little city of the present decade, with a new armory, a comparatively new State Hospital, a new building of the Y.M.C.A., and many new homes of prosperous citizens. It is significant that Salisbury's method of advertising herself is a systematic endeavor to make every visitor at home by a courteous welcome. The streets in Summer are fairly smothered beneath the dense foliage of great trees planted in double row. By far the most notable homestead in the place is that of the late Governor Elihu Jackson, a many-gabled dwelling that peeps from the trees and shrubbery of an ample garden behind a red brick wall bordering the highway for many hundred feet. Salisbury has railway connections North and South by the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk, East and West by the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic. By rail and water it does a large trade in lumber and its products, and it has perhaps the most varied industries of any Eastern Shore community. In spite of a difficult approach by the river, necessitating a turn-basin for the Baltimore steamboats, Salisbury is one of the busiest up-river ports of the Peninsula.

Village life in America has long stood with city folk as the synonym for errant taste, social

SEVEN COUNTY COURT HOUSE





CAMBRIDGE ON THE CHOPTANK



WINDY DAY IN THE HARBOR OF CRISFIELD

dullness, and intellectual stagnation, until at length a native novelist has undertaken to embody some such conception in a piece of highly popular and greatly detailed fiction. Forty years ago most villages of the Peninsula must have pleaded guilty to at least a considerable part of this indictment, and many of them would find it hard even now to win a verdict of a complete acquittal from a competent jury familiar with the facts. It is true that many local humorists have not gone beyond their anecdotage, and "that reminds me" is too often the prologue to a twice-told tale that might well have remained originally untold. The evening call tends in some circles to drag its slow length along far beyond the time when all present have said, at least once, whatever they have in mind that could properly interest any other human being. Domestic incidents are told in maddening detail, and sometimes without a spark of redeeming humor to mitigate the infliction. The plot of a novel or a play outlined with no intelligent regard for the relative interest or significance of parts, too often fills the gaps of conversation threatening a permanent silence and consequent social embarrassment. Small talk tends to be triturated to an impalpable powder, out of which all intellectual

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or spiritual nourishment has been thoroughly milled. But where is the paradise, urban or rural, guaranteed exempt from these and worse forms of social discomfort?

As a matter of fact the county-seats of the Peninsula have had, some of them for a good many generations, their corps of presumably educated and intellectually alert lawyers, and many a small village has long had its group of men and women alive to the things of the spirit, to the movements and interests that stir mankind the world over. Co-operative movements of various kinds have for many years past widened the social horizon of the village, especially for women. Indeed the work that zealous women all over the Peninsula have done and are doing can hardly be overestimated. The motor car and improved highways are now knitting together widely sundered communities, and bringing them into sympathetic touch with the world at large. Wilmington, at the extreme North, is not more than three-and-a-half hours from the most distant county-seat in Delaware, is less than five hours from the most distant on the Eastern Shore above the Virginia line. Finally, village life on the Peninsula, as elsewhere, though still somewhat primitive in

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some aspects, has been developing new and better conditions even while the casual visitor was quoting the unfavorable opinion formed by other casual visitors a generation gone. Perhaps the worst indication is the comic eagerness of villages to develop, not as models of rural communities with the wholesome and natural charm of such, but as cheaply ambitious little cities, striving after the unattainable and looking like mere counterfeits.

CHAPTER XIII

DOVER AND NEWCASTLE

DOVER and New Castle have interesting historical likenesses and equally interesting historical unlikenesses. Dover is now both state capital and county-seat, and New Castle is neither. But New Castle, possibly of Swedish origin, was the early Dutch capital and seat of justice, as the Dutch themselves contended, not merely of what we now call Delaware, but of the whole Peninsula above the Virginia line; and it served for about two centuries as county-seat of New Castle county, besides being the recognized chief place of the "Three Counties on Delaware" in the early days of the Penns. Dover, by much the younger of the two, has had a rather slow but steady growth, and seems assured of its permanent advantage as the capital of Delaware, even though Wilmington is the chief city of the Peninsula, and now and then takes on what may be called "capitalistic" airs in matters political. New Castle has been the city of magnificent hopes and periodic

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disappointments, but through good and bad fortune has remained a place of picturesquely interesting aspect and history, nor has it abandoned the hopes to which its advantageous site gives it title.

Dover was "laid out," not in the mortuary sense in which some small and once ambitious towns had beginnings that proved also their end, in 1717, when New Castle was possibly more than three-quarters of a century old, and a place of large promise. Not until Dover was sixty years old did it become the capital, and not until forty years later was it incorporated. Almost a century after its founding Dover, according to a gazeteer of the period, numbered only one hundred and twenty houses, and could have had hardly 800 inhabitants. According to the same authority, Dover then was built mostly of brick. The town already had a "parade," the richly handsome Public Square of today, on the East side of which was "an elegant State House" built of brick. This building, which still stands to justify the opinion, gave the town, according to the same chronicler, "an air of grandeur." Since that day, now nearly a century and a quarter fled, the Capitol has been much enlarged, if not outwardly improved. It should comfort lovers of what is

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best in our earlier public architecture to know that plans have been made for a further enlargement of the building, such as will restore its sadly lost bilateral symmetry. At this time, Dover had by way of St. Jones Creek, the wharves of which were some distance from the little town, a somewhat brisk trade with Philadelphia. The outgoing cargoes were chiefly wheat and corn, with varied merchandise in return. Many communities on the small tributaries of Delaware Bay then used their own streams as commercial highways. Milford had an important commerce by way of Mispillion Creek, and little Fredericka sent grain to Philadelphia by way of the Murderkill. Shallops carrying 1300 bushels of grain frequented the Mispillion.

Dover's local importance antedated the definite assumption of complete statehood by Delaware in 1776, when the last Governor of Pennsylvania to "govern" also Delaware ceased his overlordship of the Three Counties. Next year the little State set up as its own chief magistrate John McKinly, magnificently entitling him "President of Delaware." The tiny hamlet of the Eighteenth Century was the centre of an important agricultural district, as it is even now. There were comfortable homes in



STATE HOUSE OF DELAWARE



Photograph by Auburn Post Card Mfg. Co., Auburn, Indiana.
OLD COURT HOUSE, NEW CASTLE



AN OLD GEORGIAN MANSION AT NEW CASTLE

the town, and considerable country seats round about. With a President presiding, Legislature assembled, and the Kent County Court holding sessions, Dover of the Revolutionary War, was a little capital of some justifiable pretensions. A volume of translations from Horace, and paraphrases of some Horatian odes, together with original verses of a gallant character, and a play dedicated to George Washington, its hero, all the work of one or more patriot army officers, celebrates the wit and beauty of Miss Vining and other ladies at Dover. The capital enjoyed its double distinction, and social life took on a touch of splendor. Miss Vining's repute of beauty reached even the French Court at Versailles, and Thomas Jefferson assured Marie Antoinette, whose curiosity was excited, that the Delaware girl was all that her French admirers reported.

Perhaps it was this early social quality of Dover that has given to local society there, as at many another state capital, an attitude of detachment, if not of aloofness, toward the Legislature. That body, from the first extremely small in both branches, still numbers but a handful as compared with the legislatures of the sister states, and it normally meets only once in two years. For most of Delaware's existence,

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as a State, the Legislature has had little patronage, made extremely small appropriations. Increased wealth, and a general corporation law enabling the little commonwealth to charter and to tax corporations operating all over the United States, have vastly increased the public revenue, and magnified the office of legislator. At the same time public offices have been multiplied, and salaries have risen, so that Legislature's importance as a dispenser of patronage has grown. It has lost much, however, of its high political significance through the popular election of United States senators. Dover enjoys the faint odor of scandal naturally attaching to a legislative body, at least according to the sensitive olfactories of the minority party inside and out, and smiles at the frantic struggle for small places within the gift of House or Senate, every second year; but the legislators cut no great figure in the social life of the town. Many of them, indeed, travel daily between their homes and the capital, and few habitually pass the week-end at Dover.

Dover Green, officially the Public Square, is one of the most pleasing urban quarters of the Peninsula. It is well shaded, and many of the private homes facing the square have dignity,

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and some have beauty. In summer the ample rear gardens are rich in foliage and bloom. The State House, the Court House, the County Building, and a hotel which at times has figured in politics, face the Public Square. Hard by is the State Armory, a recent addition to the public group. Old cemeteries of local and larger historic interest are near at hand. Two blocks off, at the corner of Loockerman and States Streets, is the brick postoffice, won from the Federal Government through the influence of Senator Eli Saulsbury, who was much criticized by his political enemies for having induced the country to endow his home town with a public building at the scandalous cost of \$70,000. If Eli Saulsbury now concerns himself for sublunary things, he must reflect on the present standard of Federal expenditure, and exclaim in the words of a more celebrated character, "I am amazed at my own moderation!"

The capital of Delaware produces other and more useful things than highly partisan and sometimes scandalous politics. St. Jones Creek, a delightful stream for pleasuring, still has some commercial uses. Dover is the seat of the Wilmington Conference Academy, a creation of the Methodist Church, and one of the best

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preparatory schools of the Peninsula.¹ Here, too, is the College for Colored Youth, admirably housed through the benevolence of Pierre Du Pont, and sharing with the University of Delaware, the Federal appropriation in aid of the so-called "land-grant colleges", and in appropriations made under more recent legislation. The State Library of 80,000 volumes, with a lending and circulating department which sends books to all parts of the State, helps to give Dover a public distinction untainted with party politics. Half a dozen important manufacturing industries are established at Dover, and the city is in the midst of an agricultural and horticultural region that yearly grows in richness and importance.

Dover has adorned itself with monuments to its Revolutionary past, and the interior decorations of the State House are done with effective taste. The city has steadily grown for the past generation at the average rate of ten per cent in each decade. It is feeling also, in common with other parts of the Peninsula,

¹ The Conference Academy, since 1918 entitled The Wesley Collegiate Institute, was chartered in 1873. It now has 150 students, ample buildings, and a faculty composed of college graduates. It has an endowment of \$250,000, a considerable library and a normal department for the technical preparation of teachers.

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the modernizing effect of improved communications. Dover, is certainly the only American capital, except perhaps Providence, that can be reached from the remotest corner of the State in less than three hours. A Delawarean of about half a century gone, George Karsner by name, added to the gaiety of nations, when as a witness before a committee of Congress, he delivered the menace, "Gentlemen, the eyes of Delaware are upon you!" Perhaps legislators at Dover, knowing that any constituent can reach the State House in something between ten minutes and three hours, have at times an uncomfortable sense of being too much in the public eye.

New Castle, unmistakably marked out by nature as the metropolis of the Peninsula, may yet realize that destiny. One tradition reports it as founded by the Swedes in 1640, more than three-quarters of a century before Wilmington took its present name, and the town was known to Europe when Wilmington was still an insignificant settlement. Here the Dutch built Fort Casimer in 1651; and in 1655, having conquered New Sweden, they made New Castle their capital of the local area, calling it New Amstel. The place has had at one time or another at least seven names. Here landed Penn

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when he came to enter upon his vast possessions in the New World, and doubtless his impressions then of New Castle helped to determine him to beg the Peninsula of his royal patron. It was at New Castle, as the local seat of Dutch power, that Colonel Utie blustered in 1659, claiming the Peninsula to the Delaware shore in the name of Lord Baltimore. Twenty years later, the Labadist missionaries drank Jaquet's apple brandy upon the site of the future Wilmington, but made stay at New Castle in the comfortable home of Ephraim Herrman. They thought the town worth sketching for the illustrations of their diary, a sketch unfortunately lost.

New Castle then had forty or fifty houses, must have had a population of 300, or possibly 400. It was not till half a century later that Wilmington had 600. William Penn testifies that New Castle and the region round about in his day showed no symptom of race suicide. "As they are a proper people," he writes, "and strong of body, so they have fine children, and almost every house full of them; rare to find one of them without three or four boys, and as many girls—some six, or seven or eight sons." The Labadists remarked New Castle's noble site on the great river, with a view Southward into Delaware Bay. New Castle could hardly

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then have held as a serious rival the tiny Swedish settlement six miles distant by land, but separated from the deep water of the Delaware by some miles of the narrow and crooked Christiana. Even Penn's new capital above the mouth of the Schuylkill, New Castle could scarcely fear, for Philadelphia was forty miles farther from the sea and almost fifty years younger.

Wilmington and New Castle were both villages of moderate size in the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Half a century later the transfer of the capital of the United States to Washington placed New Castle on the direct land-and-water route between New England and the Middle States, and the new seat of government. It seemed inevitable that the village should grow into an important port and city, for it was also regarded as on the direct route from the coast to the new West. In the first decade of the Nineteenth Century, New Castle had its regular and frequent freight and passenger packets to Philadelphia, its turnpike across the Peninsula and connecting packets at Frenchtown on the Elk River to Baltimore. Two decades later it had its railway to Frenchtown, and steamboats had long taken the place of the sailing packets. Almost every important

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public man in the United States must have visited New Castle in those days, and as county-seat it had its corps of lawyers; even those of Wilmington, then and for more than half a century later, had to come to court at Newcastle, and argue cases in the Court House where the Dutch judges had sat. New Castle believes this house to be the oldest public building in the United States.

With the development of the all-rail route to Baltimore and Washington by way of Wilmington, came New Castle's first great disappointment, a greater than the little town had realized in the founding of Philadelphia. New Castle of 1807 had about 160 houses and 1200 inhabitants. Hardly another town on the Peninsula except Wilmington had so many, and New Castle with deep water at its wharves, the way to Europe in sight, and freight and passengers pouring through the town on the route to and from Washington and the West, seemed destined to outgrow Wilmington, and make no mean show beside Philadelphia. Growth continued during the next two decades, but before the third was ended, the frost came with the diversion of traffic and travel to the all-rail route. Even before 1830 the route from Philadelphia across the

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mountains to Pittsburg was competing with the East-and-West-bound traffic across the Peninsula, and taking from the importance of New Castle as a point of transfer.

New Castle is one of the few American endowed towns. At the opening of the Eighteenth Century, when William Penn still had to fear the claims of the Calverts, he sought to conciliate public opinion at New Castle by giving the town about 1000 acres of "commons." The gift, long neglected, was used for free cattle pasturage, and as a general "woodlot." It was finally cut up into farms of considerable size, which were rented upon rather long leases and at moderate rent to local farmers. When best managed, the commons-farms paid most of the community's public expenses. Later the rent of the commons went to pay the interest on water bonds, for New Castle had received its first city charter in 1874. There now began a new era of hope, for an important manufacturing concern had established works within the city limits. This new hope proved at least as disappointing as a hope of like origin considerably earlier in the same century. After a stimulated growth that astonished the city and its neighbors, again came the chill, and long rows of wage earners' houses were left empty;

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to make matters worse, the county-seat was transferred to Wilmington. New Castle fell asleep, but the pleasing heritage of the past did not fall into decay, and the place remained notable historically, architecturally, and socially. The guns of warring Europe broke once more New Castle's slumber; hope and activity again appeared. A speculator bought the empty dwellings, and soon filled them and more, for New Castle became a seat of war work upon a huge scale. Every available hole and cranny of the old town was filled with lodgers. Wage-earners, men and women, came into the town every morning afoot, by steam railway, by suffocatingly crowded electric cars, by boat, by automobile. Wages were high; work awaited all who came. So long as the war lasted the new "prosperity" continued, and local profiteers took their harvest; but soon after the end of the war once more came the chill of disappointment, and the temporarily swollen population of New Castle shrank toward the old size of 1910.

New Castle lives not without hope, for some substantial gains of the war period remain as a potentiality of the future, and there the city stands, with the route to Europe still in full view. Through generations of alternate hope and disappointment, the serene beauty of the

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old town has lived on. Here are some of the largest and handsomest colonial survivals in the United States, and a few quaint relics of the city's almost earliest past. Its Public Square, said to have been laid out by Peter Stuyvesant, with its rich adornment of great American elms, spouting far overhead in green fountains, is like a charming bit out of some Old World capital. The Court House is a genuinely distinguished pile, and the spire of Immanuel Episcopal Church is a perfect thing. The tomb of a mid-century Holcomb in the churchyard has a bit of carving such as our native "mortuary sculptors" seldom produce. The Rodney house, still occupied by those of the name,² is an admirable bit of Georgian architecture, though it dates from the year after the Fourth Royal George vacated the British throne. On its walls hang two original portraits of men who signed the Declaration of Independence, and here, too, are many mementos of Caesar Rodney. Good Doctor Spotswood, whose name connotes the Virginian Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, and whose tall slender figure loomed for many years in the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, still has his representatives at New Castle.

² Richard S. Rodney was appointed a Judge of the Delaware Courts early in 1922.

CHAPTER XIV

ISLANDS OF THE CHESAPEAKE

IF the St. Lawrence has its "Thousand Islands," the Chesapeake has its ten thousand. Delaware Bay has fewer, indeed very few that compare in human interest and historic significance with many of the Chesapeake. Among the more famous islands of Delaware Bay are Pea Patch, on which stands the historic Fort Delaware at the very head of the bay, long a useless monument of the past, now a modern fortification correlated with batteries on the New Jersey shore to dominate the ship channel, Reedy Island, the Roet Island of the Dutch, now the site of the Quarantine Station, and Bombay Hook Island, once the patrimony of that early Bayard who for a time cast his lot with the Labadists. Sheltered behind the Southern extremity of Assateague, the long narrow peninsula dropped like a plumbline seventy miles Southward from the Southeastern corner of Delaware, is Chincoteague, the most important and interesting island of Accomack; and from Chincoteague downward



TANGIER'S MAIN STREET



A QUAIN SURVIVAL ON KENT ISLAND

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to Cape Charles, and thence upward along the Chesapeake to the Maryland line, are the thousand other islands fringing the coast of Virginia's two Eastern Shore counties.

The islanders of the Chesapeake are a curious variant of the almost pure British stock on the main land, if anything of even purer breed as having been less modified by immigration. Surnames are so few on some of the islands that men must be distinguished from one another by descriptive additions, such as "Long John," "Red Tom," "Richard of William," patronymics in the making. The complexities of blood relationship upon islands with from 500 to 1500 inhabitants would puzzle the College of Heraldry, but not an Eastern Shoreman. A man at Princess Anne, being asked whether one of like name at Saulsbury was related to him, answered without hesitation, "Yes, we're sixth cousins."

Mainland folk have been prone to think their kinsmen of the islands a bit barbaric, for the life of the islanders, mostly fishermen and other followers of the sea, has long been simpler, cruder, indeed, than that of the land owners, professional men, traders, and mechanics "on the main." Simplicity and crudity still persist among the islanders, as among the "back

country" folk in much of the rural Peninsula, but less than formerly everywhere. Motor boats, the telephone, more frequent mails, have brought Eastern Shore folk of every sort nearer together, have quickened and broadened their intellectual perceptions, whatever their occupations, wherever their homes. No sensitively and sympathetically intelligent stranger can know the islanders and fail to taste the stimulating tang of their native quality. They may seem in some matters, men of the Seventeenth Century, rather than of the Twentieth, but beneath the exterior of even the crudest, those who betray a naïve curiosity as to a stranger's name, place, occupation, the patient student is apt to discover an essential human soundness. With them intermarriage seems to have wrought little degeneration, physical or intellectual. They are sturdy folk, well limbed, well featured, at least of normal stature, quick, muscular, easy in their unstudied pose and movements, tanned to fiery red or deep warm brown by daily exposure to sun, wind, and the salt spume. The children, shy as young islanders are apt to be, have yet a frank gaze, and quickly responsive smile. The boys go barefoot from April to November, and wear simple "two-piece" garments, easily and instantly shed for a plunge

into salt water. On holidays young and old are well clad, and the island girls, who flock aboard the steamer from Baltimore when it reaches the local wharf, are gay in the latest fashions of girlhood everywhere. On the tongue of the islanders still linger archaic phrase and pronunciation, some probably to be assigned to their English county of origin. Words are short and simple, but sufficiently expressive for the plain purposes of the speakers, and talk, bristles with terms of the sea and its trades.

Personal dignity of a simple, matter-of-course, unassertive sort is the outstanding mark of the islanders, giving to their manners a fine touch of man-to-man sincerity. With it goes the instinctive courtesy of the man at ease as to his own place in the scheme of things, sure of himself, not looking for slights, cheerfully ready to concede to others precisely what he expects on his own account. The islanders have their own quaint oaths and expletives, fit to their occasions, and used with emphasis and fluency; but they are to the last degree careful of speech in the presence of women. Many of them have a surprising acquaintance with Hebrew and Christian Scriptures.

Those who journey from New York to Washington by the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-

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road look down from the train upon the multitudinous, tossing tree-tops of a densely forested island, which may be called Number One of the Chesapeake's ten thousand. It lies mid-way the very mouth of the Susquehanna, where the river widens as in joyous abandon for its union with the bay. The railway bridge rests in mid-stream upon a stout pier deeply set in the island so conveniently placed. Travellers find mind and eyes distracted by the glorious views North and South suddenly opened up by this journey over the billowy tree-tops. Northward lies the ample breadth of the river, flowing swiftly with ruffled shallows between banks partly forested, partly cultivated. The East bank rises in the bold steep hills of Cecil county, wooded to the top, mimic mountains that roll Northward, one after another until lost in the blue distance of Pennsylvania, beyond the odd little river-and-hill town of Port Deposit, the farthest North of Eastern Shore ports. It has clung courageously to its steep hill-side, despite repeated Spring freshets of the stream that have placed its lower business district under water, and piled its streets with huge cakes of ice brought down by the frost-dammed river. On the West, the Harford county shores are gentler, with cultivated slopes in the fore-

ground, and wooded hills stretching Northward to Conowingo Bridge. The sudden splendid opening of the river view Northward is apt to distract the traveller's eyes from the scene Southward over the island, where spreads the sunny expanse of the Chesapeake, widening and widening to misty-dim shores on either hand. A few miles below the mouth of the Susquehanna, and a little Westward of the Chesapeake's middle line, lies Spesutia Island, named in memory of Colonel Nathaniel Utie, who made it his military base in 1659, when he was trying to bully the Dutch out of the Peninsula. "Spes Utiae," he called it in Latin, "The Hope of Utie."

Greatest and loveliest of the Chesapeake Islands, and the earliest home of European civilization on the Eastern Shore, is Kent Island, which hugs the coast of Queen Anne's county eight or ten miles across the bay from Annapolis. A ferry of about three hours connects Kent Island with Baltimore, and in turn links itself to the mainland Eastward, by means of a railway traversing the island, whence it runs to Lewes and Rehoboth, touching at twenty villages and hamlets on the Eastern Shore and in Delaware. Historically Kent Island is one of the most interesting spots on

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the Peninsula. Here remain traces of the earthworks with which William Claiborne held off the attacks of Lord Baltimore, and here Claiborne built the very first Anglican Church on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. During the World War the island narrowly escaped depopulation that it might be made an artillery proving ground. Historic instinct and local loyalty barely saved the spot from this threatened outrage, and left it, let us hope, a perpetual monument to an interesting past. Many residents and some non-resident proprietors wished to sell out at the handsome terms expected of the Federal Government.

A ruddy, year-round inhabitant of Kent Island, seated on his cottage piazza, well back from the bold bluff of the Chesapeake shore, and staring contentedly across to Annapolis, amid the silence of the closed bungalows of trivial summer residents all about him, spoke with smiling calm of the proposal after it had been defeated. Said he with an earnest eye, "If the Government really needs this place, the Government ought to have it; if the Government merely wants this place, we shouldn't let the Government have it."

The phrase was neat, and the tone and look of the speaker were sincere. He was not an

old inhabitant, for he had occupied his cottage only five years; but he seemed to love his high-set home, with its inspiring prospect of sea and sky glimpsed through bordering trees.

"We're 27 miles from Baltimore," said he, "with two mails and two boats a day, and with a good shell road to an auto garage. There's delicious bathing right down at the foot of the bluff; and I can pull out to that purse net whenever I choose, and get as many fish as we need. Then I have that view. This is a pretty good place to stay," he added before he repeated his epigrammatical formula.

William Claiborne is the *bête noire* of Marylanders, early and late, but admired of Virginians. Virginia was jealous of the Calvert Palatinate, as a bit carved out of what the Old Dominion regarded as her patrimony. Claiborne, a member of the Virginia Council, and sometime "Secretary of State for the Kingdom of Virginia," obtained important rights of trading in the New World, and made Kent Island a trading station, where in 1631 he had goods from a London house to exchange with the Indians for peltries. He must have visited the island frequently, though his residence was down and across the Chesapeake in Virginia. The Calverts in 1634 tried to treat with him for a

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peaceable understanding, but he held out for possession of Kent Island under the phrase of the Calvert patent, "*hactenus inculta.*"

At last they and he had a small naval battle in Pocomoke River, in which there were fatalities, and prisoners, and Claiborne's party was worsted. This fight followed the seizure of a trading vessel of Claiborne's by the Calverts. Claiborne's London partners eventually recognized the Calvert claim as just; but Claiborne off and on resisted it, and joined with a disaffected Marylander to seize the Palatinate, which he held and harried for two years. Later came his official commission from Cromwell to subdue the Maryland royalists, and later still his loss of influence with the British Government.

Claiborne was one of those adventurous younger sons of good English families who tried to carve out great landed estates for themselves in America. The type has persisted to this day in English colonies, and Claiborne seems to have been a sort of lesser and cruder colonial Cecil Rhodes. He is represented in tradition as a man of great physical strength, and courage, who laid the rod with his own hands upon the backs of those who would not do his will, even in one instance upon the back of an Indian chief. Herrman was a Claiborne of greater vision,

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stronger sense of social duty, and possibly nicer conscience, though withal he cut a smaller figure in colonial affairs.

Among the 2500 inhabitants of Kent Island are some who claim descent from William Claiborne; and scattered over the island are farm houses closely copied from those of Seventeenth Century England. A family claiming descent on the one side from Claiborne, on the other from the Gallatins, has preserved an Eighteenth Century ancestor's record of game shot on the Island and its surrounding waters, an amazing tale, which proves how rich the region was in geese, ducks, swan, and the wild creatures of wood and field. Fish and fowl are still relatively abundant, but most of Kent Island has long been under cultivation, and its wheat crop has been locally famous for more than half a century. Its remaining forests are rich in huge hard wood trees, its pastoral scenes are charmingly peaceful, and its fleet of fishing craft lends a lively picturesqueness to its waters morning and evening. Hard by is the Miles River of the Eastern Shore, famous for fine old homesteads, and just across the bay in full view open up the Severn and South Rivers.

Kent Island has not been careful of its antiquities. The long earthwork, running for

miles from deep water to deep water across the Southern part of the island, and defended with success against the attacks of Lord Baltimore by land and sea, has crumbled in two centuries and three-quarters to a low, irregular mound, partly under cultivation, though still to be traced at many places. The last brick of the oldest church in the island, was removed to help build a new church elsewhere, though the rector prayed that a monument of some sort, made of the actual material in the old building, be left with a suitable inscription to show that Claiborne had set up a place of worship here. Kent Island deserves memorial at the hands not only of the Anglican Church, but of equal suffragists, for here lived once Margaret Brent, that amazing and gigantic woman of the mid-Seventeenth Century, who boldly asserted her right to sit in the Assembly of the Palatinate.

After somewhat more than an hour's run from Crisfield, the busiest little port of the Eastern Shore, the steamboat from Baltimore touches in the grayed rose and gold of dawn at a lone wharf on a tiny sand-spit almost in mid-Chesapeake. At times many passengers and some tons of freight are landed upon this lone, bare spot, and a dozen or perhaps a score of

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small craft are moored to its spiles or seen hastening across the bay from the Westward. A mile-and-a-half distant, and almost exactly half way between the two shores, a long, irregular mass of foliage is dimly outlined against the horizon. That mass of foliage is Tangier Island, and the lone sand-spit is its harbor, the Callao to this Lima of the Chesapeake. Tangier Island is so surrounded by shoals that no vessel of considerable draft can approach its shores; but nevertheless, the island is busy, prosperous, and populous, as it has been for the better part of three centuries. No doubt Tangier, like many another island of the Chesapeake, owes its early civilization to the simple fact that many hardy folk of the Seventeenth Century, finding eligible sites on the mainland preëmpted by earlier comers, preferred the severe life of fishermen, with the free natural opportunities of the world's richest waters, to the condition of renters, or farm laborers, or even farm owners in the back country, far from the desirable "water situations" beloved of all Eastern Shore folk. Whatever the reason for the choice of the islanders, they chose wisely for an energetic race loving freedom and fearless of hardship. According to tradition the original settlers

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bought the island of the Indians for a trifle. If so they made a good bargain.

When the stranger lands from the bugeye, canoe, or other light-draft vessel that carries him from Tangier's harbor to Tangier itself, he finds a path or lane, wide enough for five or six persons abreast, and nearly a mile long, running between the whitewashed fences on either hand of many specklessly neat little houses. This is the main street of the island; these are the homes of Tangier's two thousand inhabitants. There are five or six stores, truly so named, for the merchants of Tangier lay in considerable stocks of miscellaneous goods; there are neat and sufficient schoolhouses, and a considerable Methodist Church without architectural pretensions. Each store has its porch with benches upon which the men of the island gather on warm or mild nights to discuss the news of the day, with possibly now and then a bit of local gossip, while the women are busied after their own fashion in the brightly lighted village homes. Sometimes a man reads aloud the news of the great outside world to a crowd of interested listeners.

Tangier's wheeled vehicles are mostly wheelbarrows, and boats serve for local transportation, for many of the houses have a tidal canal



DIP-WELL ON CHINCOTEAGUE



CHINCOTEAGUE PONIES IN THE ROUGH



A CHINCOTEAGUE COTTAGE

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dug almost to the doorstep. Horses and cattle are few, and, indeed, there is a legend that the island for a long while boasted only one cow. Geese, ducks, chickens, and pigs there are; and gardening is a local industry of importance, for Spring comes early, and Autumn frosts hold off late. The area available for gardening is not large, for the island is much cut up by its tidal inlets. Marriage also comes early on Tangier, and the school authorities of Accomack county, to which jurisdiction the island belongs, complain that it is hard to get the young people much beyond the grammar school grades, so apt are they to marry early. As on many of the Chesapeake Islands the custom of early marriage is traditional, and life retains a patriarchal touch, for the old folk are apt to build upon the family ground a little cottage for the new household. Nearly a third of the inhabitants are said to bear the name Crockett, but that may be a local exaggeration, although, surnames are relatively few.

Tangier has no hotel, but the postmaster, a shrewd, intelligent, benevolent person, entertains strangers. To the inquiry, "Can you let me have a post card?" His answer was, "Yes, one or six thousand." The traveller finds himself lodged in a neat and comfortable little

bedroom with a pleasant outlook seaward, and fed on the best that Tangier affords. At supper he has oysters raw, fried, stewed, and perhaps in some other form, corn-bread or hot cakes, the vegetables of the season, crabs, apple pie, native ripe figs, stewed and served with cream. Other meals are equally abundant, and a "helping" is never scanted.

Some years ago the postmaster rendered to the community an essential service that should not be forgotten. A stranger with tongue glib as glass came offering stock in a gold mine, apparently like Brer Rabbit's, "one wot I made myse'f." Alarmed at the hypnotic effect of the stranger's eloquence, the postmaster consulted a lawyer on the mainland, and came home with the wise advice to beware of that particular Pharisee's leaven. "If the gold mine was so promising a thing as the promoter preached it to be," said the lawyer in effect, "he would not have to come to Tangier to sell stock." When the postmaster had laid this argument before a few local leaders, it was decided that the promoter should be allowed three hours to leave Tangier forever, and he took his departure by the next boat to Baltimore.

During a recent severe winter, Tangier was cut off from the outside world for many weeks,

without communication by boat, by mail, by telephone or by telegraph. The isolation was complete, except that a few adventurous spirits, apprized by signals from Watt's island hard by that the hermit from Jersey City who lived there was in distress, managed to reach his hermitage and fetch him to comfort and safety. A travelling salesman who reached Tangier at the opening of navigation late in February found that the islanders had suffered no serious inconvenience by their sudden reversion to Seventeenth Century conditions. They had plenty of money, food was abundant, and the merchants had driven a lively trade. The sick were well attended, for the island employs a doctor at public expense to serve all inhabitants, and the post is sought by young graduates in medicine, as offering for a few years the chance of a general experience.

Religion is taken seriously at Tangier, and most of the inhabitants are Methodists. Henry A. Wise has described with much charm a camp meeting on the island in the spring of 1828. The Bible is by far the most popular book with the islanders, and they have an acute critical taste in preaching. Until recently a local law required all residents to attend church on Sunday. The policeman a few years ago, finding a boy idling

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in front of his home when he should have been at church, reproved him, and when the sinner declined to obey the Sunday law, the policeman shot him. For this severe method with an unrepentant sinner the zealous officer was tried, convicted, and sentenced to jail. Tangier acquired an unwelcome notoriety because of the occurrence, and it is said that the islanders are now apt to expel any stranger too freely using a camera when he visits there. The Sunday law has been modified, but it is still bad form to stay away from church. The postmaster has not missed Sunday School in more than half a century.

Many other islands exhibit conditions somewhat similar to those of Tangier, but most of them are not so isolated by shallows, and many are near enough the mainland to be connected with it by bridge. Tilghman's Island, Hooper's Island, Deal's Island, Saxi's Island, are some of the better known places visited by the steamboats from Baltimore; but there are many others inhabited by fishermen, and having a local trade in fish, fresh or packed; on most there are gardens, churches, schools, and on not a single one is there poverty or squalor. Public sentiment is strong for order in these island communities; and in those considerably in-

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habited there is an effective religious sentiment that helps to care for public morals.

Of the many score islands thickly fringing the Eastern Shore counties of Virginia, the most interesting and populous is Chincoteague, lying on the Atlantic coast just below the Maryland line, and for most of its own coast protected from the surges of the ocean by the end of the outlying peninsula of Assateague. Chincoteague (the name is locally pronounced Jink-atig) is reached from the railway terminus at Franklin City, named for a former Judge of Worcester County, by little steamers that run in forty minutes seven miles across the shallows of Chincoteague Sound. A bridge has recently been opened to connect the island with the mainland of Accomack, so that the islanders now have direct communication by means of a broad highway with the New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railway, and an outlet North and South by fast freight and passenger trains for themselves and their products. The bridge, which is really a chain of bridges alternating with solid causeways, straddles the shallows of Chincoteague Sound for about four miles. Its builder was Captain John Whealton, a native islander, who has done like things in Florida. There is a plan for connecting Chincoteague

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by bridge with Assateague. In shape the island bears a crude likeness to a humpback whale, with its head pointed North-eastward toward the Maryland line, its hump turned toward Assateague.

The stranger landing on Chincoteague is struck at once with the glitter and sparkle of everything in sight. Its swarm of little boats bow and toss to the wavelets breaking in myriad mirrors all over the land-locked harbor, and its pebbles seem polished especially to do honor to the guest. What the dazzled eyes of the stranger make out as most striking when he is once ashore, is the well-paved main street lighted by electricity, and stretching for more than a mile along the water front. Thickly seated along this street are simple and comfortable homes, most of them small, some of them rather large, none of architectural distinction, and a number of business buildings, mostly of wood. Automobiles move up and down the street, and at busy corners stands a mechanical traffic regulator. Everywhere are the signs of an active and intelligent community, and of course there is a blazing, blaring "movie" theatre.

Chincoteague is about eight miles long, and at no point quite two miles wide, with a total area of perhaps six thousand acres. It has a pop-

ulation of four thousand, and a soil that yields food for considerably less than a tenth of that number; yet poverty is unknown, and all are not only abundantly fed, but comfortably housed and fitly clothed. There are many churches, and ample school houses for all the children, of whom there is a great number, for race suicide is not Chincoteague's favorite crime. The general prosperity of the island is due to the presence of a hardy and industrious race living amid waters rich in oysters, and a great variety of fish; and to the wise laws of Virginia permitting any citizen to catch oysters on the natural beds or "rocks", as the local term is, on payment of a license fee proportioned to the size of the boat and the kind of tools used, and forbidding anyone to make private property of such deposits. The result of these conditions, of course, is that no able-bodied man of average energy and personal initiative will work ashore for much less than he may hope to earn as a self-employed oysterman, "crabber" or fisherman. Chincoteague has justices of the peace and two or three policemen; but the machinery of public order is not overworked, because crime is rare, and the community is in the main self-regulative.

Half a dozen streets penetrate the interior

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from the main highway, but gradually fade out in the sand or end in marshy ponds. A central bit of mingled pine and hardwood forest is traversed by natural aisles through which the sea winds sweep in solemen anthem, and where flourish a breed of small and singularly blood-thirsty mosquitoes. Thickets surround the interior ponds, and here the mocking-bird nests and sings. A flowering cactus grows in the driest sands, and the island is rich in many blooming wild plants unfamiliar to regions farther North. Scattered through the interior are comfortable little homes of the fishermen, swarming with children, and gay with blooming dooryards. Here and there, the well-sweep survives and even the long-handled dipping bucket. At the Northern extremity of the island is the old graveyard associated with the early past of Chincoteague. Here are graves marked with the figure-heads of wrecked ships, and the spot has a melancholy charm by reason of great trees, played upon day and night by the Atlantic winds.

Chincoteague has long been famous for its race of half-wild ponies, pastured the year round upon the wind-swept prairies at the Southern end of the island, and many of them upon the ever green interior glades. Jennings

Cropper Wise, says in his fascinating "Early History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia," that Chincoteague "was first prospected and granted to one of the colonists in 1670 by James II," a patent typographical blunder, for James did not come to the throne until 1685. The island must have been peopled in some measure by whites before 1670, for it was an attractive spot easily reached from the mainland, and offering much in its own soil and in the natural opportunities of its surrounding waters. Mr. Wise rejects a popular notion that the ponies were found upon the island by the earliest white settlers, though horses may have reached Chincoteague before 1670; for Mr. Wise himself notes that the first horse was brought to the Eastern Shore in 1642, and that horses turned loose to breed upon the salt meadows became such a nuisance that the settlers by agreement fenced them upon "necks" so that they should not destroy crops. As the ponies are excellent swimmers, some may have escaped to Chincoteague from outlying necks, or settlers of the mainland may have placed horses on the island for breeding purposes. Whatever the origin of the ponies, they are fine, hardy, well formed, and easily tamed little animals, larger than most European ponies, and, indeed,

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rather to be regarded as small horses than of the pony type. The colts at pasture are unkempt little beasts, but a few months of brush and curry-comb will fetch them to a satiny smoothness. Once a year in August they are rounded up, and branded, a ceremony known as "the pony penning," when many of the ponies are sold at auction.

From Assateague Light, a nobly rigid tall shaft of masonry, one sees a great number of the ponies pasturing upon Chincoteague and upon the fields that border the shores of Assateague itself. This densely wooded, narrow peninsula is spread map-like beneath the eyes of the beholder at the top of the lighthouse; and from that high perch upon fair days one seems to be ringed with the richly azure sea, and roofed as with a vast bell-glass of like color. The troubled Atlantic rolls in white furrows of foam where the breakers play upon the shoals, and great areas of the sea's bottom are lit to golden yellow as the sun strikes through the shallows. Ponies stand knee-deep in the warm surf, or move in and out of the forests penetrated by the paths that they have made in their wanderings of many generations.

CHAPTER XV

OCCUPATIONS

AGRICULTURE, fishing, shipbuilding, and water-borne commerce were the basic industries of the Peninsula from early colonial times, as they are still outside the few considerable cities. Village communities have grown up mainly to minister to the needs of those engaged in the basic industries, though many such communities, especially those situated upon navigable streams or inlets, have nursed metropolitan ambitions. Wilmington grew rather early into a manufacturing community and important market town. Some villages with water-power, set up in the late Eighteenth Century mills for the weaving of cloth, and for other purposes. The Dutch, of course, set up windmills, and the Swedes before them had milled corn and wheat. When the colonists of the Peninsula had overcome the early hardships of life in a raw land, they found themselves, as American colonists elsewhere, in an economic condition that Europe had not known for many centuries. Land, under which

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term political economists include not merely arable soil, but all natural opportunities—mineral deposits, water-power, fishing shores—was so abundant as to be free to all; but labor and capital—tools, machinery, metallic currency—were scarce. Naturally enough, therefore, wages, although low as measured in money, were high as measured in the ordinary products of labor such as could be wrung from the soil. In other words, every able-bodied man was sure of a simple living from the work of his hands, and there was no such thing as unemployment. Consequently any man of energy or the slightest personal initiative preferred to be self-employing as farmer, fisherman, hunter, sailor, to serving an employer at less than a living wage. Every man might reasonably hope not merely to own land, and be independent of employers, but eventually to become a capitalist, great or small.

The result of this condition was to make us the most inventive people in the world. It also made us slave-holders. Our inventive genius was early directed toward the contriving of labor economies, whether in the form of tools and machines or in that of labor-saving processes. Labor was necessary to produce wealth, to wring from the soil, food, clothing, shelter, and to create capital by which all such things



DREDGERS ON A CALM AFTERNOON



COAN RIVER: AT ANCHOR AND AT PEACE

OCCUPATIONS

could be more cheaply produced. As all owned land or hoped to own that and capital as well, it was to the interest of all to save that precious necessity, "labor," by the use of tools, machinery, ingenious processes, any kind of short-cut. Everybody wished to save his own labor, if he were a self-employing person, or that of hired workers, were he an employer of others. A few colonists brought over with them hired servants; but the energetic among these naturally took to the land, or the water, and became self-employed. So too, "redemptioners," after they had worked out the "time" sold to those who paid for their passage, joined the self-employing class.

It was so hard to create a permanent serving class, that the colonists yielded to the temptation and set up the institution of slavery. The Indians did not prove good material out of which to make slaves. They accordingly soon became "the white man's burden;" and the white man, preferring to carry his burden as dead weight, slew the Indians. The African was brought over as the white man's burden-bearer; and poetic justice, eventually fixed him on the back of the white man, as a burden that clogged the progress of slave-holding communities. Climatic conditions, the quick and quickening

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conscience of the Quakers, and some less important considerations early freed the Northern slaves. Then the North found the swarming, cheap immigrant labor from Europe, at first mainly voluntary, later stimulated by advertising and even brought over under contract, a pretty effective substitute for slavery, economically considered, indeed, more profitable than slavery, and morally not so offensive to public conscience. On the Peninsula, unfortunately, African slavery persisted and increased for more than two centuries, though in parts of the region it died a languishing death.

Coming to the Peninsula with European preconceptions, the colonists were above all else land-hungry. Younger sons in England, disinherited of the soil by entail and primogeniture, saw their opportunity here to rival their elder brothers as landed gentlemen. Men of strong initiative and bold native ambition sought to be great landlords. Where the forms of feudality were set up, as in Maryland, such men sought lordships and vast manorial holdings upon feudal tenure. Luckily for the relatively late comers, who found the best sites preëmpted, the waters were free; and thousands instead of renting of the great landlords, serving as their hired men, or settling in the "back country,"

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took to the islands as fishermen, or lived in water-side hamlets as free, skilled mechanics, fishing perhaps if time served. Throughout the whole colonial period and ever since, the free natural opportunities of the immensely rich waters have been the resource of independent spirits, the means of establishing a natural minimum wage for able-bodied men.¹

After the Peninsula of the colonial period had learned the economic futility of making tobacco almost the sole crop for export, agriculture was varied, and in time came the "five field system" of culture. As the cities of the Atlantic slope grew and communications were improved, the culture of vegetables and small fruits for the urban markets began to be an important industry. Large crops, however, were preferred, and such the farmers of the Peninsula grew long after much of the soil was

¹In many colonies, as for instance, at Plymouth, communal land-holding was tried in the midst of the early hardships, but abandoned as deadening to personal initiative, when the danger of starvation or of massacre by the savages had passed. The colonists, with their European preconceptions, naturally lost the precious opportunity to establish justice by taxing site-values for public revenue. New-comers, whether immigrants or children born on the soil, therefore, found the best sites preëmpted, and had to serve others for wages, or go to regions less early settled, and the outlying lands on the edge of established settlements.

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unsuitable for competition with the virgin West in the growing of wheat and corn.

The peach craze reached Delaware in the decade before the Civil War, and spread over a large part of the Peninsula. When disease attacked the trees in upper and middle New Castle county, where the peach was first commercially grown upon a large scale, the "peach belt" moved slowly Southward on the Peninsula. Men who had bought land in large areas at Civil War prices, and planted thousands upon thousands of peach trees, were ruined between the peach disease, competition from peach-growers in other parts of the Peninsula and in New Jersey, and the contraction of the currency that came with the return to specie payments in 1879. Some such, after paying interest on borrowed capital for eight or ten years, saw their lands sold for less than the face of their mortgage; and not a few accepted the greenback heresy. Apple growing by modern methods and for commercial purposes came a generation after the peach blight, and in the course of twenty years proved highly profitable¹.

Packeries for tomatoes, other vegetables,

¹ Delaware has 548 apple trees to the square mile, nearly double the number of any other state. *U. S. Dept. Agriculture Bulletin*.

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small fruits, oysters, fish, crabs, became important industries in many parts of the Peninsula. "Company farming" has also taken a foothold on the Peninsula, an industrial and social development that needs intelligent scrutiny. Fortunately for the farmers of the Peninsula, the Agricultural Department of the University of Delaware, and the Agricultural Experiment Station of Maryland are alert to the possibilities of new and profitable crops, and intelligent guardians of the industry. "Book-farming" is no longer despised or suspected.

Wilmington has been for many years a ship-building city, and almost every river town on the Peninsula has or has had its shipyard. The best carpenters in much of the Eastern Shore are usually also skilled shipwrights. Some of these men have shown taste and invention in marine architecture, and have developed new types of craft adapted to local needs. Stout canoes are still made of hollowed logs, though not of a single hollowed log from a giant tree. The bugeye is still a popular fishing boat, sometimes of considerable size, and staunch in all weathers, though the skipjack, a comparatively recent model, is now the favorite larger Chesapeake fishing craft. The dory, with high stern and bow, much used by the fishermen of the

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Potomac, where the width of the river is such that smaller and lighter craft do not so well endure the high seas in rough weather, is less often seen in the Eastern Shore rivers. Most fishing craft now have auxiliary power, and many swift and rather large boats driven solely by gasoline or steam are used in the fisheries.

The greatest industry of the two bays is oystering.² It is important in Delaware Bay, essential above all other industries in the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and in the Atlantic waters of Accomack and Northampton, especially in the shallows about Chincoteague Island. Oystering in the Maryland waters lost something of its picturesque, not to say its heroic, aspect when Thomas Conté Bowie Howard gave up his place and rank as Commodore of the Oyster Navy to administer a Chesapeake ferry and develop an Eastern Shore farm. Captain Howard, as the Commodore was commonly called, loomed large and authoritative on the

² There was a time when the relatively high wages in the tidal basin of the Chesapeake caused by the freedom of access to the natural opportunities of the waters led to the "shanghaing" of men in Baltimore to recruit the crews of the larger oystering vessels. At the worst this system approached a sort of winter-long slavery for the men thus recruited in lieu of local laborers, who could not be had at lower wages than their earnings as self-employed oystermen. Penal law and changing conditions ended the abuse.



FARM HOUSE, WHITE CLAY CREEK VALLEY



SKIPJACK UNDER SAIL



A FEW THOUSAND BASKETS OF TOMATOES



LADEN OYSTER BOATS AT CRISFIELD

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upper deck of his powerful tug, with its rack of polished rifles in the cabin, and its lean, jacketed one-pounder in the bow, and looked the thing he was, the suave, but firm and judicial master of the Chesapeake. When he emerged from the mouth of the Choptank on an October morning, and approached the oyster grounds of Tangier Sound, the horizon Northward looked like a country cemetery, so closely serrated was it with the silhouetted white sails of the oyster boats.

From his post in front of the pilot house Captain Howard surveyed the scene appraisingly as his vessel neared the fleet. When his quick eye failed to detect upon the mainsail of any craft the license number in large black Arabic numerals, he hailed the offending ship-master with the mildly pertinent inquiry, "Cap'n, where's your license number?" As the delinquent sought to explain and temporize, Captain Howard listened with respectful attention, just as if he had not heard such a tale a thousand times before; but likewise, as also a thousand times before, the end of the colloquy was a polite but peremptory order to up-anchor and be off, an order obeyed promptly and without grumbling.

Cruising for a few miles up and down the bay, Captain Howard would now and again send out his subordinate officers in a launch to fetch

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in oystermen caught violating any provision of the somewhat detailed code; and he was apt to make for a convenient harbor, sometimes in the Potomac, with three or four delinquents in tow. Once at the wharf, he would send ashore for the nearest justice-of-the-peace, hold court in his cabin, acting in the double capacity of prosecutor and "assessor," and administer summary justice then and there, usually in the form of fines. The Virginians did say that Captain Howard in moments of zeal sometimes tried them in Maryland for offenses committed in the waters of Virginia; but perhaps such tales were the slanderous inventions of conscious sinners.

Evening often found Captain Howard steaming into the chief harbor of Coan River, a tributary of the lower Potomac; and before and after him, snowed in under press of canvas hundreds of the oyster fleet. In the rich afterglow of an old rose sunset, shot through with the delicious ethereal whiteness shed by a great moon new-risen, the winged craft sought their anchorage. Then through the deepening peace of twilight, as it wore toward the luminous night, from the laggards of the fleet there floated the pleasant sounds of sails slatting downward, of dropping anchor chains, of oars gently dipped

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and responsive oar-locks, of echoing calls from boat to boat, of voice in song, of flute or mere accordion on the deck of some dim-described craft; and all these mingled with the playful barking of dogs, and the laughter of children ashore. Then came the final serenity of the moonlit night, accentuated rather than disturbed by the baying of watch dogs, or the crowing of cocks that answered far inland from roost to roost, with no sign of life in the little harbor save the hint conveyed by the riding lights of all those serried ships, or the belated hail of a tender returning with supplies from the village store. Rocked by a gentle heave of the moonlit tide beneath a windless sky, a thousand weary men slept snug in their narrow berths, until the gray and rose of early dawn streaked the East far across the broad bosom of the Chesapeake, calling the crews to a new day of labor.

The shad fisheries of both bays are important, and that of Delaware Bay and its great river has the quaint history of a century-long contest between New Jersey and Delaware as to rights and jurisdictions. Delaware long claimed that the Northern are rightfully extended across the river and gave her exclusive privileges as to fishing within that sector, through the whole

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width of the river up to mean tide on the Jersey shore. Both bays are fished also for herring, and a great variety of larger food fish, as also menhaden to be turned into fertilizer; for the Peninsula is in some sense the gift of the sea, as to food actual and potential. The pound nets of the Eastern Shore fishermen extend for miles along the edge of the navigable channel in the bay itself and in its innumerable tributaries. Before the era of power boats and auxiliary engines, nets were tended in long craft, driven by huge sweeps in the hands of stout negroes. The business has lost charm, but gained efficiency, by the prosaic substitution of gasoline for human muscles.

Wilmington's industries include two that have long been peculiarly her own, leather, especially morocco, and explosives. The former gave the city its first very rich man, Colonel Henry C. McComb, whose wealth seems trivial compared with that provided for many Wilmingtonians by the second industry. Pierre Samuel Du Pont de Nemours, a pupil of the celebrated French chemist Lavoisier, and highly distinguished as statesman and man of letters, came to the United States in 1799, a few months before the death of George Washington, and won from Washington encouragement

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to undertake the manufacture of gunpowder in this country. In 1802, before Du Pont had actually taken up his residence here, the works were established on a small scale at Wilmington, with the countenance of the Federal Government. Through most of the Nineteenth Century the business was not a great one, as tried by the standards of today; for almost forty years after the manufacture was founded the capital invested was less than \$1,000,000, the number of employes barely 500. The business expanded during the Mexican War; but shortly before the Civil War, the capital invested was less than \$2,000,000; by 1870 it was nearly \$5,000,000. But for the Du Pont works, the Civil War might have been much prolonged. Before 1860 one of the Du Ponts had hit upon Chilean saltpetre as a substitute for the far costlier potassium nitrate in the manufacture of explosives, a discovery that revolutionized the business, for thereafter in time of peace the manufacture of blasting powders for use in agriculture and other industries became far more important to the Du Ponts than the manufacture of warlike munitions.

Although the family had long been popularly reputed of fabulous wealth, the whole capital invested in explosives in the United States at

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the opening of the present century was less than \$8,500,000. It was not until the World War that Du Pont business expanded into the vast concern of recent times, although before that period the surplus capital of the company and of individual members of the family had been diverted to undertakings unrelated to munitions or to explosives of any sort. As noted in the chapter on Wilmington, with the close of the great war, the company rapidly turned many of its munitions factories to the uses of peace, and as far as possible retained employes summoned from many occupations in the period of expansion, though of course the process of contraction necessarily squeezed out many from almost all ranks.³

³A member of the Du Pont family has recently written a valuable history of the company up to the great war. Some aspects of the Du Pont Company in its recent development are discussed in the chapter on Wilmington.

CHAPTER XVI

HUMORS OF LAW AND POLITICS

AS this book is not controversial it makes no pretence to serious political history, whether of Delaware or of the Eastern Shore. The truth is that the author could not discuss the politics of his native state for the past generation without offending now one party, now the other, and often both. As to the political history of the Eastern Shore, that is part of Maryland's and Virginia's political history, a subject manifestly too large for the space that could be afforded politics in a volume of the scope and purpose herein undertaken. What is said of politics in this chapter, therefore, must be mainly by way of illustrating the temperament and attitude of folk on the Peninsula.

Political feeling has been bitter on the Peninsula and especially in Delaware since the enfranchisement of the colored people, and the consequent and natural solid support given by that race to one political party. In Delaware partisan bitterness was increased by an assessment law intended to exclude by indirection a con-

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siderable part of the colored voters from the polls, a law futile in the end for the purposes of the enacting party. The use of money to corrupt voters, an old abuse, grew at length into a gross public scandal throughout much of Delaware; and the merciless misuse of the spoils system almost throughout the Peninsula tended to debase public morals and ideals. There are, however, bright spots in the political history of the Peninsula, and it has given at least its full share of distinguished public men to the local area and to the nation. Undeniably also, some of the darker phases of politics have been lightened by the play of a rough tolerant humor characteristic of these communities.

Locally famous names, some of national importance, long had determining weight in party councils and at the polls. Perhaps this was and still is peculiarly true of Accomack and Northampton, though the Eastern Shore of Maryland has also delighted to honor men of personal and ancestral distinction. Delaware was long proud of her weight in the United States Senate, of the places held by her citizens in the President's cabinet, and upon the Federal bench. The judiciary of the State, appointive, and until somewhat recently of life tenure, also attracted men of ability and character. No

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doubt the bench was at times a convenient shelving place for men who might have been troublesome in politics, and, to vary the figure, sometimes a consolation purse for those distanced in the race for political honors; but the judiciary has held the respect of the bar and the people. Indeed the judiciary of the whole Peninsula has profited by the popular heritage of the traditional English respect amounting to veneration for the office and title of judge.

In Delaware the higher political places were once left by a sort of tacit understanding to the competition of leaders respected for education and name, minor offices to the rough scramble of local politicians. The "county offices" in Delaware, closely related to the courts, paid by fees and filled by appointment of the Governor, were greatly sought, and made a source of party funds. So, too, the elective sheriff, whose fees in New Castle county amounted to many thousand dollars a year, was a considerable contributor to the same funds, and the office tended to become the resort of financially embarrassed men, who sometimes retrieved their fortunes in a single term. "Rotation in office" was a favorite doctrine, which in practice came to mean a game of pussy-wants-a-corner. Old-timers flitted from one appointive place to an-

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other, with now and then a luckless one left out in the cold workaday world, because some "new" man had managed to break into the magic ring. Such a system could not continue, and it gave way to one of salaried offices, with fees that went to the treasury.

Under life tenure the bench in Delaware was at last occupied largely by white-haired veterans, so that when it was proposed to set up a home for aged men, the witty William T. Croasdale, said, "Why, when we have the bench?" An aged justice taking his accustomed siesta one day to the soothing drone of a legal argument, suddenly woke with a start, violently beckoned a member of the bar, and whispered, "What in hell's before the Court?" The judicial term was finally limited, and the bench rejuvenated without the sacrifice of popular respect for the judiciary; though in a recent instance public opinion was shocked by the suspicion of partisan abuse in appointments to the bench.

Characteristic of Delaware's conservatism is the survival of the chancellorship as part of the judicial machinery. Delaware also has had its local case in chancery, a sort of *Jarndyce vs Jarndyce*, dragging on for two generations. After more than a half-century of litigation,

during which time the just intentions of one chancellor after another were hampered, this case came under the eye of Chancellor Charles Minot Curtis, who recently retired at the close of a highly creditable term, bearing with him as a permanent personal decoration, the title "honorable," normally attaching to the office. The long delayed case received at his hands a successful administration such as conditions had made impossible to his predecessors.

The case is a trust created under the will of Colonel Benjamin Potter, who died in 1843, leaving many hundred acres of land to be so administered that the proceeds should go to poor whites of Kent county not in the almshouse. The testator seems to have hoped that help in crises might save men from becoming permanent paupers. Chancellor Curtis learned that in consequence of litigation and of legislation probably inspired by the litigants, the trust at the end of more than half a century had yielded only \$750 to the intended beneficiaries, or less than \$10 a year. Litigation and betterments had consumed most of the proceeds. Improved agricultural conditions and markets accompanying the World War changed the balance sheet of the trust, so that the net earnings for the four years ending in July, 1918 were about

\$5000 a year, and the property, more than once officially declared worthless, was valued at \$100,000. Buildings were repaired, the testator's neglected grave was fitly marked, the land was fertilized, the poor whites were helped, and a sum was invested in quickly realizable securities as a guarantee of income against future contingencies. Retiring, Chancellor Curtis left the trust in wholesome condition, under the administration of a faithful and capable trustee.

Delaware's criminal jurisprudence also retains a conspicuous mark of the native conservatism, for although the stocks disappeared long ago, and the pillory more recently, the whipping post survives. Delawareans are angrily sensitive to outside criticism of the whipping post, but growing sentiment at home will probably rid the State of this antique machine. The whipping post is now stationed at the workhouse in New Castle county, where whippings are private. An attempt to restore this instrument of criminal justice to Kent and Sussex counties failed through the refusal of the Governor to sign a law to that effect.

The bench and bar of the Eastern Shore are famous for interesting men and quaint stories; and Accomack and Northampton in particular have a history of early criminal punishments

intended to conserve private morals, that smack of Puritan Plymouth. Judge James Alfred Pearce of Chestertown, whose father was United States Senator, died recently leaving a grateful memory. His mother was a Laird of a Scotch-Irish family. The immigrant James Laird, son of an Ulster Protestant farmer and linen-bleacher, came to America near the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and was twice married in Pennsylvania. His two sets of children, the men of whom were mostly lawyers or ministers of the gospel, became widely scattered over the Middle Western states and the border South. It is told of a Laird lawyer, who died young in Ohio, that he left a will with a provision running somewhat in this fashion: "To that damned Yankee, Dr. Potter, a watch that I lost in Wheeling, if he can find it." Now the excellent Dr. Potter was the much loved and respected next-door neighbor of the testator's clerical brother-in-law.

Judge William R. Martin of Talbot county, a native of Worcester, and colleague of Judge Pearce, had warm human sympathies and quick humorous perception. He liked to tell of his misadventures in buying a mare of a negro farmer. Pleased with the beast when he saw it in Easton, he drove out to the farmer's and tried

to buy it, but thought the price too high. The owner was firm, and the Judge came home, only to be haunted by the memory of that mare. Twice more he visited the farmer, to find each time that his price had risen. Still honing for the mare, and perhaps recalling the tale of the Cumæan Sibyl and her books, he went once more to the farmer, and paid the yet further enhanced price, which was probably fifty per cent. more than he could have bought the animal for in the first instance.

Judge Ara Spence had before him once in the court at Snowhill a negro who was asked to plead to the charge of selling contraband whiskey. "'Co's Ah's guilty," said the prisoner cheerfully. "'Tain't no use to say Ah ain't. De jedge dar, he knows Ah's guilty; fer didn' he come to dat kerridge house an' pay me good money fer a dipper full o' dat whiskey, an' didn' he say, 'Gabe, dats pooty good fer conterband!'" Without loss of gravity the Judge said: "Prisoner pleads guilty; \$10 and costs." Then, turning to the Clerk of the Court, he added, "Mr. Clerk, put this down against me."

Strangers have found it hard to win the political affections of Delaware or the Eastern Shore. In fact Delaware long had in effect a political non-importation act. Not even the im-

pudent alien with money to burn could quite have his own way as to high office; and the Thackerayan Irishman, John O'Byrne, with his equally Thackerayan family, and his not less Thackerayan newspaper, in spite of native humor, an infectious smile, and popular eloquence enhanced by a rich brogue, gave up his attempt to win a seat in Congress, and shook the dust of Delaware from his shoes. Irving Handy came a stranger to Delaware, and went to Congress, thanks to an Eastern Shore paternal ancestry of high credit, the Kentucky Breckinridge blood on the maternal side, and his own native gifts.

Both the Bayards and the Saulsburys, the former early Gallo-Dutch, the latter of old Virginian and Eastern Shore ancestry, may be said to have "belonged" to Delaware from the beginning. As a matter of fact, the first James Asheton Bayard was a native of Philadelphia, but born in 1767, when as yet Pennsylvania and Delaware were somewhat closely knit, or as Delawareans say in moments of expansive pride, when Pennsylvania was part of the older civilized community, Delaware. The Saulsburys reached Northumberland county, Virginia, in the famous Northern Neck, nursery of statesmen, in 1645, where the immigrant acquired large land holdings, and brought over many

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colonists. His son John became the ancestor of the Delaware Saulsburys, going to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, probably before 1679, whence in turn his son Andrew removed to lower Kent county, Delaware, before the partition of the Peninsula between the Penns and the Calverts. Andrew's tract of four hundred acres has descended to the present Willard Saulsbury.

Three Bayards, father, son, and grandson, sat in the United States Senate after service in the House of Representatives. The family came to its fine flower in the person of the late Thomas F. Bayard, the third Senator. He served as Secretary of State in Mr. Cleveland's first cabinet, was our first envoy to the Court of St. James's accredited with the rank of ambassador, and the favorite candidate for President with thousands of the most highly intellectual men in his own party, of not a few in the opposing party.

Judge George Gray, who succeeded Mr. Bayard in the Senate, and carried on Delaware's best tradition in that body, would, it is believed, have been appointed to the Supreme bench, but that he was needed at his post as Senator. He helped to negotiate the treaty with Spain after our war with that country, and to settle the first great strike of coal miners.

He now lives at Wilmington as retired Justice of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, honored of all men, without distinction of party, a Delawarean of the best tradition, social, political, and professional.

Much associated with both Ambassador Bayard and Judge Gray was a Kent countian, destined to reach the highest judicial honors attained by any Delawarean, Justice John Bassett Moore of the great world-court. He came to Wilmington at the age of twenty, fresh from the University of Virginia, and after three years was admitted to the bar, a pupil of George Gray. Those who knew the quiet, studious unpretentious young man of those days, have found him ever since quiet and unpretentious, throughout a career of high distinction in difficult science, crowned at last with promotion to the great tribunal set up by mankind, in the hope that the men of the robe, rather than the men of the sword, shall have weight in the councils of the nations. It is significant of Justice Moore's faith in the value of tradition that he moved that he and his fellows of the new court should wear the robe, and he will probably prove at least as democratic in essentials as the justice who objected to the symbol as undemocratic.

Gassaway Watkins of McDonough, an interesting character of rural New Castle county, used to tell a story illustrating Thomas F. Bayard's sensitive hatred of political corruption. "Do you know, Tom," said Mr. Watkins, as he and the Senator drove along a dusty road in that quietly beautiful countryside, "some of us thought we'd have to raise \$10,000 to make sure of your election last time?"

"Good heavens!" cried the Senator, "I hope you didn't do it!" The familiar "Tom" of Gassaway Watkins was the form of address from many older men of the party to Mr. Bayard, even to the end of his career, though no man in the United States held quite the place of something like veneration that he occupied in the regard of Delawareans, not merely of the rank and file, but of high ability and distinction. His proud answer when there were murmurs against him in the party was, "Home has no terrors for me!," an utterance of a piece with his warning to some of his own party who wished to see him President, that spoilsmen must expect little at his hands.

Shortly before the Democratic National Convention of 1884, in which body Mr. Bayard developed considerable strength as a candidate, his friends were much disturbed at an interview

with him published by the *New York Herald*, because it contained some things that could not have sounded pleasant to Benjamin F. Butler, also a candidate for the Democratic nomination. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bayard, far from fearing that he had offended Butler, feared only that some things in the interview might be twisted, so as to make him appear as tolerant of Butlerism. When Mr. Bayard, in his mellowing age went abroad as ambassador to a land that he understood and loved, he was happy in the mission, but like Mr. Buchanan uneasy lest the expense of his public service should make serious inroads upon his honorably small private fortune.

Paralleling the succession of three Bayards in the United States Senate was the candidacy of the three Saulsbury brothers, Gove, Eli, and Willard, for a seat in that body. Eli won and long held the place. He was a tall, slender, austere old bachelor, of unswerving rectitude, public and private, but highly practical in his political methods, and without a gleam of Senator Bayard's tenacious idealism. Gove had been Governor, and Willard, who had sat in the House of Representatives, where the youthful George Gray, looking down upon the assembled wisdom of that body from the gallery, thought that

swarthy, vigorous Delawarean, with the burning eyes and rebellious hair, the very picture of a statesman, died as Chancellor. His son Willard, after long and patient service as leader of a minority, was sent to the United States Senate, where he proved a capable aid to President Wilson, in times of stress, and amply won what was denied the senator—reëlection. Visiting Denton to look after real estate, Willard Saulsbury learned how long are memories in Caroline county, for at dinner in the local hotel he heard through a window this dialogue between two natives outside:

“Seen Senator Saulsbury in there?”

“No; is that Senator Saulsbury?”

“Yes; he’s from Dover or Wilmington, I reckon.”

“It’s a blamed lucky thing for them Delaware Saulsburys they moved out o’ Maryland.”

John Middleton Clayton was the idol of the Whigs, especially in his native Sussex, where he was famed as a tanner and admired as a fiddler, though to these accomplishments he added whatever a degree from Princeton and membership of the bar might have implied. Having negotiated the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, even to-day a subject of controversy, and seen it ratified by the Senate after a struggle in which he was bit-

terly assailed, he resigned as Secretary of State, soon after President Taylor's death on July 9, 1850. He returned to his quiet home below New Castle, wearied with public work; but stung by continued attacks upon his treaty, he sought reelection to the United States Senate in the popular canvass of 1852. Knowing that the Legislature to meet in January, 1853, would have a Democratic majority of one in the Senate, so that it might be impossible in the absence of mandatory law requiring a joint session of the two houses to choose a Senator, to make effective the large Whig majority of the House of Representatives, he nevertheless made a strong appeal for reelection that he might vindicate himself in the same body where he had been attacked, with the result that one Democratic Senator cast his vote for the joint session, and Clayton won his seat. A far more picturesque tale of the incident reports that Clayton won the election by his own eloquence, from an adverse Democratic majority, that he might help bring about the ratification of the treaty, pledging himself to resign when that was accomplished; but Merris Taylor of Wilmington, a careful writer upon political themes, has investigated the question and found evidence for the story substantially as told above. The official records

of Congress show that the treaty was transmitted to the Senate on May 22, 1850, and that ratifications were exchanged between the two governments on July 4 of the same year, while Clayton was still Secretary of State. Some encyclopædias err in dating Clayton's reelection in 1851.

Although Clayton served with distinction in the United States Senate for many years, and was once Chief Justice of the Delaware Courts, he had a homely simplicity that sometimes took surprising form. The late Henry Churchman of New Castle county was assigned the task as a boy of driving Mr. Clayton "down the State" as the familiar phrase has always been in the mouths of Delawareans. The boy was shy of his passenger, but after they had left urban civilization behind at Wilmington, Mr. Clayton drew off his "fine boots," put his feet on the dashboard, and said genially, "Now, Henry, we'll be happy." After that incident the drive was a long exchange of easy talk between boy and man.

A vanished political institution of Delaware was the Democratic County Meeting in the old Court House at New Castle. This meeting, all Democrats in good standing were privileged to attend, and there the humblest, it was assumed,

might have his say. In practice, of course, the meeting was skilfully managed by the politicians, who, like the watchers over Israel, neither slumber nor sleep. Nevertheless a thorn in the flesh to the little bosses was Sam Townsend of Appoquinimink hundred, a substantial and much respected farmer, the personal friend and almoner of his colored neighbors, but their uncompromising political opponent. William Herbert, a local politician of power, put the spoils system in a nutshell, when he complained: "The worst thing about Sam Townsend is that you can't shut him up, because he doesn't want anything."

Sam, the most picturesque figure at the County Meeting, sat in the long-legged chair of the court crier, whose "Oh yes! Oh yes!" was heard year after year by those who never suspected it for disguised Norman French. High above the crowd of fellow Democrats loomed Sam Townsend, clad in fresh yellow Nankeen suit, and displaying a huge, rubicund, smooth-shaven face, and polished bald pate, with a colored handkerchief in one hand, a palmleaf fan in the other, both in frequent and vigorous use to assuage a plentiful perspiration, as he keenly watched the proceedings to detect and expose the machinations of the managers. One day

when the figurehead put up for chairman of the meeting drew from his pocket a scrap of paper, and began reading the names of men whom he assumed to appoint to an important committee, Sam interrupted in a voice that reached all ears, and halted the timid chairman. "Here; none o' that," cried Sam. "You can't name a committee from a bit o' paper written out for you beforehand. The meeting'll name that committee!" That was enough, and the annoyed bosses looked on helpless while the man that "didn't want anything" had his way.

At the opening of the Civil War, Sam Townsend, met amid a thirsty bar-room crowd at Dover, a travelling salesman from New England, and fell into debate with him upon the issues of the day. At last the New Englander, red with earnestness, exclaimed, "Sir, the mothers of New England, like the mothers of Greece, handing their sons their shields, will say, 'With it, my son, or upon it!' " Sam looked round, saw that the crowd was impressed, realized that for him the day was lost unless he answered effectively and instantly, and, his blue eyes sparkling with sudden inspiration, threw up his arms, crying: "I'm done! I'm done! When a man goes to comparin' our modest American women to them damned stark naked Greeks, I'm done!"

Like Sam himself, the crowd knew the Greeks solely from crude illustrations of sculpture in their schoolbooks, and his appeal struck home. A howl of cheers went up, and the New Englander retired discomfited.

There are many tales in Delaware and on the Eastern Shore of voters openly put up at auction, of negroes, notoriously oblivious of time, holding out for a high bribe until too late to cast their ballots before the closing of the polls, and thus losing both pay and votes. A sheriff of Kent county on the Eastern Shore was to be elected in those sad, mad, glad, bad days gone, and the contest turned upon the vote of a single citizen, who had sat all day, metaphorically and literally, "on the fence", awaiting his reward. One manager offered him \$10, and was met by an advance to \$15 by the rival manager. Then a wag stepped forward, and posing as auctioneer, systemized the bidding. The price went to \$50, to which the opposing bidder added a new saddle and bridle, thus winning the vote that elected his candidate. Early next morning the defeated candidate was wakened by the impact of a handful of pebbles against his window, and looking out he saw his successful rival who had come praying a loan of \$500 upon the ground that the election had been so expensive as to

leave him on the edge of bankruptcy. With perfect good nature the loser made the loan, an act of neighborly generosity which made him so popular that thereafter he had but to ask for office to be sure of election.

Anthony Higgins, of a family long conspicuous in church and state, after years of party service was chosen United States Senator. His period of political activity covered one of peculiarly bitter attack, and he himself was mercilessly assailed by his Democratic opponents, not a few of whom had been his comrades from boyhood. His personality was strongly marked, and his face, the reverse of handsome, had a charm of its own, due to native vigor and the occasional decoration of a fascinating, wide-mouthed smile. He had also a gift of epigram, a provocative laugh, a manly voice of richest timbre. His personality and his racy speech were so distinctive that he lent himself to both caricature and parody. Perhaps it was a clever enemy, with perception of this fact and a rare dramatic gift, who made one of the shrewdest attacks that Anthony Higgins had to face. At any rate the charge was brought that the Republicans had conspired with Democratic election officers to falsify returns, and so dramatically true to the style and phrase of Mr. Higgins was a reported

telephonic conversation in furtherance of the plot, that all agreed that if the tale was not true, it was brilliantly invented.

His defenders, in denying the charge, had to admit that among his accusers must be one with a dramatic gift that should not be wasted in the squalid struggles of petty local politics. Anthony Higgins did not win a second term as Senator, and he died when still vigorous in his early seventies, but not before he had characterized a titular member of his own party seeking the senatorship, as "a moral idiot."

A chapter of amusing absurdities might be written touching phases and incidents of Wilmington's municipal politics in the decades immediately following the Civil War. Councilmen then received one dollar for attendance at each meeting, and it was for years the custom of this body to meet in the open at various places about the city, so as to observe directly places where public improvements were thought to be needed. In a single afternoon there were, on some days, five or six adjournments from place to place, with a consequent fee to each member of one dollar for each "meeting." Often meetings were only a few blocks apart; and a councilman sometimes "earned" his dollar by merely crossing the street.

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The Senate of Delaware with its nine members was long perhaps the smallest upper house in the world, and even now with seventeen it is far smaller than any other American state senate. It was at the opening of the daily session of this little body that the late Dr. George William Marshall of Milford, a huge man with a singularly soft voice, was asked in the absence of the Chaplain to lead in prayer. Marshall began the Lord's Prayer, manifestly embarrassed, and after many attempts, and many "vain repetitions" such as the heathen use, got as far as the phrase, "Thy kingdom come." He went over these words again and again amid the respectful silence of his fellows as they stood with bowed heads, and finally sat down in despair, exclaiming plaintively, "But, boys, it won't come!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE WELSH TRACT AND THE LABADISTS

TWO land transfers in the Northern part of the Peninsula, one of nearly four thousand acres wholly within Cecil county, the other of thirty thousand acres, about three-fourths of it in New Castle county, the rest in Cecil, made near neighbors of two very different religious bodies. The earlier and smaller of these bodies, Dutch Labadists and their converts, set up a communistic industrial and religious society in 1683, on part of Bohemia Manor. About twenty years later a colony made up mainly of Welsh Baptists, whose leader and minister was Thomas Griffith, took root upon the Welsh Tract, the Northern limit of which comes within about a mile of Newark. The Dutch Labadist mystics chose Bohemia Manor for the site of their little theocracy for the double reason that Catholic Maryland was tolerant, and Augustine Herrman, whom they thought to have conciliated, was a Protestant of former Dutch connections. Their Welsh Baptist neighbors, who came fleeing the cruel disabilities imposed upon British dissent-

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ers, chose Delaware for a resting place, because Penn also was tolerant, Delaware, rather than any part of Pennsylvania, doubtless because Penn preferred to have such a colony where it might help hold his contested claim to the Peninsula.

The Labadists soon built up a thriving industrial community in which they certainly practised diligence in business, and at least professed fervor of spirit in the service of the Lord. As to the Welsh Baptists, they framed at first their little log church in which they worshipped, until its brick successor of to-day was built in 1746, farmed the broad, flat acres of their tract, and the slopes of Iron Hill, as that region is still farmed by some of their offspring, and mined the hill for iron ore, which they smelted in a furnace hard by. Presbyterians among the Welsh colonists built Glasgow church nearly midway the tract. Perhaps it is significant of the early and later American attitude toward communism and individualism that the Labadist experiment lived for less than two generations, that the Welsh Tract still remains a prosperous region in considerable part peopled by a sturdy rural folk descended from the original settlers of more than two centuries ago.

Much has been written of the Labadists as they lived, suffered and wrought in Europe,



WELSH TRACT BAPTIST CH. B. CH., ERECTED 1746



THE BAPTIZING CREEK

but little of their experiment on Bohemia Manor, which, indeed, is not even mentioned in a rather recent European history of the sect. The Journal of the Labadist missionaries has been twice translated into English, the second time by B. B. James and J. F. Jameson, the former author of an elaborate study of the Labadists on Bohemia Manor. General Wilson of Wilmington has also discussed American Labadism in his pamphlet, "An Old Maryland Manor."

Jean de Labadie, a French Jesuit turned to Protestantism, and hailed as the most important convert since the early days of Calvin, founded at Amsterdam before 1670, a sect of mystics accepting in large measure the creed of the Dutch Protestants. Within the next six years the Labadists removed to various places in Germany and Denmark, until they found rest for about a half century at Wieuwerd in Dutch Friesland. The leaders of the sect seem to have had a singular gift for interesting women of rank and education. Their first great patroness was a Dutch noble lady, Anna Maria Van Schurman of Utrecht, called the most learned woman of her time, rich, elegant, and charming. Next came the princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Frederick Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, granddaughter of England's James

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I. Yet again, the settlement at Wieuwerd was upon an estate given by the three daughters of the Dutch diplomatist, Francis Aarsen, Lord of Sommeldyck. Finally, upon coming to America, the Labadists seem to have owed their acquisition of 3750 acres of land upon Bohemia Manor, at least in part to the strong impression they made not only upon Ephraim Herrman, but upon his young wife and his sister Margaret.

Jasper Danckaerts and Peter Sluyter, Labadist missionaries, sent from Wieuwerd to seek a fit place for a colony in America, reached New York late in September, 1679, each travelling under an assumed name. They kept a diary, in which are set down the accustomed unfavorable impressions of Europeans new to America. Danckaerts, a man of many genuinely sound qualities, is believed to have been the writer of the diary. It bristles with the pietism of the time, with the uncharitable self-righteousness of those who believe themselves privileged to intimacy with the Almighty and his purposes. The diarist notes that "one of the wicked and godless sailors," whom he had seen on the voyage to America, had broken his leg, adding the pious comment, "In this we saw and acknowledged the Lord and his righteousness."

Englishmen they disliked as enemies of the

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Dutch, Quakers as mystics of another sect. As a matter of fact William Penn had negotiated with the Dutch Labadists in 1677, hoping to have them join his projected American colony. New York they reported as mainly made up of swindling small tradesmen, who drugged the Indians with "vile rum," and then outdid them in bargains. Although the missionaries are horrified at the use of rum, they speak warmly of peach brandy in New Jersey, apple brandy served by Paul Jaquet at what is now Wilmington, and of beer, wine, and cider in sundry places. They thought the preacher whom they heard in New York a mere wild man, and probably drunk. The people as a whole seemed "wild" from dwelling in "a savage land." "A poor lame clerk," who conducted a religious service at New Castle, and "made a prayer, if such it could be called," they seem to have held in utter contempt. Tobacco, slavery, and the condition of indentured servants the diary condemns; but the Labadist community on Bohemia Manor, under the rule of Peter Sluyter, cultivated tobacco with slave labor, and grew rich by the process, as did Peter himself. The missionaries seem to have been intelligent observers of the land and soil as they journeyed, and Danckaerts at least was of excellent education,

for the diary is well written in simple and condensed style; and on a later voyage Danckaerts translated the Psalms into Dutch verse.

At New York the Labadist missionaries fell in with Ephraim Herrman, just then taking a wife, and journeyed with him, his bride and her young brother to New Castle. Both Herrman and his bride became deeply interested in Labadism from the talk of the Labadists by the way. Ephraim, a rather weak young man, seems to have been reached by the propagandists, while yet they tarried in New York. At New Castle the missionaries staid in Ephraim's house, where they found his sister Margaret. She showed them "much kindness," and they describe her as "a little volatile, but of sweet and good disposition." When one considers the source of this carefully metered compliment, one suspects that Margaret must have been a particularly charming person. The diary again says that Margaret was a bit wild, "as is the nature of the country." Perhaps the business of interesting Margaret Herrman in Labadism was no unpleasant task to the missionaries, neither of whom was an old man. She plaintively confessed herself like a wild, untrained vine growing in a wild country, and wished to know more of God. Life at New Castle

may have been normally a bit dull for the lively daughter of Augustine Herrman.

From New Castle the missionaries journeyed to the home of Herrman's second son, Casparus, who was holding down his father's grant on the Delaware at St. Augustine, near Port Penn of to-day. A great old brick house at St. Augustine testifies to the later importance of that holding. A journey of twenty-two miles by a broad cart road through the woods brought the missionaries to the manor house of Augustine Herrman, where they found him "miserable in body and soul." They thought Bohemia Manor the most beautiful bit of land they had yet seen in America. From much the same site Thomas F. Bayard of Wilmington now looks out over the noble Bohemia River to the long Bohemia Bridge, and beyond to the hills of Elk Neck, but no tenant of Mr. Bayard's holding calls him "Lord," or fetches him fat geese, diamond-back terrapin, razor-back hogs, snowy swan, or wild turkeys, in token of fealty.

Herrman, pleased at first with the Labadists, promised to sell them as much land as they might need, and at a fair price; for they had fetched a letter of recommendation from Ephraim, and who knows but that the volatile

Margaret may have put in a sly word in favor of the missionaries? The visitors believed Herrman and his manor falling into decay, and thought him godless, his black servants barbaric. Here they met one woman whom they probably did not please, Herrman's English second wife, not elsewhere mentioned than in the diary. They wrote her down "a miserable, doubly miserable wife," and again, "the most artful of women." As like as not the ill impression was mutual. At any rate, after the missionaries had journeyed back to Europe, seeing Harvard college on the way, and reporting it as of probably not above ten students, ungoverned, idle, disputatious, and addicted to tobacco and wine, Herrman changed his mind as to selling land to the Labadists. When the leaders returned in 1683 with their colonists, they forced Herrman, by an appeal to the courts, to keep his promise. He afterward placed a codicil to his will tying up the property lest Ephraim alienate too much of the land to his new friends.

The Labadist settlement had Shuyter for superintendent, and Danckaerts for visitor at times, though he seems to have lived mostly in Europe, where he died before the colony was twenty years old. Petrus Bayard of New York

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and Bombay Hook, a convert to Labadism, joined the community for a few years, as did Ephraim Herrman. The creed of the Labadist required that if one of a married couple wished to join the community and the other did not, the convert must desert the unconverted consort. Perhaps it was incidents of this kind that made the Labadists locally unpopular. It has been vaguely asserted that they held strange doctrines as to marriage; but it does not appear that they commonly sanctioned irregular unions, though one leader is quoted as saying that only God knew whether a man lived with a woman as a wife or as a harlot. A visitor to the settlement found the men and women dining separately. At dinner the men sat silent with their hats on, apparently waiting for some inner incitement to prayer. Gradually and at irregular intervals they took off their hats and fell to their food. All bedrooms were open to the inspection of those in authority. It appears that Sluyter and his wife ruled with strictness, and tolerated no dissent from their orders. The society never numbered more than about one hundred persons, men, women, and children. It had some aspects of an early Brook Farm.

King William III in 1692, ordered the Governor of Maryland to protect Vorsman (the

alias of Sluyter), Danckaerts, De la Grange, "Bayert," and some others living peaceably and religiously together on a plantation on Bohemia River. Perhaps this order was intended to except the Labadists from the operation of the laws establishing the Anglican Church in Maryland. Dutch William naturally had a fellow feeling for his Netherlandish brethren and their converts, professing very much the faith in which he had been bred. As a matter of fact Danckaerts had probably been very little resident on Bohemia Manor, and Bayard had left the Labadists four years before this time. Sluyter alienated much of the Labadist tract, kept a fine "neck" as his own, died rich in 1722 at the age of 77, and left posterity. Many well known families of Delaware and Maryland are descended from the communist leader. A few years after his death the community had dispersed.

The story of the Welsh Tract is briefer than that of the Labadists, though the religious society of the former has outlived the Labadists communion by almost a century. To the "hundred" of Pencader the Welshmen gave name, and doubtless they gave the same name also to Iron Hill, for the element "pen" means mountain, hill, or headland. The broad plain Southward from Newark, sweeps with a slight dip

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to the infant Christiana, and then merges with the sharp slope that grows into the forest-clad hill. Between the creek and the beginning of the slope is a lovely grove mainly of giant oaks, scattered over a park-like irregular bit of meadow edging the stream where it widens to a pool beyond a little bridge. Within the shadow of the grove, and beneath the shadow of Iron Hill, lies the stone-walled graveyard, with its tiny church of battened roof and Flemish-bond brick, and its dated roadward gable. Across the rough road, where it rises slowly hillward is a little stone cottage whose tenant serves as sexton to the church. The whole spot is inexpressibly sweet, for both church and graveyard are beautifully kept, and here nature smiles in richest peace.

A Welshman fresh from his native hills would instantly feel at home in this charming scene, for oak grove, walled churchyard, silent little church, and tiny stone cottage, with the overhanging hill, look as if brought across seas bodily from Wales and placed in this congenial setting. An old Cromwellian soldier lies buried here, and there are tombstones lettered in English, in Welsh and in Latin. The service of the Church was in Welsh as late as the close of the Eighteenth Century. Many graves bear names

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now worn by residents of the Welsh Tract or of neighboring villages—Watson, Jones of course, Evans, Rice in various spellings, and in its fuller form Price, derived from the true Welsh Ap Rice, Griffith, Clendennin, Thomas, James and a score of others.

Not far away is Cooch's Bridge, where patriotic women have placed a monument to mark the scene of the first battle in which the Stars-and-Stripes was displayed, on September 3, 1777. This monument stands at the gateway to the ample and beautifully undulating wooded and watered grounds of the Cooch homestead. The first of the Cooch family in Delaware, man-of-business to a noble ancestor to the Marquis of Salisbury, came to America in the second quarter of the Eighteenth Century because his lordship showed a discreditable fondness for a young daughter of the family. This high-minded land agent did not immigrate so late to America as to prevent his descendants from being whole-souled patriots in the war for independence. By that time they were thoroughly Americanized, though the family has never lost its English traits and sympathies.

Less than half a mile from the church is the Welsh Tract Public School, like the sexton's cottage, of stone, early set up by the colonists,

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and ever since used by their offspring. Hard by is the Evans farm, passed down from father to son for many generations, along with the deed signed by an Indian chief with "his mark." This circumstance of the deed thus signed recalls the fact that evidence amounting to an extremely strong probability points to the Welsh Tract as the earliest home of Jefferson Davis's ancestors in the United States. The Davis of the early Eighteenth Century alienated his land, and in so doing signed the deed with "his mark." One of the same family, however, who used the form "Davies," was President of Princeton College in 1759. Judge David Davis, probably of a different family, was born a few miles Westward in Cecil county. The present venerable "Elder" Ewbanks, who holds fortnightly services at the Welsh Tract Church, served in youth as a Confederate soldier, but he thinks no ill of the Government at Washington, though his little grandson bears the name Jefferson Davis Lee.

CHAPTER XVIII

EDUCATION AND UPLIFT IN DELAWARE

FREE public education was not yet well established in Delaware until near the middle of the last century, and long thereafter was supported in large part by a system of local taxation, under which the landlord's real estate and the tenant's stock and tools were equally burdened. The Constitution of 1792 provided for legislation looking to the establishment of a public school system, and provision was made by legislation in 1796 for the creation of an educational "general fund" in aid of local taxation. That fund slowly grew by investment and reinvestment until the income from it went far toward the maintenance of schools outside of Wilmington.

A small body of intelligent and public spirited citizens steadily urged for more than a century the improvement of the public school system. Foremost among these men for three-fourths of the last century, was Willard Hall, a native of Massachusetts, who, coming to Delaware in 1803, when twenty-three years old, at the

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suggestion of James A. Bayard the elder, won high political honors, and sat for forty-eight years as United States District Judge. He steadily strove to stimulate sentiment for improved public education. He it was who drew the law of 1829, defining the essentials of the free school system for the rest of the century. It required at least another decade to extend the system to the whole State; and more than half a century later the free schools in most villages and country districts were far behind the age.

Extreme local self government under the form of pure democracy with woman suffrage was the distinguishing characteristic of the system thus established, which with various modifications is maintained even yet. The district "school meeting," originally composed of all qualified male voters, and later including women liable to taxation, determined the amount of money to be raised by taxation for support of schools, and chose the "school committee" to administer the affairs of the district. Here was the New England town meeting in little. At first a school meeting could vote "no school." In time this power was denied the little pure democracies of the school districts, and each district was required to raise by taxation a sum equal to its share of the general fund. The law

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was pretty steadily improved from the middle of the last century onward, and about fifty years ago a State Superintendent of schools was appointed. In many districts, however, then and long thereafter, the school year was shortened to save money, and almost everywhere teachers were wretchedly paid. As village schools were improved, some of the old endowed academies ceased to function for lack of pupils, and coalesced with the public school system, a line of development taken in some other states.

Wilmington early took the lead in improving its public schools, and it has long maintained them independently of the State system. Private schools preparing boys for college prospered for many years at Wilmington. Here taught the celebrated William Cobbett. In the middle quarter of the last century there flourished at Wilmington, for most of the time under Methodist patronage, a "female college," in effect a "finishing school," with pupils from the local area, from neighboring and even distant states. The Friends' School, established in 1748, still survives, with high repute. Of course the Catholics, stronger at Wilmington than elsewhere in Delaware, have established there parochial schools, and others. The Wilmington

BELLOVED AND BEAUTIFUL, "OLD COLLEGE", WITH AVENUE OF LINDENS





COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN

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Conference Academy of the Methodist Church,¹ chartered in 1873, was established at Dover as a central point, where it has since served a highly useful purpose as a preparatory school of high standards. A recent educational undertaking at Wilmington of significant interest is the largely endowed and admirably equipped Tower Hill School.

A few years ago Pierre S. Du Pont became interested in the expansion of Delaware College, and matured in his mind a comprehensive scheme for the improvement of public education in rural Delaware, and to use a term savoring of cant, for general civic "uplift." Charles Lamb once said, when it was proposed to erect a conspicuous monument to a worthy and useful but invincibly shy person, "We should be modest for a modest man." If outward signs are to be trusted, Mr. Du Pont is such a man. Hence the story of his public benevolence will be told here in brief form, and with scrupulous regard for Lamb's happy and characteristic utterance.

Before doing aught that showed on the surface, Mr. Du Pont created a working organization, the Service Citizens of Delaware, July

¹Since 1918 known as the Wesley Collegiate Institute. See Chapter XIII.

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23, 1918, which was endowed by its founder with a trust fund to yield \$90,000 a year for seven years. Active-minded men and women all over the State came into the body under the presidency of Mr. Du Pont, with Henry P. Scott, Dr. R. G. Paynter and Henry Ridgely as vice-presidents, John Rascob as treasurer and Rodney Sharp as secretary. Dr. Joseph H. Odell, long known to Mr. Du Pont, was made in effect the executive officer of the organization, and director of its general activities, with a corps of paid subordinates. Some of those activities were and are concerned with Americanization, public health, statistics, public safety, housing, the improvement of the condition of the colored people, and above all else public education. Wherever it was possible these activities functioned through agencies, volunteer or official, already existing. The Service Citizens, thus acting, and supplied with ample funds, have promoted a vast deal of helpful legislation, greatly aroused public interest in many reforms, gathered and coördinated statistics of many kinds in a fashion probably unequaled by the public statistics of any state in the Union.

To further the work of improving public education, the Service Citizens obtained in 1919, the chartering of the School Auxiliary Associa-

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tion, and for the activities of this body, in effect an emanation of the Service Citizens, the founder created four trust funds aggregating more than \$3,600,000. In the same year the Delaware Legislature enacted, after a struggle, a new school code, prepared by the experts of the General Education Board with headquarters in New York, which experts were aided in their constructive work by information drawn from a highly detailed and extremely searching investigation of educational conditions in rural Delaware. The investigation brought out some well nigh appalling facts. Carefully collated, the results of this investigation were widely distributed throughout the State in pamphlet form. Mr. Du Pont with much hesitation became the head of the new State Board of Education created under the code; and the Service Citizens, acting through the School Auxiliary, co-operated in the work of the Board, and liberally supplied funds.

It was Mr. Du Pont's plan to aid public education with his private wealth in such fashion as to avoid as far as possible aught that might tend to cripple local initiative and the instinct of self-help. He therefore offered aid in the improvement of school buildings and premises conditioned upon the appropriation of an equal

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amount by the local beneficiaries. As it turned out, in the end he found it necessary to give aid in many districts far beyond half the cost of improvements.

As to the schools for colored children, long cruelly neglected, the colored people were so manifestly unable to raise any considerable share of the sum needed, that Mr. Du Pont gave outright and unconditionally \$500,000 to provide school premises, and erect school buildings for about 4500 colored children belonging to the rural schools of their race. In one district a separate school was built for children of the so-called "Moors." The children of this small racial group, probably of remote American Indian origin, but according to local tradition sprung from Moorish shipwrecked folk, have been excluded from the schools for whites, and some of the well-to-do "Moors" have maintained schools of their own, so that their children should not attend the schools for colored children. The most modern buildings, with ample grounds and model furnishings have been provided for many of the colored schools; and probably before the end of the year 1922 the colored children of rural Delaware will have school facilities equal to those of whites in the most advanced states of the Union. Their

teachers also are well equipped for the work.

Aid to the rural schools for whites has been given in large measure, especially in Sussex county, the only county that has voted to bond itself in aid of the improvement. Some of the "special districts," which phrase usually means the village schools, have undertaken to bond themselves in aid of improvements to which the fund of the Service Citizens' School Auxiliary will make large contributions, and other such districts are expected to do likewise.

It was inevitable that so vast an undertaking for public betterment by a single private citizen should excite suspicion, criticism, opposition, in any community, especially in one of rooted conservatism such as rural Delaware. Mr. Du Pont's motives were questioned, his agents were shamefully assailed; the new system was criticized as top-heavy, and destructive of local initiative. Suddenly, the pure democracy of the school meeting, the powers of which were curtailed by the new code and by the consolidation of many country districts with those of neighboring villages, became inexpressibly dear to rural Delawareans. The "little red schoolhouse" was hailed as the palladium of local liberty, though in most districts it was never red, and in many it had only the color scheme imparted by na-

ture's hand through more than half a century of wind, rain and sun, frost, hail and snow.

All this criticism bore fruit in the repeal of the new school code at a special session of the Legislature in 1920. Mr. Du Pont bowed to public opinion, and co-operated in the framing of an amended school code, which failed to pass the Legislature. Still another code was framed and passed, this time providing a state tax of 25 cents per \$100 in annual aid of education, and a centralized control through a Board of Education, whose secretary, appointed for one year, acts as State Superintendent of Schools.²

This last measure has, of course, thrown the educational plans of the Service Citizens into some confusion, but that organization still lives in useful activity, prepared to give whatever aid it can to the furtherance of public education. Its school statistics alone are of enormous value, and the work it has accomplished for the colored children of rural Delaware will probably prove a spur to the improvement of the schools for

² In addition to the several funds aggregating more than \$3,600,000 in aid of public schools. Mr. Du Pont has given approximately \$1,100,000 to the University of Delaware, and is giving annually \$90,000 to further the activities of the Service Citizens. The State's contribution for the improvement of public schools has been a small fraction of the amount contributed through the Service Citizens' organization.



PENCIL HALL, UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE



DORMITORY DORM A V, WOMEN'S COLLEGE

whites in all parts of the State. School attendance has greatly improved, thanks to the zeal of the Service Citizens, their executive officer and his aids. The unexhausted funds of the Service Citizens are still available in aid of school districts ready to co-operate with the organization in the improvement of school buildings, and school premises ; and the vast benefit that Sussex county seems likely to draw from its improved schools will be example and incentive to the whole State.

Much is to be said as to the value of the local system that the code of 1919 seemed to a sensitive public likely to emasculate, if not destroy. There is a danger in standardization, and there is a nervous strain upon both teachers and pupils in the huge modern school building, however wisely built and fitly furnished, such as may be avoided in smaller units. In every state of the Union the problem is presented of maintaining a general public school system under centralized authority, with its economies and its intended efficiency, without crippling those precious things, the personal initiative of the individual teacher, the distinctive personality of the individual child. The benevolent Delawarean who has undertaken so great a task for his native state, may yet help to create for Delaware

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a public school system wisely ordained and controlled in its larger lines by a central authority, yet able to preserve the personality and initiative of both teacher and pupil, a system live from top to bottom, and drawing its life blood from aroused and active local initiative. To accomplish such a reform would be to make Delaware educationally the model state of the Union.

The University of Delaware at Newark, which comprehends what is still Delaware College for men, the recently created affiliated Women's College of Delaware, one of the chief blessings and most efficient institutions of the State, and the Agricultural Experiment Station as coördinated with the University's Department of Agriculture, stands at the head of Delaware's educational system; and here the State and Mr. Du Pont have co-operated without the friction that has marked the relations of the Service Citizens to public education. In 1933 the University will celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of its founding, though the institution, as sprung from the germ supplied by Newark Academy, founded in 1767, may lay claim in effect to greater age.

As "Newark College" the University of today, opened its doors to students in the Spring of 1834, when Old College was new and the sole

adornment of a raw campus since matured to the thing of beauty that all loyal alumni love and reverence. One professor and one student, a Sophomore, father of Judge George Gray, made up the collegiate body on that opening day. Newark Academy, an outgrowth of Francis Alison's Academy established at New London, Pennsylvania, itself in some measure a response to the prayer of the Presbytery of Lewes in 1738 asking the Synod of Philadelphia to hasten provision for classical education in these parts, became the preparatory department of the College. At that early day Newark College, a few years later called Delaware College, was conducted upon semi-monastic principles, with prayers and recitations before an embarrassingly early breakfast, and simplicity in both lodging and refectory. The college year was arranged with vacations timed in aid of agriculture at home, and commencement came in October. Prayer meetings and professorial visits of inspection were frequent, and both probably ineffective for keeping ribald youth in the path of virtue. An eminent astronomer as president had a salary of \$1200 a year as late as the middle fifties of the last century, and other professors had \$800 a year, except the professor of English, whose light task brought

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him \$600 a year. Board was as low as \$1.25 a week, and a student could get through the year on \$100 or a trifle more. In spite of low salaries the faculty included scholarly men, some of whom eventually occupied chairs in the most important colleges of the land. Students also came from distant states and even from foreign parts.

Mismanagement, poverty and an untoward incident closed the college at the end of its first quarter century. It slept with the sleeping village for more than a decade, undisturbed by the guns and drums and tramlings of the Civil War, to awake in 1870 as a beneficiary of the "Morrill" Act, providing for aid from the sale of public lands to colleges teaching military tactics, agriculture and the mechanic arts, not to the exclusion of the "humanities." At first the semi-monastic system was revived, but not for long, though an unedifying form of "compulsory chapel" continued until recent years to prove how slow a college may be to learn.

After almost half a century of struggle Delaware College attracted the interest of Mr. Du Pont, and only the oncoming of the World War prevented the rapid realization of his large scheme for expansion. The Women's College was founded by the State in affiliation with Delaware College, and the aid of Mr. Du Pont

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made possible the physical connection of the two by a campus half a mile long. Two of the buildings contemplated in the scheme of expansion for Delaware College were finished before the chill of the World War settled upon all things human; but even now a movement is on foot for the erection of a memorial library on "the Green" between the two colleges, in honor of Delaware's soldiers who perished in the great strife. The expansion of Delaware College was brought almost to its present state under the presidency of Dr. Samuel Chiles Mitchell. Under his successor, Dr. Walter Hullihen, the institution has assumed the style "The University of Delaware," and the affiliated Women's College has continued its remarkable growth, until it now has about two-thirds as many students as Delaware College. The academic population of Newark now considerably exceeds six hundred.

CHAPTER XIX

ACCOMACK AND NORTHAMPTON

VIRGINIA, rightly called "the mother of states," has always stirred the interest and even the affections of her sister commonwealths, has ever held a unique place in the Nation. Her sad mistake of 1861, a step taken in hesitation and sorrow, gave to the Union her youngest daughter, West Virginia, a painful birth, for the child was delivered by the Cæsarian operation, the cruel and rude surgery of the sword.¹ If West Virginia is the Old Dominion's youngest born, her first born, but for the favor of one Stuart prince to the Calverts, another to the Penns, might well have been this pleasant Peninsula of Delaware and the Eastern Shore. To the latter she first brought European civilization, long before the partition was made between the Penn and Calvert claimants; for not only did William Claiborne, Virginia's Secretary of State, make a settlement upon Kent Island in

¹Had the Old Dominion not been partitioned, the recent disorders that have created anarchy in West Virginia, might perhaps have been avoided.

the very year of Zwaanendael, but the Virginians of Jamestown had occupied Northampton almost twenty years earlier.

Socially and historically Virginia's two Eastern Shore counties, with a land area of less than 750 square miles, a population of less than 53,000, form a region perhaps as significant and interesting as any in the Union. Governor Dale of Virginia sent over to the Eastern Shore in 1614 a little group of colonists to boil salt and catch fish for Jamestown, and the region where they operated near Cape Charles is still called Dale's Purchase. By 1623 the Eastern Shore was strongly attracting settlers from the less wholesome region of Jamestown, and by the opening of the Eighteenth Century the two counties had a population of probably 5000. As yet there were few blacks.² The Anglican Church was planted almost with the earliest settlement.

²Slavery came later on the Eastern Shore than on the West of Chesapeake, and grew slowly. The earliest colored persons in the two counties were free, and a few were large landholders and respected citizens, who eventually held slaves of their own color. The free colored folk, of course, suffered disadvantages, especially as slavery increased. Many proved thriftless, and some became a charge upon the community; not a few were criminals. Slavery soon set its cruel mark upon the whole race, and only within comparatively recent times have the colored people of the Eastern Shore, both of Virginia and Maryland, recovered something of the economic status held by early colonial free blacks.

Of this church the first priest seems to have been The Rev. Robert Bolton, probably B. A. of Oxford University. The first church was a tiny log hut, defended by palisades, as was the second. In those days the region was called "The Kingdome of Accawmacke;" but for a time the official name of the whole was Northampton, though Accomack clung to popular speech. In 1662 the region was divided into two counties, on the North, Accomack, Northampton on the South.

Beginnings in Accomack and Northampton, as at Jamestown, were simple to crudity. Early dwellings, like churches, and civic buildings, were made of logs, and mostly small. "Forts" were wooden palisades; but few such were needed, for the Indians of the Eastern Shore seem to have been mainly mild mannered. Famous among them was "The Laughing King," a sort of savage "Roi d' Yvetot," who, if he did not, like the merry monarch of Beranger's verse, ride his donkey with jug in hand and dog at heel, may well have had "une soif un peu vive," and have given his subjects "a hundred reasons" "De le nommer leur père." At any rate, the Laughing King was a friend of the whites, and to him they owed the warning that saved many from the massacre of 1644.



“MT. PLEASANT” A TYPICAL FARM GROUP, OHIOHANNOK CREEK



HOME OF NELLIE CUSTIS, ADJOINING MT. VERNON
A Stately Georgian House

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As the country became settled with whites, and royalists fleeing the rule of the saints in England came to Virginia, class distinctions were sharpened. Royalists were strong in the North, Parliament men farther South, where plain folk were many. It was first come first served; and those who had choice of the best and most favorably situated lands, especially if they were of fair education and gently born and bred, became the natural leaders, social and political, gathered gear, extended their holdings, and built themselves houses, sometimes of the manorial type, though mostly of moderate size and without great outward show of splendor. Hardly elsewhere in the United States have families of local influence, sometimes rising to national importance, persisted so long in unbroken succession from father to son, as social and political leaders. Colonial families of distinction on the Eastern Shore of Virginia have been intermarrying for nearly three centuries; and even today, though some families have died out and others have left the local region for larger fields of activity, the descendants of the early stock show persistent vigor, physical and mental, and the plainest among those of traditional distinction have a charm of manner hard to match.

If Colonial Virginia of the Eastern Shore may be said to have developed a sort of local aristocracy, it was one of relatively simple life, and not of a haughtily exclusive attitude toward plainer folk. As a matter of fact, although representatives of the English gentry came to the region, few men of title came, almost none of the higher nobility, except here and there a younger son of adventurous spirit, or perhaps of habits that the family thought might be the better of a long sea voyage and new surroundings. A few baronets there were, and a considerable group of untitled country gentlemen. Indeed the two counties were proudly called "The Land of Gentlemen." Skilled mechanics held a place of social respect, especially carpenters and shipwrights. Some such became large land holders, and probably lived to see their grandchildren moving with the local "best." Western Shore planters seem sometimes to have learned mechanical trades the better to direct the work of their slaves. One of Monroe's ancestors was a carpenter, and George Washington did not fear manual toil, was a good enough builder to design Pohick Church. It must be remembered that Robert E. Lee, of Eastern Shore descent in at least one line,

gave us that fine definition of a gentleman, "A man that never willingly reminds another of inferiority."

Redemptioners came to the Eastern Shore of Virginia, as to other parts of the Peninsula, and eventually took their place in free society, often as land holders. Adventurous men, some of them offenders against local law, many excluded from good land on the water front, took to the islands, and led the free life of fishermen and sailors, sure of wringing their essential needs from the natural opportunities of bay or ocean. The islanders were cruder than sheltered folk on the mainland, but they were lovers of liberty, and men of sturdy self-respect; though many were untaught in books, and primitive in taste and manners. Some islands on the Atlantic coast were frequented by pirates. "Black-beard," whose name was Teach, famous in the annals of piracy, was reputed a former resident of Accomack, and the name survived on the Eastern Shore at least until forty years ago. Eastern Shore folk early stocked the Atlantic coast islands with cattle and hogs, which multiplied mightily in their essentially wild condition. A pirate crew was reported shooting cattle and

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hogs on one of these islands to stock ship with meat.

No part of the Peninsula is better loved by its natives than Accomack and Northampton. None is quite so rich in local history, family tradition, quaint personal narrative. None has a more wholesome and delightful climate; and the two counties boast themselves the richest agriculturally in the United States in proportion to the acreage under cultivation. None is so little known to the outside world. Travelers speeding by express train down the backbone of the Peninsula to take the long ferry across the mouth of the Chesapeake to Norfolk or Old Point, rush for the last seventy miles along a rather low, level tongue of land, with the Chesapeake sometimes in sight on one side, the Atlantic on the other, and neither at many points so much as six miles away. The train passes through no considerable town, and the larger homesteads are invisible, far out on the creeks or inlets, for salt water is the Eastern Shoreman's wine. Glorious pine forests much of the time hide the true horizon; and here and there, through plumblines, bare, serried trunks of tall pines, rising like gigantic organ pipes, one glimpses the blue of bay or ocean, foam-flecked with white-caps, and punctuated with

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sails atilt, etherially white in the distance, as if woven on celestial looms.³

This slender tongue between bay and ocean, is the land that the Virginian of the Eastern Shore loves with a passion that the stranger can scarce understand. It owes its beauty to the presence of the sea and the sea-like bay, to creek and inlet, evergreen forest, noble native oak, beech, magnolia, and to a sky enriched and tender from the softening, sweetening influence of free tidal waters. That deep sand of the soil is warm, "quick," easily cultivated, promptly responsive to fertilizing agents. The earliest settlers found the maize and tobacco of the Indians growing luxuriantly, and producing two crops a year. Today this soil grows two crops of white potatoes a year, one harvested in late June or early July, the other in October. The fig and the pomegranate flourish, and strawberries ripen in early May. The normal seasons, Winter, and Summer, are singularly sweet, and the antiseptic winds from the Atlantic bring health and charm to that narrow land between bay and ocean. As the land a few miles

³It is boasted that the railway of 14 miles from Cape Charles City to Cape Charles itself, running through a very garden area, is the best paying line in the United States. The terminal station is Kiptopeke.

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from the girding salt waters, creeks and inlets appears dull to the stranger's eye, save when it is clothed in growing crops, so some of the locally famous homesteads have little outwardly to impress the visitor.

Only a considerable volume could record the history and tradition connected with Accomack and Northampton. The very earliest American protest against taxation without representation came from this region a century before the Declaration of Independence. In spite of Virginia's severe laws against dissenters, enforced especially against Quakers, who began preaching on the Eastern Shore about the middle of the Seventeenth Century and were expelled with dire threats, some of the sect were suffered to settle there before the end of the century, and at least one such family won the respect of the whole community. Perhaps the earliest Quaker meeting house in the whole country was built in Accomack. The Custis family had a fine old mansion called Arlington, on the Chesapeake side, and here is the tomb of that John Custis IV, the father-in-law of Martha Custis, afterward Martha Washington. The tombstone, bearing the Custis arms and carved in London, declares that though married twice, Mr. Custis never really lived except dur-

ing the seven years when he kept bachelor's hall at Arlington. An apologetic accompanying inscription declares the scandalous portion of the epitaph to have been placed upon the stone at the declared wish of the dead man.

Another John Custis, notorious for a stormy married life, once took his wife with him in a carriage, and drove into the creek. As they approached deep water the wife asked, "Where are you going, Mr. Custis?" "To hell, Madame," was the answer, to which, with a cool wave of the hand, the wife said, "Drive on, Mr. Custis." Tradition says that after this incident domestic life at Arlington was less stormy. The "Arlington," opposite Washington, once of the Lees, was named for the Eastern Shore mansion.⁴

Three miles East of Drummondtown, still often called after the habit in Virginia, Accomack Court House, is "Bowman's Folly," one of the famous homesteads of the region. The builder of "Bowman's Folly" was Southey Littleton, descended from the jurist and writer, Sir Thomas Littleton, whose law book, "The Tenures," one of the most famous books ever

⁴The first John Custis was an Englishman by birth, but by occupation, an inn keeper of Rotterdam. He came to America with his daughter, who had married Argoll Yeardley, son of Governor Yeardley. Their vessel was wrecked on the Virginia coast in 1649, and they settled on the Eastern Shore.

published, Sir Edward Coke made even more famous by his commentary. An Eastern Shoreman with a drop of the Littleton blood feels aggrieved if his parents did not bestow upon him the name. At "Bowman's Folly" was born General John Cropper of Revolutionary fame, beloved of Washington, who marched his Eastern Shore command to Morristown, and lived to play an important part in times of peace. It was his joy in old age to lie upon the grass at "Bowman's Folly," and listen to the organ tones of the sea winds blowing through the giant pines.

Hard by "Bowman's Folly" is "The Folly," one of the Custis homesteads, and three miles away is another, called "Mt. Custis," a large house built at various periods. The place came into the hands of the Bayly family, long conspicuous socially and politically. Howard Pyle in youth wrote a magazine article on "Mt. Custis." A Western Shore Custis homestead still stands, a perfect example of an early Georgian mansion.

A curious and locally characteristic tomb in the family burying ground of the Parramores at "Runnymede," near "Bowman's Folly," is that of a living person, a colored woman, who has long served as devoted attendant to Miss

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Elizabeth Parramore of Accomack Court House, a lady of the family, accompanying her upon all her many travels. Her devotion is such that she obtained permission to put up for herself a tombstone in the Parramore burying ground, in order that she may thus lie at the feet of her mistress.

At another Bayly homestead on Hunting Creek are three elaborate tombstones of Baylys, with pedigree. One is that of Richard Bayly, the Seventeenth Century immigrant, another that of the first "Tom" Bayly, the third that of his son "Tom." It was the distinction of the first "Tom" Bayly to have ridden on horseback, in the midst of a smallpox epidemic on the Eastern Shore, all the way to Boston, that he might get from Dr. Boylston a number of "crusts," with which he rode back and inoculated 1700 persons, though himself a layman. No anti-vaccinationist has yet desecrated his grave.

Although the whites of Accomack and Northampton are believed to be to-day of more nearly pure English stock than the inhabitants of any other part of the United States, there was in the early days a small admixture of continental Europeans. The proportion also of other British races than the English was relatively

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small. John Custis of Rotterdam, is conjectured to have brought over a few Dutch immigrants, for Dutch names occur in the early records. There were also some early Germans, and possibly a few French, for there was a considerable Huguenot element in adjoining counties of Maryland. There was also an influential Puritan element, if one may judge by the ultramarine laws in early Accomack and Northampton.

The county records of Accomack, are the oldest of unbroken continuity in the United States, the oldest existing except those of Plymouth, which by the way once bore the name Accomack. They show that very early in the Seventeenth Century, profane swearing, malicious gossip, common scolding, card playing on Sunday, lying, and the like were punished by fines, the stocks and imprisonment. In 1634, a man was condemned for slandering a clergyman to make a pair of stocks, sit in them during divine service for three successive Sundays, and apologize to the parson. An accusation of witchcraft was tried in 1655. Cotton was the name of an early minister, and Colonel Obedience Robins, though a royalist in politics, had a Round Head Christian name, and a Puritan severity in his judgments as a magistrate.



MAKEMIE MONUMENT, ACCOMACK COUNTY



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, CALLED ACE OF CLUBS
PUNGOTEAGUE, VIRGINIA



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HOMESTEAD, CHINCOTEAGUE BAY

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Incidentally he was one of the most active and useful citizens, and one of the most conspicuous as such from 1632 to his death. Although Colonel Robins was of the local aristocracy, his brother was a simple merchant in Accomack, for "trade" was not despised on the Eastern Shore. Whalley, the regicide judge, fleeing from Connecticut, is said to have settled about twenty miles from the Accomack line in Worcester county, Maryland, where there is now a Whaleyville, and where persons claiming descent from him still live, though they have dropped an "l" from the name.⁵

Accomack and Northampton are the most thoroughly rural counties of the Peninsula. Early attempts to create urban centres by making privileged ports failed because of popular resistance; and hardly a single considerable town has grown up between the Maryland boundary and Cape Charles, though Onancock is a busy little place, Cape Charles City, laid out by Thomas Scott with amply broad streets, and planted with umbrella trees, has a hopeful ambition as a railway terminus, and the vil-

⁵ Major General William Goff, and Edward Whalley, a cousin of Oliver Cromwell, fled to Boston at the restoration of the Stuarts and were removed to Connecticut, where the British government vainly sought to arrest them.

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lage of Chincoteague Island has a relatively dense population. At the railway station called Onley has grown up within about twenty years a brand new and thoroughly modern village clustered about the offices of the busy co-operative buying and selling organization of the Accomack and Northampton farmers. Here daily telegraphic dispatches give the essential market news of nearly half the continent and determine the destination of shipments from day to day. The exchange buys many thousand dollars worth of seed potatoes from Maine for its patrons, and sells for them annually \$12,000,000 or \$14,000,000 worth of produce.

Onley typifies the new spirit of Virginia's Eastern Shore, the spirit expressed in the adoption by black and white alike of the most advanced agricultural methods and machinery, the use of motor vehicles, the study of economic conditions and needs. To serve the occasions of less than 53,000 inhabitants this little land has twenty-six banks, so widely distributed that every farmer or man of business has banking facilities at his door. Modernization has not thus far hardened the manners or the hearts, has not sharpened the voices of these essentially rural folk, nor has it lessened their loyalty to the land and to its interesting historic past.

CHAPTER XX

CONCLUSION

FUTURE prosperity and industrial peace for the Peninsula, as also civic order and mutual good will, must depend upon the broad principle of economic justice illustrated in the traditional treatment of the natural opportunities afforded by the tidal waters. As to Delaware in particular, it has the further problem of mutual understanding and sympathy between the Northern industrial majority, and the Southern rural minority. There is a precious something in life near to nature felt by thousands too inarticulate and natively reticent to put their feelings into words. A sound and instinctive reticence, indeed, prevents men from showing their inner best to the outside world; and "town bodies" are too prone to forget this great principle, to judge the nut by its crude husk. True, there is peril to rural Delaware, as to other parts of the Peninsula, in many generations of near-isolation, and consequent contentment with a past projected into the present. A sound original stock, life in the open,

free natural opportunities have saved the region from the worst consequences of its inherited conditions, its rather slight contact with advanced communities; but the time has come for the infusion of new blood, for moving on toward better things.

Soviet Russia, with its "dictatorship of the proletariat," has enslaved rural Russia politically to the industrial centres. Unfortunately for general progress and for mutual good understanding between North and South in Delaware, the Soviet order of political subordination has here been reversed, and a minority in the mainly rural counties has in some vital matters always dominated the industrial majority in New Castle county, to the steadily growing discontent of Wilmington. On the other hand, and perhaps naturally and inevitably, Wilmington has long borne toward the rural counties somewhat the traditional urban attitude of superiority in knowledge, wisdom, culture, social grace and civic virtue, an attitude accentuated by a sense of the political and economic injustice from which the city suffers at the hands of its rural neighbors. In any such attitude there is apt to be a degree of social, intellectual, and spiritual arrogance, much like that of New England, now and always in many aspects the most civi-

lized part of the United States, toward the slaveholding South, and the still backward South of later times. New England tended to exaggerate the superficial differences of two contrasted civilizations, partly because of native Puritan self-righteousness, the besetting sin of the saints in all ages, partly because New England never really knew the best that was in the Southern heart, saw with pardonable disgust the crudity and slovenliness of many Southern communities, and was perhaps a little blind to her own failings and foibles. Urban and rural Delaware, in their mutual misunderstanding, reproduce in little somewhat the attitude of North and South as it was in the past, and is to some degree even to-day. Improved communications and pitiless self-searching on both sides should hasten mutual understanding between the parts of a commonwealth so small, and so nearly one in origin.

Wilmington has the ambition to be a larger city, perhaps a really great city, and this ambition may possibly be furthered because of the grave conditions now faced by the vast urban communities of the United States. Some thinkers begin to believe that those huge human hives are nearing the limit of their advantageous growth, if they have not already far passed

that limit. Such men suspect an element of absurdity and economic waste in the attempt to carry thousands of tons of human beings twice a day in and out of great urban business centres. Urban areas have vastly expanded in a single generation, suburban dependencies have even more widely expanded, until the radius of a great city's daily come-and-go is what would have been for our grandfathers much more than a day's journey. The difficulty of living and doing business in great cities threatens to become insurmountable.

Meanwhile, some persons suspect that what we call the present "crime wave" is possibly a manifestation of the essential underlying barbarism of these vast and intense communities, an evidence of that volcanic subsoil which Carlyle ascribes to revolutionary France. It is not surprising that millions, snatched half way across the world from all inherited loyalties and local associations, pigeonholed in noisome and sunless tenements, whole families of them enslaved by the hundred thousand to machines requiring a minimum of intelligence from their operators, and tending by dull routine to reduce that minimum, should not make ideal citizens. Such a population naturally helps to fill the jails, easily lends ear to every

form of revolutionary agitation, inevitably develops a spirit of class suspicion, jealousy and hatred.

If the great cities are close to their limit of growth, such cities as Wilmington may receive a considerable share of the immigration, domestic and foreign, hitherto drawn into the larger centres of population. As residuary legatee of great neighbors Wilmington will have before it the alternative of imitating the policies that have brought the most densely peopled centres to conditions that horrify thoughtful men and women, or of contriving some more wholesome mode of development. The Service Citizens of the future may find their problem, not in uplifting rural Delaware, but in re-civilizing an overgrown and barbaric Wilmington.

When those who love the tidal waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries hear the sharp staccatto rat-tat-tat of motor boats in their undeviating rectilinear course, and the insolently challenging honk of swift motor cars ashore, they may well wonder whether such sounds presage a new social and industrial life for the Eastern Shore. Can this proverbial land of leisure keep its ancient charm and kindness, yet attune its life to the sound of the motor vehicle afloat and ashore? The Eastern Shore

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has always bred the business man. The prosperity of transplanted Eastern Shoremen has, indeed, been ascribed by an admirer of the region in part to their characteristic speech and manners. Will the Eastern Shore, under pressure of new conditions, cease breeding the business man, and breed instead that unpleasant animal, the business beast? Is modern efficiency inconsistent with both morals and manners?

The Eastern Shore, the whole Peninsula, is catching step with the world at large, and it cannot afford to fall out of line. On the other hand, if progressive men of the great business centres begin to believe that the limit has been reached, not only in the growth of such centres in population, but also in the use of such barbaric business methods as were recently displayed to view in the course of public investigations, will the Eastern Shore take up the cast off garments of alarmed or repentant sinners? Must conservative communities, in emerging from their conservatism, run through all the stages that have brought advanced communities to the point that they have reached in social and industrial barbarism?

Whatever the future holds for the Peninsula, it still has to offer tired worldlings the inextinguishable charm of its woodlands and its waters,

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the interest of its jealously preserved traditions, its quaint antiquities. Not least interesting to the stranger is its race of mainly British stock, long rooted in the soil,—the first true Britons of the Midi, warmed by nearly ten generations of life amid almost semi-tropical conditions. Many thousands of these folk, like their American ancestors from the first, with free access to natural opportunities, have never known poverty, never hesitated to face their fellows of whatever wealth and position with the fearless glance of those who feel no need to assert rawly their simple manhood and native dignity. If of such is not the Kingdom of Heaven, surely of such should be the free democratic republic of earth.

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